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JAMES MAURY, 1746-1840



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# Intimate Virginia

*A Century of Maury Travels  
by Land and Sea*



EDITED BY

ANNE FONTAINE MAURY



RICHMOND, VA.:

THE DIETZ PRESS, *Publishers*

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COYPRIGHT, 1941  
BY  
ANNE FONTAINE MAURY

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### Dedication

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO  
THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER,  
CHARLES WALKER MAURY,  
WHO HAS FURNISHED ITS IDEALS AND INSPIRATION;  
AND TO HIS TWO GRANDCHILDREN,  
CHARLES WALKER MAURY II  
AND  
"NANCY", ANNE FONTAINE MAURY III.





## FOREWORD

**T**ONIGHT, like Great-Great-Aunt Ann, I take pen in hand and do not at all write what I have premeditated. As far back as I can remember "the Little Black Trunk" stood in a corner of our store-room. As young girls it held little interest for my sister Virginia or me. Compared to the trunks of my mother's trousseau garments of the Gay Nineties, the India shawls, the albums of Mother's trips abroad, and the Chinese treasures brought back by my grandfather, the musty packets of old letters which filled the little trunk looked very dull indeed. That the contents of "the Little Black Trunk" meant a great deal to my father, Charles Walker Maury, we felt sure. He could never speak of the family letters without being visibly moved.

On opening "the Little Black Trunk" after my father's death I was at first bewildered by the hundreds and hundreds of letters. There must be almost a thousand letters, covering a period from 1791 to 1876. By degrees I began to know something of the people who had written them. They were like characters in a play. There was James Maury, first American consul at Liverpool, Margaret, his charming English second wife, their sons James, William, Matthew and Rutson, and their daughter Ann. In all the scenes that ensued Ann's personality seemed to shine through, even to the third generation. Now at long last, I have revived every joy and sorrow, have shared every secret hidden in "the Little Black Trunk".

I thought for a long time of Ann, and many other self-sacrificing maiden aunts, and decided that here was the theme for a book; I would "glorify the maiden aunt"! I could even go one step further; for why not glorify the idea of families; that old-fashioned institution fast becoming as out of style as hoop skirts, sun-bonnets, hair brooches and seal rings? Ann proves what a really grand thing it is to have a family, how much each member





can mean to the other, and what a power a spirit of love, loyalty and esteem can create. For what would Ann have been without her family to bring out her true worth? These unusually glib pens give us a wonderfully clear picture of how a family "got on" in early times, in England and across the sea.

What is the key to this particular family pattern? The ability to think a thing through and stick to it was a great factor in this family's success. Consider the stagecoach trips planned in their letters by James and Margaret, the return home with every detail planned, even to the mutton chops and the hot bottles for the beds, all thought out on paper.

Early close association with their parents made a lasting impression upon these Maury children. When it came to arranging a trip to America in a packet ship, or a tour of the Lakes, James and William, Matthew and Ann worked out their plans in like fashion. In the new country, having once made up their minds what it was they wanted; be it garden seeds from England, a Virginia wife, or a new great coat from their London tailor, they set to work to accomplish it with such a tenacity of purpose that someone, no doubt related to the family by marriage, has said, "The Maury coat-of-arms should be a mule kicking!"

They had each one a nice sense of humor. They could look at themselves and their often ridiculous situations in a casual and quite impersonal manner. If they happened to be ankle deep in mud, with wet clothes slapping their knees, or completely done up by a stagecoach ride, they enjoyed writing about it.

One commendable trait of this Maury family is that, while they strove to help one another, they were not afraid to admit to faults and shortcomings. His father, at real sacrifice, had bought young James a farm in Virginia. When he finally failed to make a go of it, owing partly to his inability to acquire a Virginia wife, the whole family united to cheer and fortify him. Matt was acknowledged to be cold and reserved. His parents encouraged him in their different ways. To quote her mother, Ann might be "as fat as a pig", but they all loved and confided in her. While referring to her *embonpoint*, her brothers at the same time plotted and planned beaux for her.

In this cross-section of a family the spirit of kindness, confidence and frankness shown by each to the other is apparent. The





attitude of maintaining a "cheerful discontent" and a feeling of oneness as a family were instilled into their children by James and Margaret. Devoted as they were to each other, the mother and father inspired a sense of loyalty and solidarity which persists today in their descendants.

The most conspicuous member of this family was James Maury, who was appointed by Washington to be first American consul at Liverpool. Son of the Reverend James Maury, rector of Walker's Church in Albemarle County, Virginia, James Maury grew up with James Madison, James Monroe, and Thomas Jefferson, attending his father's school in their company. Many letters written to James by these famous statesmen are herein published for the first time.

But it was because his industrious and far-seeing daughter Ann that these letters were carefully preserved for future generations. For instance, she tied firmly together with yellow string the most intimate Civil War time letters, labeling them "Interesting letters written during the War".

Great-Great Aunt Ann, old maid by choice at the age of 23, is best introduced in her own words, "It is very rare that a single woman can be first in any family as I have been". What a splendid figure she was, what tremendous energy she had; working, writing, traveling, always doing something. How her shining personality is reflected in these letters that came back to her, paying her back a hundredfold the love and devotion she had given to three generations.

Ann says herself that she often sat up very late at night after a long day's journey, to keep her Diary up to date. Sometimes she wrote in pencil, then wrote over it in ink, and how difficult these parts are to read! She wrote in a fine clear hand, the lines as close together as possible. The Diaries meant a great deal to Ann.

Great-Great-Aunt Ann always wrote standing up. Writing by lamp light on the 20th Jany 1869 to a cousin, Mrs. Sally C. M. Reid, of Memphis, Tennessee, a cousin whom she had never met; she stood before her desk in her pleasant room in 4th Street, New York, her solid comfortable person clothed in sturdy black alpaca, a real lace collar and seed pearl brooch at her throat. Her short stock figure was well corseted, emphasizing her ample bosom. She wore thick spectacles.





Ann's thoughts flowed easily as she stood in her stout English boots. She says, "We are old-fashioned people". She described a Christmas dinner for "the largest Christmas gathering we have had since my father's death" (twenty in all).

"We had soup first, served in a superb silver toureen, presented to my father in Liverpool. . . I designed not to have too elaborate a dinner but to have enough. I had a large boiled, or rather steamed Turkey at my end with celery sauce and stuffing. A still larger Roast Turkey at my brother [Rutson's] end of the table—a chicken pie at one side & a Virginia Ham opposite it. At the four corners mashed Potatoes—Sweet Potatoes, Corn, Tomatoes. After a little interval 100 Fried Oysters were handed round, & so ended the solid part of the dinner. It was succeeded by Plum Pudding not only made by the same Receipt used in my mother's family for 100 years or more, but actually boiled in an Earthenware mold that has had Plum Puddings boiled in it since before I was born, & *not broke* yet. I had mince Pies, little cakes, Meringues, Preserved Ginger—do Pine Apples, Almonds & Raisins, Apples, Oranges & Grapes.

Everything went off joyously & successfully."

The Family Receipt Book was copied in long hand for Ann's mother, Margaret Rutson by her sister Ann. This was a wedding present in 1796! It contains the 1769 receipt for Plum Pudding that Ann refers to, "Take 1 lb. Beef Suet shred fine 2 pennyworth of White bread grated  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb of Raisins— $\frac{3}{4}$  Currants 2 oz. Jordan Almonds with 2 or 3 Bitter ones— 10 Eggs well beat— a glass of Brandy & 1 of Sack— grate half a nutmeg & sweeten it to your taste— mix all these ingrediants well together, with as many Sweet-meats as you please & boil it 4 hours."

With the spicy aroma of plum pudding we close the lid of the "Little Black Trunk". It has given up its secrets, extending over a hundred years. In this saga of the Maury family which it has given us, three persons stand out; Margaret, Ann and Nan. They seem to come alive in these yellowed letters; Margaret, who lost her sons to the New Country; Ann who sacrificed love and marriage for her father's sake; Nan, victim of the Civil War, who lost her baby, her home, and was left penniless to begin life all over again in failing health. But Ann's is the greatest sacrifice, since she had denied herself the richest experience of a woman's





life, those of wife and mother. We all need our own particular Aunt Ann. Alas! our mothers are too engaged in domestic and civic activities, our fathers are engrossed in business, our teachers are busy with examination papers. If you are fortunate enough to have an Aunt Ann prize her dearly, if not, go forth and find her, for the world is full of Aunt Anns.

Try to find out more about your family, and write it down! Names, dates, birthplaces, causes of death, characteristics of the different members of the family are all so important. We owe this to ourselves, to our children and grandchildren. Do it now before it is too late. And write names and dates on the backs of portraits and family pictures, keep records, make scrap-books. They are invaluable. Look through your old family letters, you may find material more interesting than I did. Consider your family in the past; their characteristics are your children's inheritance. In knowing them you will better understand yourself and the coming generation.

All the letters, diaries and other manuscripts used in the preparation of this book are now deposited in the Alderman Library of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.

In closing thanks are due the late Mr. Ralph W. Graves, Mr. Edmund Wilson and Mr. George Murray for their constructive criticism, Mrs. Helen Duprey Bullock for editorial advice, Captain Robert H. Woods, U. S. N. and Mr. Bernard P. Chamberlain for historical sketches, Mr. Richard H. Maury for his reconstructed drawing of the Black Ball liner *Caledonia*, and to the staff of the Alderman Library, University of Virginia, for their enthusiastic coöperation. And to all my kith and kin and good friends who have egged me on in this laborious undertaking over the past four years, my affectionate salutations!

A. F. M.





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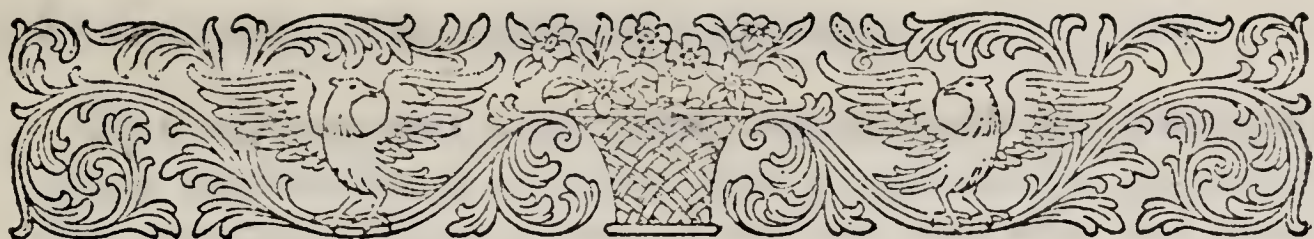




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## CHAPTER I

JAMES MAURY, ESQ., "THE OLD CONSUL" 1746-1840

**I**N Albemarle County, near Charlottesville, Virginia, James Maury's father, the Reverend James Maury, built a little log school house in which to teach his sons. To this school came also the neighborhood boys; James Madison, James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Adams, in *The Living Jefferson*, furnishes a charming background, not only for Thomas Jefferson, but for all the boys in this group; "with money, position, well-known throughout the country and socially well-connected throughout the colony, the boy could look forward to living the life of a country gentleman of that day or striving for almost any career he might choose. Meantime his father had left instructions that he should be given a good classical education, and in pursuance of the plan the lad spent the next two years studying under the Reverend James Maury, whom he later described as a 'correct classical scholar'.

"Those who had moved westward to the slopes of the Blue Ridge had been to a great extent of the best stock in Virginia and not without a sprinkling of its bluest blood. There were both freedom and simplicity in the life, and a district in which in less than a hundred miles from one another such boys as Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Madison and John Marshall were growing up simultaneously was evidently no ordinary 'frontier' or new country. . . The men and women of this western Virginia country, establishing themselves on small or large farms, were quite capable of looking after themselves and the affairs of government, and in considering Jefferson's career and philosophy it is well to bear in mind the sort of society in which his most impressionable years were spent.."

This would also seem to apply to little James Maury, who grew up to be appointed by Washington to be first American Consul at Liverpool.





This unpretentious man, James Maury, with his remarkably strong personality, is best described by one of his grandsons. This anonymous clipping from an unknown magazine was among my father's papers:

My grandfather had been in business in Fredericksburg, Va., before the Revolution broke out. The continental money had ruined him. When the war was over and peace was made he thought the best way to get up was to go over to England, open an American house, receive consignments of Virginia tobacco, and ship back to the United States any goods wanted. He went to consult Mr. Jefferson, his friend from boyhood, who was then Secretary of State. My grandfather meant to go to Bristol, the chief city then in the American trade. Mr. Jefferson with his rare insight, said: "No, not Bristol, but Whitehaven or Liverpool. Whitehaven is now the largest trader, but I think Liverpool will grow the fastest and be the best place. You had also better be the United States Consul; it has no revenue, but any American ship unconsigned will be put in your hands, and the fact that you are United States Consul will bring you commission business from your countrymen. General Washington is in the next room, and I will go in and propose to him that you shall be appointed as consul to Liverpool."

General Washington, of course, knew my grandfather quite well, approved of the appointment, and made it at once. My grandfather went to Liverpool, made a success of business there, and in his old age returned to his native land, but ever cherishing, as did his children, the kindest feeling towards the people of Liverpool. . .

The portrait of James Maury, and the minute book of the chamber were presented to the corporation of Liverpool.

James' first wife was Catherine Armistead, whom he married in Virginia in 1782. She died in Liverpool, 24 May, 1794, without issue. His second wife, Margaret Rutson, was an Englishwoman, and an intimate friend of his first wife. James and Margaret were married in Liverpool the 16th of August, 1796. One learns a great deal about "The good Old Woman," from her own pen and those of her five children, throughout the book.





Ann, at the age of seventy, in an amazingly reminiscent mood wrote her cousin, Mrs. Sally C. M. Reid of Memphis, Tennessee, February 23, 1870:

My father was a Virginian, but his pride was much greater as a Citizen of the *United States* than it was as one of the State of Virginia. After living in England 50 years, & having there married my mother, an Englishwoman, his patriotism was as strong as the day he left. . . . He was a personal friend of Gen'l Washington, of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Adams, Mr. Monroe. With the three first named he kept up a correspondence till they died. He & I made three visits to Mr. Madison after we came to this country. My father abhorred sectional feeling—so did Mr. Madison. We were at Mr. Madison's when the first streak of secession, no bigger than a man's hand, arose. It was all talked over & I now have the memorandums of the conversations, written at night in my room, while memory was fresh.—Mr. Madison felt sure that Nullification would die out, he spoke of the many difficulties that had been overcome in bringing the old 13 States to agree to the Constitution. When my father went to England there were 13 dis-united States, & he gloried in the adhesion of all that formed the *United States*.

In my mind's eye I can see my father with the fire in his countenance, his eyes bright with emotion, speaking of the surprise in Europe that the Union should ever have been accomplished. My father was on board the Flag Ship of the Count de Grasse, the *Ville de Paris*, at the time of Lord Cornwallis's surrender. He saw the Count de Grasse kiss Gen'l Washington first on one cheek, then the other, & thirdly on the lips,—Gen'l Washington, my father was wont to say, received the salutation like "a coy damsel."

My pen is running riot as my tongue often does, yet as I have written in this vein I must tell you one more thing.—When my dear good old father was in his 90th year, & Mr. Madison, about 10 years younger, were talking over the old times & the discussions as to the Constitution, &c, &c, Mr. Madison said: "Some of us were dead against having a Navy—but Jefferson said it would be unwise not to have



vessels of war, for hereafter they might be needed to bring a refractory State to order." The conversation arose in consequence of South Carolina Nullification. . .

Much attention must have been paid to letter-writing when James attended the little school in Albemarle County, Virginia, kept by his father, the Reverend James Maury. James' letters make a point of telling each of his sons what he would most want to hear. That his children preserved dozens and dozens of his letters, passing them on to later generations, shows how they were prized. This letter to Ann is endorsed in her hand many years later "Letter from my father to me when I was between 13 & 14 years old. Ann Maury."

Liverpool 28 April 1817

I know not a person to whom I have longer been in debt on the epistolatory score than my dear daughter Ann . . .

There was discoverable this morning among our domestics a manner somewhat singular & consequential. The old Coachman said the cow was about to increase and that he could not attend to me as usual; but was tied at home by the expected *accouchment*: on coming to dinner it was all over & well over too:—a son and heir! . . .

I gave William that neat smooth stone as a present for you: against your return, try to pick up on the Beach something in the same way for Rutson. . .

Prudence is an excellent Cook: I have frequently talked to you about a Beef steak: pray take some lessons from Prudence, as well in that as in her excellent puddings. Adieu my dear Ann! Love to Mother & Matt. Yr affc. father

J. Maury.

In quite a different vein, the Old Consul wrote:

Liverpool 4 July 1823

My dear Ann!

Let me tell you what is going on at No. 38 [Rodney Street]. Wm. Newton desires much to see that dignified answer of Louis the 18th (when an Exile) to the mean proposition of Bonaparte, when Emperor. I could not get at them, but told him he should see them when you returned.





The Baron paid us a visit on Xmas day: he and your mother became very sociable:— in consequence, as I think, of her mentioning the interest she & you took in his behalf, from his forlorn situation & of your having desired me to present you. He was *tres sensible* of these sympathies & expressed himself a *l'ambassadeur*: the interview must have made some impression in favour of Mrs. M; for yesterday he sent her a present of one of those celebrated pies, which they call *Patés de Perignan*: so highly esteemed by the Epicures of France: 'tis indeed very good, but the various component articles of the Interior are so arranged as to remind me of *mosaic work*: Pro Ex: Partridge, Hare, Veal, Turkey, &c, &c, &c, all consolidated: the workmanship is certainly ingenious, and, if it do not become too *odoriferous* before your return, you shall sample of it.

The Baron's Secretary returned on Thursday and found him very ill. The S. and my brother Consul Gibson of St. Petersburg (who also is now here) are close friends: they, with the Baron, (if well enough) are to dine with us on Monday. . . I should like you to be of the party, were it only to shew you in my brother Consul and the Secretary two pair of (perhaps) the most lovely *whiskers* you have seen: to say nothing of the Consul's furred Russian Cloake; besides all this he and his friend are spiritual and scientific. . .

London Coffee House

Ludgate Hill 4 Decr '23.

We reached this place yesterday after a very pleasant journey, tho' did not reach the post office until after  $\frac{1}{2}$  past ten, owing to the axle tree of a wheel taking fire by friction, which detained near an hour. . . By the By: the warmth of our fireside in Rodney street prevented me from estimating fairly that of the mail coach, for I had not proceeded as far as Ben Bone's before I put on your comforter which you *forced* on me; it remained on my neck until I got to this house and I should have been very *uncomfortable* without it. . .

Your affectionate father      J. Maury.





Having sent his sons, Will and Matt off to America as "tobacco drummers" for his commission business, James encouraged them with short but pithy letters,.

The Old Consul sent hints to Will from Liverpool on June 16, 1820:

He [Mr. Maxwell] appears much attached to you and truly appreciates the propriety of your conduct in most cases, but told me frankly that he had deemed it necessary to give you a caution on account of expressing yourself so freely as you did about some persons! he also observed to us that you seemed to him too fond of speculation . . . few things could more feelingly distress me than for any one to say to me that my son had been making too free with his name: my confusion and anguish on such an occasion would be what you cannot conceive: and my son, you must not say anything that could, possibly commit your principals or yourself: no matter to whom. . . God bless you! my son.

Praise for Will for his industry went in the letter his father wrote from Liverpool 31 August 1819:

. . . I see with satisfaction your goings on in the Tobacco way: the consignments c/o *Glide & Harmony* will give us a reputable appearance in the Trade list: and, if your exertions be proportionately productive in Cotton, you will make us *rich in a crash*; for, from a late very accurate estimate of the value of these two articles of the growth of the U. S. A. imported last year into Liverpool, I find they stand in this proportion Viz: Cotton 18, Tobacco 1 ! —

. . . N. B. The Merchants of Boston and Salem have so much discernment in ascertaining the talents of a drummer that it is more particularly incumbent on you really to wear *there the old head, &c, &c.*

James had already written him in care of Robert Pollard of Richmond on May 17, 1819: . . .

. . . I note with pleasure, nay with satisfaction the handsome manner you spoke of our neighbours . . . 'tis right and



no more than what one gentleman should say of another in such a case. *Unite the Wisdom of the Serpent with the innocence of the Dove.*

In connection with his Boston visit, the Old Consul had advised Will of his friends there, 24 November 1819:

I was ignorant of Mr. Thorndike having a son a passenger in the *Courier*, until he had been some days on board waiting for a fair wind. . . You will see him at Boston. . .

I omitted introducing you to my friend Mr. Commissioner Gore; I shall also send you a letter to Mr. Francis Amory . . . in a letter to Messrs. D. & J. Sargent of Boston I tell them to expect you will see them. . .

It was not until thirteen years later that The Old Consul himself visited Boston 18 Dec 1832 James wrote his sister:

. . . About the 25th October we set out from Boston (from New York in a steamer, which landed us that afternoon at New Haven in Connecticut, whence we proceeded by land; a distance of about 180 miles to our journey's end. Every step and every object new and interesting. In Boston we spent about three weeks: and, although I had never been there before, yet I found so many friends as to make me quite at home. This city has long been famed for its hospitality; and from the attention we received in that way, we have great reason for saying Boston justly merits the [reputation] all travelers give her on that score. . .

The Summer of 1819 Mr. M. was taking good care to keep in trim. He wrote on August 24th to William:

I have been very well indeed: continuing my usual attentions to exercise, *Dumb Bells* & bathing. . . I have at last succeeded in the purchase of a Poney thro' the vigilance of my friend Mr. Bold: it is very useful to me during this weather . . . pleased . . . that the heat of 95 degrees agrees so well with you. Remember the Duke of Devonshire's motto: *cavendo tutus*.

We all love you and pray God bless you.





To William, who was at this time, the Fall of 1819, in New York care of Mr. Gulian Ludlow; his father wrote:

. . . The Journal of your travels entertained the *Fire-side* in Rodney street not a little; and especially the *three in one bed*.

Inclosed you have a letter for General Wade Hampton and one for Mr. Lowndes whom you may call on at Washington, as you pass thro' or at Charletown: he is a member of Congress, very clever, of uncommon affability & mildness of character. . .

When at Washington get yourself *properly* introduced to the Secretary of the Treasury.\* By *properly*, I mean, by some friend of his: an interview might, probably, draw from him some observations on the subject of verifications of invoices. . .

When in the Neighbourhood of my old friend Col. Morris, I hope you will have called on him. Tho' not in Albemarle, he is not much out of your road going to Mr. Madison's. . . All well and all greet you.

Your affc. father

15 November brought another letter for Will:

. . . feel particularly obliged to Mr. T. Williams for such marks of friendship. . . I had no idea of his taking so much pains for any one: but you indeed appear to be a wonderful favorite of his; he has given you *the old head &c.*, wear it & fill the situation he has placed you in. . .

Mr. Aikin told me the other day that he could now buy in Manchester Muslin at 14d per yard the same quality of which some years ago was 3/6, such is the depression from bad times! but I hope things are at the *Minimum*. My invoices for last October say 1818 were £87.6. Last month £14.17. . .

You have letters of introduction to Thomas Drayton, Esqr., of Charleston & Col. Johnston of Savannah. Mr. D. is, I believe, a very respectable Gentleman Planter, who had a Son in this Country, rather a *wild lad then* but probably *now* converted into married man. I should suppose his father considers himself obliged to me for the trouble I had





with his Son (you can use this letter or not as you like:) Col. Johnston, you have seen at our house: he is engaged with Mr. Dixon in this place: however it is well to have the civilities of the influential whether they do business with us or not. . .

December 1 and 13 the Old Consul wrote to Will, then in care of Mr. Robert Maxwell, Esquire, at Charleston:

. . . I feel greatly obliged by the friendly & hospitable attentions you have experienced in the good town of Boston: I notice your not mentioning the late President at Quincy: did you call? . . .

In a diplomatic way James rebuked Will, and was very "nice and exact," being "scrupulously delicate in all matters concerning my competitors in trade. . . I cannot for a moment doubt your veracity nor your innocence. . ."

As to advancing beyond funds, you know how averse we are to doing it for *any one* and we wish you on *every occasion* to avoid anything which may be construed as giving the slightest encouragement. . .

One might note here that James Maury landed in Liverpool in 1786, and in 1819 he was 73 years old. Letter writing was a labor for the Old Consul. From time to time he added at the bottom of a letter: "This has been written by an amanuensis at Rodney Street by candle light," and on July 20, 1820, wrote of the burdens of business:

Almost every day I think of your suggestion of my writing individually to our correspondents; but of late it so falls out that frequently the intire six hours of my attendance have so employed me in my official matters that I could not attend to anything else: you know after dinner I must, in a great measure, devote to relaxation: and altho' I am rather more *nervous* & active than when we landed, yet age requires this sort of relaxation. . . I will do the best I can. . . I would have you continue these suggestions whenever you see fit. . .

. . . I thank Mr. Madison for his intended consignment. I have had Tobo from him, as well as from General Wash-



ington, while in the chair, but it happened in both cases that I had the mortification to find, in the event, if I had kept it longer, I should have made much money for them. . . We all say God bless you and I pray you to take care of your health.

Adieu! my dear son

On November 7, Mr. M. confided in Will:

. . . on what you say about being too proud for a Drummer, I say remember that wise Maxim of your aunt Rutson, Vizt: *respect yourself*, but so do it as to avoid giving offence or disgust to any: and all this is very practicable; servility is dispicable. . .

In spite of his father's warning 31 October 1820, "to recommend special attention to your health, but more particularly at New Orleans, which so often proves the grave of Europeans: Let no consideration induce you to remain there during the unhealthy season. . ." James' letter of 7 December is addressed to William there, care Messrs. William & James Montgomery:

. . . The fall in the value of property which you state is indeed amazing & like the So. Sea bubble in old times. . .

You, my son, have often seemed to repine at our having omitted speculating as you had suggested. . . I do however own to you that I once expected Cotton would have proved an advantageous speculation. . .

I am greatly satisfied with your zeal and industry and pleased with the results. . . My son, take care of your health & do not ride your *Hobby too hard*: remember even Apollo sometimes unbent his bow.

On another occasion, Jan. 1, 1820, he had written:

I rather regretted to notice your intention of travelling *Five Days and Five Nights*. 'Tis too much! and I must admonish you to be more *temperate* in those matters. . . Farewell

In 1829 young James had evidently been bemoaning to his father his state of single blessedness. His cousin "S— L—"





and again Miss Ellen Craven must not have smiled on this would-be husband! His father writes:

. . . I notice and with sympathy the picture you give of your solitary situation and of the wish you have to change it. Never despair, my son. There yet may be, and trust, is something good in store for you, and that I am to know you are a happy married man before *I go hence*. Make a good choice. Your grandmother used to tell her sons that the best general rule was to choose a daughter of a mother who had educated her well and shown her good examples, and I believe the rule's a very good one. . .

In 1829 times must have changed in Virginia; for in 1805 the Old Consul's sister Ann had written him:

. . . I wish I could tell you of about half-a-dozen more of our family being well married, there being at least that number that ought to be settled, and doing something for themselves . . . old Mr. Joseph Herndon's observations in his son John may be very properly applied to them—that, *as long as they can get a clean shirt, and a dinner here, they will not trouble themselves to get wives*—as for the poor girls, they are to be pitied, as it is not yet the fashion for them to address the gentlemen. . .

On another occasion the Old Consul did not believe "two can live as cheaply as one," 9 September 1820 he had written Will:

. . . I own to you, I was, for a while, at a lost what to say: until recollecting that, when at your age, I was in a predicament precisely similar.

I had become so *desperately in love* with a fascinating *witch* (her name too was Lewis) that I consulted with my father in the most unreserved manner on the propriety of *putting the question to her*: he was greatly pleased at my making him my confidant: he instantly & frankly acknowledged that the lady and her connections were both most unexceptionable . . . she was the daughter of one of his intimate friends; but, said he, James, neither of you have any property to begin with: merely submitting it to my own reflection for determination: *it went off*.





And, now my dear Son, if I were to meditate for twelve months, I could not give you a sounder answer than this which he gave me.

This letter\* written to Tom Maury at *Midmont* near the University of Virginia was written four months and a day before Jefferson's death on July 4, 1826:

*Monticello* Mar. 3. 26.

Dear Sir,

In answer to your enquiries in behalf of my antient & highly esteemed friend and classmate, James Maury, I need only say that I was born April 2, 1743 and that consequently allowing for change of style I shall be 83 years old on the 13th. of the ensuing month of April. I should not give you the trouble of saying this for me to my friend, but should do it with pleasure for myself were it not that dislocations of both my wrists antient & recent, with the advance of years, have so far disabled my hands, as to render writing all but impracticable with me, in your kind office of mediator between us, I pray you to assure him that I retain for him still all my schoolboy affections, and that his prosperity & happiness are very dear to me.

My own health is very much broken and my faculties so much impaired by age, as to prepare me to meet with welcome the hour which shall once more re-assemble our antient class, with its venerable head, his father. For yourself be pleased to accept assurance of my great esteem and respect.

Th. Jefferson

The following year 30 March 1827 the Old Consul wrote to his son James in Virginia:

. . . I should indeed have liked to possess something of the sort you contemplated purchasing at the sale at *Monti-*

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\*Writing from the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, 20th July [1831]. Ann said, "My dear Aunt [Mrs. Eliza Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia] on the preceding page I made a copy before we left Charlottesville of Mr. Jefferson's letter to Tom [Maury], about which Papa spoke to you while we were at *Laurel Hill*. . ."

In his account of *Midmont* and *Piedmont*. Mr. Chamberlain says "Thomas Walker Maury was a friend of Thomas Jefferson, and a trunk full of his letters from Jefferson was destroyed by the Union Army when a detachment sacked *Piedmont* during the War Between the States."



*cello*. If the porcelaine figure I sent him of Mr. Roscoe was sold, I feel a little curious to know for how much. Tell me in your next.

. . . I need not say how painful to me to read your dismal forebodings about the University [of Virginia]. . . God bless you! my dear son!

The Old Consul recollected "three score and ten years ago," writing from Liverpool, 1 June 1827; to his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Herndon of Fredericksburg:

. . . You are right, for I did indeed feel much on hearing my antient class mate had left me the sole survivor of the *five* who were together somewhat more than *three score and ten years ago*. besides which, Mr. Jefferson, from that remote period down to his finally ceasing, had invariably treated me with friendly kindness, I may say in every way. In truth I used to believe & still do believe I must have been an early favorite, because, when at School, he very frequently requested my father to let me go with him to *Shadwell* of a Saturday. . . Altho' so distant it seemed as tho I had been left solitary! . . .

The first American Consul at Liverpool, appointed by his friend George Washington, was to fall a victim to Andrew Jackson's "*Spoils System*." James Maury was one of many to be "removed" from office; in his case after over forty years' service.

Writing from Seacombe, England 19th, June 1829 to her brother James in Charlottesville, Virginia, Ann threw out a hint of trouble to come:

Mama has continued improving since you left both in her nerves and hearing and she can now hear distinctly the whole of the Church; and well it is that she is so much better, otherwise the state of suspence in which we remain about the Consulship would have borne hardly upon her. I fear your friend General Jackson is not the upright honest man you, and many others supposed him to be before he possessed power; at least I see by the newspapers that those who were amongst his warmest advocates feel much disappointed by his proceedings thus far. . .





While awaiting official notification of his dismissal, The Old Consul wrote his son, James, 7 August 1829:

. . . After which [dismissal], I daresay, I shall feel as those generally do feel, who have so long been in ye Habit of daily official duties: and, after due trial, I intend to inform you whether I experience or not that blank under the privation of employment, which, in many, acts almost as a privation of a necessary of life. Verrons. . .

No sooner had James received notice of his dismissal from the consular office than he was extended an invitation to a dinner given him by the merchants and gentlemen of Liverpool. At this dinner he was presented with a handsome silver service.

This "*Service of Plate*" is included in the Inventory of "the property of the late James Maury." It consisted of: "Soup tureen, four vegetable dishes, two ragout dishes, four sauce tureens, two dishes intended for upper and lower ends of table one waiter."

Each piece was specially bequeathed by James to each of his children.\*

In this same letter of August 7th. James recounted:

By the papers you will have noticed the flattering testimonials of esteem your old father has from the Merchants & gentlemen of Liverpool. They certainly overrate his merits; but, be that as it may, I must and do feel most grateful for, and highly appreciate, this kindness . . . such a thing as unlooked for by me as by you. . .

All well & all salute you. Your affectionate father

A few days later 12 Augt. Matt wrote his mother from Richmond; on the change of circumstances for the Old Consul:

. . . I am delighted that my Father writes as if he held a "stiff upper lip" on the subject. . . Mr. Gwathemy says that the General [Jackson] is a vulgar-minded man; & that the only thing he regrets is that my Father will treat Mr. Ogden too well.

. . . Mr. Madison & Mr. Monroe I learn are quite disgusted. I think my letters to William would give you some-

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\*Descendants own some, today others are in possession of Valentine Museum.





thing like a Peep into affairs—I wrote W. Wood an Account of my Interview; he expresses much admiration at my visit—In his own words: "it was well to take the Lion by the beard in his very den."

8th Sept. 1829 James heard again from his father in Liverpool:

. . . It is somewhat of a singular coincidence that my functions ceased 31 Ulto, which was the same day of the same month Mrs. Maury & myself landed here from Virginia in 1786—each a memorable day in my life.

I have treated Mr. Ogden, I hope, with that respect due from a Consul of the U. S. to his successor. . .

As to myself, I do feel *rather out of joint*, and suppose I am to feel so for a time, but such things wear off and probably it will be so with me. I hope & expect it will be so. . .

In her Diary of 1831, Ann paid a nice compliment to her father:

*March 4th. Sunday.* A fine morning—I went to church & heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Nicholls on the subject of charity. The text was Follow after Charity—& from his definition I am certainly woefully deficient in that eminent Christian grace, but I will with God's help strive to attain it. I know none who possess it to so great a degree as my own Father, therefore I ought not to fail having such a pattern before me. . .

Soon after his arrival in New York, following his removal from office in Liverpool, James was honored at a dinner given him by some of its good citizens on May 4.

The invitation stated:

James Maury Esqr  
Dear Sir

Newyork 25 April 1831

A number of the Citizens of New York beg to congratulate you upon your safe arrival and to welcome your return to your native Land, after an absence of many years—so honorably spent in the service of your Country.

Most of us have experienced and all of us are familiar



with, the unvarying kindness, and constant zeal, of your private and public Department and we have been proud to observe and acknowledge the important influence of your character upon the estimate among Foreigners, to which our country has become entitled:

We therefore desire to invite you to a Public dinner, upon such day as it may suit you to name, that an opportunity may be afforded for a more general expression of the high respect and great consideration, with which in common with others, We have the pleasure to remain,

Your sincere friends.

(Signed): Isaac Lawrence, Peter Crary, Jn. Goodhue, Philip Hone, G. G. Howland, James G. King, P. Perith, Andrew Potter, Jacob P. Giraud, Jh. Johnston, Francis K. Sheldon, James Brown, N. Prime, Austin Withers, Stephen Whitney, Charles McEvers, Wm. B. Astor, James Magee, Isaac Carow.

A few days before the testimonial dinner in New York of May 4th the Old Consul received a note from his old school-fellow whom he was soon to visit in Virginia:

*Montpellier*

April 29 1831

My dear Sir

The mail has just brought us information, in one instance under your own hand & name, that you have safely reached the land of your birth. I welcome you to it; and hope at an early day to welcome you at my own domicil, where I shall be able to express all the feelings awakened by your unexpected and gratifying visit. Meantime accept from Mrs. M. and myself all our best wishes.

James Madison

The Summer of 1831 found James Maury and Ann travelling through Virginia by stage coach. James can be seen revisiting the scenes of his boyhood through his daughter's eyes. Ann had written in her Diary:

June 29th. Charlottesville, Virginia. Papa rode over in a gig to call upon Mrs. Randolph,\* the daughter of his old

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\*Martha Jefferson who married Thomas Mann Randolph.





friend, & was greatly agitated at seeing her from her striking resemblance to her father. . .

*July 2nd.* Papa went to a public dinner, nominally to celebrate the 4th. of July (that being court day), but in fact given to him—Thos. Jefferson Randolph in the chair—about 70 persons were present & all went off very well, with the exception of Papa's being so much agitated that he was scarcely audible in returning thanks, when his health was drunk. . .

Letter 7 July 1831, the Old Consul wrote his sister:

I made a point to pay my respects to Mrs. Randolph. . . My feelings were greatly affected at seeing a face so like her father's. . .

I had the honor of an invitation to the 4th of July dinner. where I met with two of my contemporaries Vizt Garland Carr and Mr. Meriweather with great number of relatives and descendents of dear friends.

Your affectionate brother.

Ann continued:

*October 24th.* . . At Mr. Meriweather's—our treatment was kind in the extreme—Papa's recollection of the house was so perfect that as we approached it he said I verily believe it is the same old house, & after going in he was able to point out little alterations that had been made in the situation of doors, etc. Papa & James slept in the same room on the first floor, & I slept above in the room with Miss Patsey Quarles, who was conveying her nephew, Henry Poindexter from school in Charlottesville where he had been attacked with bilious fever. Mr. & Mrs. Nelson, Mr. James Terrel . . . had been invited to meet us, & Mrs. Nelson invited us to go to their house next day.

*October 25th* Approaching *Belvoir*. . . Papa walked to the Rock Spring, inspected his father's old study, where he broke a window about 78 years ago, now the sleeping room of an overseer—the same meat house still stands. The house has had only the addition of one small room & a back porch & a cellar, but it is turned round. When we were about to





return to Captain Lindsay's they informed us that every preparation had been made for our staying the night. The Genl., & his wife intended to sleep in the nursery & give their room to Papa, & two of the boys would go to Dr. Page's to make room for me. I saw Papa inclined to stay, so I sent Phil with the keys to fetch what he would require for the night. Thus he slept in the chamber so long occupied by his parents & in which seven of his brothers & sisters were born. In the morning he rode to the Briery field up the mountain to search for an old grape he remembered of uncommon fine quality. Papa's memory was so perfect that he pointed out to us the place marked out for the race between Mr. Jefferson's slow poney & Dabney Carr's swift horse, which the former agreed should take place on the 30th. Feb., & until the last day of that month none of the boys discovered the hoax. Old Memnon was delighted to see Papa, as much he said, as if he were his own father. The visit was most interesting & the pleasure preponderated apparently with Papa much more than I could have anticipated in thus revisiting the scenes of his boyhood & youth when all the companions of those days are gone.

*October 29th.* Returned to *Glen Owen* & Walked over to *Union Hall*, so long the residence of Papa's favorite brother Matthew. It is now inhabited by a man named Stephen Williams, who rents it from the owner who lives in Richmond—Old Liddy, another of those who knew Papa when both were young together came to see us. She was in ecstasies at the sight of him, seized his hand to kiss it, & talked over all the old stories with him, & reminded him of the frightful appearance he made when he returned home after the small pox, so much so that she said they were all scared at him. . .

*November 9th.* Rode to Louisa Court House. The tavern kept by Mr. Price, whose wife is a grand niece of Papa's old friend, Overton Anderson. I was pleased with our treatment in every respect but one, namely wakening Papa in the middle of the night to open the door & admit Mr. Price's brother to sleep in the other bed.



*November 11th.* Left Louisa Court House in the stage at 6 A. M. & travelled without any incident except locking the wheel with a waggon which frightened but did not hurt us. We all got out & the vehicles were soon separated. Richmond was in sight about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 & at 5 o'clock we were established at Mr. Richardson's. Our old friend, Geo. Pollard came in to see us presently. . .

*November 12th* Old friends came in to see us. Mr. Robt. Pollard, Robt. Gwathmey, Virginia & Mary Anne—

*November 17th* Papa dined at Major Gibbon's & I spent a very cheerful evening with the Marx's. . .

*November 19th* Papa dined at Mr. Temple Gwathmey's, & we went in the evening to a dancing party very gay & pleasant.

*November 20th* Stayed quietly at home to rest after so much dissipation.

*November 25th* An old lady, Mrs. Tatum, a first cousin of Papa, the daughter of his Aunt Claiborne called to see us. . .

*February* . . . We have received letters from Liverpool with the news of Matthew & Rutson having arrived safely, & that they have arranged with Mr. Latham for their settling in New York, under the firm of Matthew & Rutson Maury—such being the case, I feel rather disposed to remain here, thinking at Papa's time of life that his children are more to him than any body else.

*February 13th.* . . Spent the evening at Mr. Marx's very merrily in company with their own family & a Mrs. Cabell, Elizabeth Cabell, two Riddles, Mrs. & Miss Alen, Mrs. Wyndham Robertson & Miss Campbell—

*February 14th* Papa completed his eighty-sixth year & I think enjoyed the day. . . We had a Liverpool plumb pudding. . . I wished Papa, instead of the usual wish of many happy returns of the day, that he might live as long as life was comfortable.

In his letter of 27 February 1833 to his sister, Mrs. Herndon, the Old Consul wrote again setting out for "the old Dominion," and of a birthday on the 14th:





Thankye for your remembrance of me. . . When I arose that morning [his 87th. Birthday], with an unusual vigor and looked back to that kind Providence who has protected me thro' so long and eventful a life, I became more overpowered by a glow of thankfulness to the Giver than I can describe, and I feel the better for it. . .

29th June 1833, found Mr. Maury again in Virginia; after leaving Mr. Madison's, he wrote her from Steady Reubens' [Maury's] near Charlottesville. At this time James had the pleasure of again seeing an old sweetheart:

I have at length met my old friend Milly. She now lives with her son Francis Fry and is building herself a house. . . I see her almost every day: and altho both of us are too old for the stories about *the Snake*, which occasioned so much laughter, we have no lack for subjects as suitable to 57 & 87 as the former were for 10 & 30. I esteem her much.

And a few years before his death, 23 March, 1836 the Old Consul wrote from New York:

For one now in his ninety first yr, my general health is such that I should be ashamed to complain. I do not complain but use my best endeavors to be duly thankful to the Giver of good things for such unusual health at such an age. . .

That same year Ann wrote her cousin, A. P. Maury, Esquire, House of Representatives, Washington City, D. C.

. . . We had a large party (that is, a large one for our small mansion) on the 14th. February to celebrate the return of his birthday, on which he completed his 91st. year . . . he is not yet strong enough to undertake a journey to Washington . . . even if a stronger inducement were held out than to witness the inauguration of Martin Van Buren. . . My father gave a vote in this City opposed to him, & was probably the most aged who did *walk* to the Poll. . . As for me, I never am absent from him a single night . . . our house is No. 349 Fourth St., about two miles from the point at which the Steam Boat lands you. . .





James Madison wrote his old friend:

*Montpellier*  
May 26th. 1836.

My dear Sir.

I have received your friendly letter of May 7th and the box of Sherry wine I owe to your kindness came safe to hand the day before yesterday. I thank you for both.

Your letter I observe is written by your own hand. I wish I could answer it in like manner: but though your years somewhat outnumber mine, my fingers are *de facto* older than yours, and are at present, as is my general condition, more than unusually unfitted for the pen.

Dr. Dunglison being with us and in the habit of drinking sherry, and a better judge than I could be were my palate in better health, pronounces the wine to be of the first crop. It is I doubt not very fine, and I wish I could more safely indulge a relish for it. It gives me pleasure to learn that you can safely do so, and I hope the Sherry may prove with you what has been said of good wine, a milk for old age.

I cannot let the occasion pass without reassuring you of my cordial esteem, and of my best wishes for your happiness and that of your amiable family.

James Madison





## CHAPTER II

MARGARET RUTSON MAURY, THE GOOD OLD WOMAN,  
1764-1830

*"A house without woman or firelight, is like a  
body without soul or spirit."—*

**J**AMES wrote his bride-to-be 26 July 1796, upon their approaching marriage:

I am truly delighted to see my dear Margaret so well pleased with the Habit, the Hat, herself and the prospect of so soon being mine.

Order the matter of the cake, Mrs. M. as you please, it being really my wish, that, in *so momentous a matter* you merely consult your own feelings. . .

Your strictures on *Economy with Generosity* are right, and we will try to *hit the medium*.

The *16th.* does approach indeed and the thoughts on it affect me as before. I wish I may behave well on that Day. Many, many things now do, but then will more forcibly press on my spirits; but I suppose that is always according to our sensibility.

Yrs. J. M.

Writing from Greystoke Castle, Aug. 21st, 1797, *The Duke of Norfolk* had thus addressed The Old Consul, James:

Sir

I do myself the pleasure to send your annual venison by the days coach and should not have troubled you with a letter but to avail myself of the opportunity of saying that I expect a party of ladies and gentlemen of this county on the 1st of September to pass a week with me and make excursions to





the Lakes if the weather will permit and that I should think myself honored if a journey to my house would be agreeable to Mrs. Maury and you.

I am Sir

Your obd't and humble servant  
Norfolk

Continuing with the *Comedy of Manners*, Margaret regaled James with an account of her stage-coach ride. This could hardly have been called a pleasure trip:

In the first place, we reached here [Whitworth, England 8 Feb'y 1810] about 11 o'clock yesterday in perfect safety. The Gentlemen whose care you consign'd us to, arranged their Caps and Hats properly for sleep & never spoke to us from the top of Dale H. in Liverpool until we had continued some minutes at the coach office door at the Bridgewater Arms, Manchester, when, one of them, with a sort of snort or groan after a long nap, said: "I suppose we are at our journey's end, is this Manchester?" "Yes Sir!" said I. They then ask'd the Coachman "why we were not shown into the House." The Coachman observed, "The Guard was gone to call the Waiter up," after a enquiring the time, and the Coachman looking at his watch, said it is twenty-one minutes past six. "Why, then, it's hardly worth while to go to bed, open the door, coachman" which he did. . . The coachman called a woman Servant to take us in, at the bar, she asked a young half-waked, half-dressed, woman, where she must show us. "To the Bar Parlour, where there's a good fire." . . I asked if breakfast was not provided for Mail Passengers? No, not without you ask for it. . . We were very civilly treated at the Bridgewater, & the Waiter could not have been more attentive had we travelled in our own Carriage. . . I like the Mail so well. . .

. . . When we were half way [from Manchester] a young Gentn. at the Inn door, requested them to put his Horse, which was unmanageable in his Gig, into the Mail Harness, which they did, much against the inclination of my fellow traveller. They told her the 4 horses which they were then taking out never were in Harness before that Morn'g, & so





it might seem, for I had named to the Lady, that, I had heard the Man at the Coach office with the wood leg say, "You had as well lead them round the corner at first." However they went safely & at a famous rate.

. . . I am more than ever satisfied that a country life is the most rational, & *much ! much !* more likely ! to bring a man peace at the last ! For unless one has the fortitude to think and act as reason points out one shou'd, what time is there? All is swallowed up in idle, unmeaning show & vanity ! . . . I am, my dear James,

Yours truly M.M.

Margaret certainly was lacking in terms of affection in the letters she wrote her Jim, often addressing him as Mr. M., but she took pains to describe all the details of the trip, just what he wanted to hear.

This habit of speaking of one's husband as "Mr." even to one's children seems always to have been the custom in Virginia; a custom evidently borrowed from England.

"Mrs. M." had a really hair-raising ride in the stage to Buxton Octr 6th-1815:

. . . Peter Tyners Chaise which he praised so much we brought on at my entreaty . . . at Macklesfield where our disasters commenced. No Horses for love or money, after repeated trials of Mrs. rather than Mr. Innkeeper who wished us to spend the night at his House. Mr. M. and G. turn'd out in quest of Horses & after a detention of more than two hours, & taking two Men, one of them not quite a Gentn & some disagreeable strong smelling savour about . . . we set off. . .

At the bottom of the steep hill out of Macklesfield, I observed John look to this side & that, under his feet, what's the matter John, "Ma'am, the Pole pin is gone" after some time lost in pros & cons with the driver, I was agreed John should go back for one, a long discussion which I suspect took place with Mr. Innkeeper hoping to get us back (John likes sleeping at an Inn better than I do) he returned with a pin, then a chain was wanting to lock the wheels—however



go on we would & did, after some time we met a returning Chaise borrowed his chain & at last overtook Mr. G's Chaise. They had broke their chain in going down a hill. Mr. G. had walked more than three miles. . . Thank God! tho' dark almost the whole way we arrived in perfect safety. . .

A good deal of company & all seems pleasant, good weather too. . .

While his mother, father, Ann, and Matt spent June and October enjoying the baths at Buxton, William at home in Rodney Street, Liverpool, was plagued with housekeeping cares. He was to make good use of this early domestic training, for he grew up to have two wives and eleven children!

His family were at the Centre Hotel, 1815, and Margaret wrote on Oct. 16 what she had contrived for her sixteen-year-old son to do:

. . . We are just returned from a ride to see the railway on the inclined plain—a sight which gratified Mr. G. he had seen a number of such conveyances, but none cut through such vast mountains. I wish our friends cou'd have staid our time.

. . . I observe the robbing has commenced in Lpool, I hope you are all careful about locking the doors, &c. &c, that the Shutters are fastened by it is dusk, and not waiting until dark for anyone who chooses may get in at the Servants-hall window. . . I suppose our not returning till Saturday will be a relief to the Servants. Tell Mary to buy a Goose—& to order a Leg of Veal, a piece of roasting Beef, a Leg of Mutton, & Beef Steaks. . . Tell Kitty to be exact in filling the Bottles afresh every day with hot water for our Bed & to make a little fire in our room on Saturday Morning, as Mr. M has been accustomed to one here. . . I am with kind love to Matt & yourself

your truly affectionate Mother M Maury

Mrs. Maury might have desired Mary to "Dress a Calf Head like a Turtle" according to her Receipt Book:

Take a good Calf Head with the skin on—dress as you do





calves feet—cut it in pieces as you would for a pye—wash it in several waters 'till all the Blood is out—drain it in a Sieve & wipe it dry in a Table cloth—dredge it with Flour & season it with Mace Nutmeg Cayenne & Salt—put it in a Turtle Mug—cover it with a plate & bake it two hours—with gravy made from the Bones—the day it is used chop a handful of Parsley & put it in with a pint of Madiera & Port Wine mixed—bake it an hour—serve it up in the Dish it was baked in—with Forcemeat balls & Yolks of Egg boiled hard. N B If the Head is thin, it will require some Butter

Ann Rutson

And perhaps, from the same source, a *Potato Pudding*:

Boil about 8 or 10 Potatoes common size—bruise them fine, beat 10 eggs leave out 2 of the Whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb clarified butter 2 penny worth of Bitter Almonds—a tea cup full of cream & sweeten it to your taste.

And on another occasion June 9 1816 in spite of his Mother's careful planning, William heard of many things that were forgotten. Margaret wrote from the Centre Hotel, Buxton:

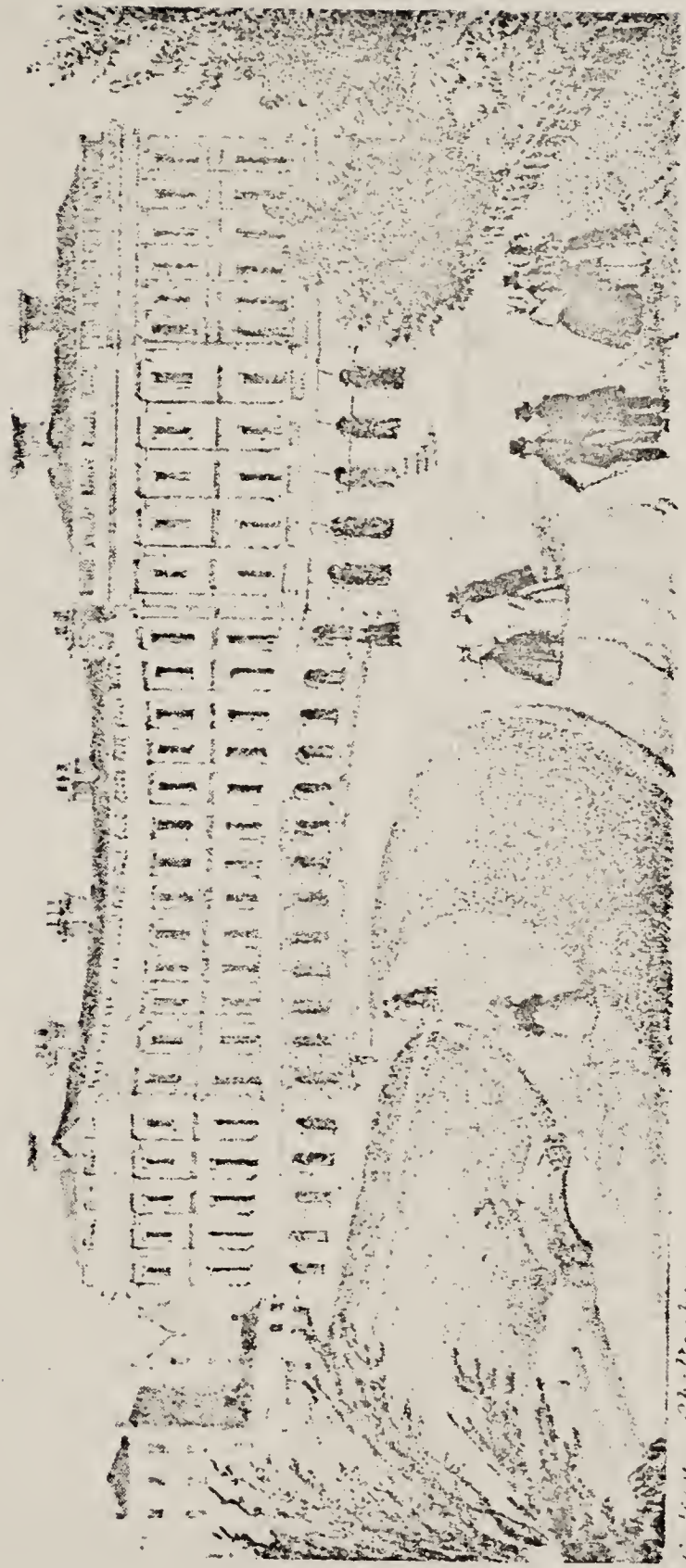
. . . Mr. Lawrence Peel & family are at the great Hotel [the Crescent]. They were all I knew at Church. The country round looks very green & fresh, my favorite walk *beautiful*.

Before I had gone many yards from Rodney St. I called to mind having forgotten to lock up the arsenic in my money Box . . . do I pray my dear Boy be careful in the use of it . . . we learn that Mr. Leyland's mob has been very riotous—have nothing to do with party matters, William, it never produces any good and frequently occasions much distress and misery. . .

. . . I hope you will be kind enough to inform me now you go on, with your household affairs, that is Chimney sweepers, White-washers, &c. &c. I am somewhat like the old woman Mrs. Stavert named, "in wondering how you'll do this business without me"—but seriously I do wonder how you will do about stockings for I am positive (to borrow







G. W. W. Cheltenham

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THE CRESCENT, BUXTON.

THE CRESCENT, BUXTON



a phrase of your own) that no one else will spend the time filling up the breaks occasioned by those abominable nails (Messrs) Gratty & Moss I trust have supplied you with shoes of a better sort than you have worn lately. . .

Young Matthew gave his version of the *bathing*, but his Mother interrupted 13th June, 1816 to send Will many messages:

Dear Brother

I am desired to fill this side & my mother will conclude, so to begin I must tell you that I have bathed three times & enjoy it exceedingly. The bath in the deepest part takes me just up to my under lip standing on my toes. I can swim from one end to the other & expect to improve much, it gives one a terrible shock on jumping in but it is over directly. . .

After this for my mother as she is afraid if there are different hands in the letter it will be charged double.

The pig sty is to be floored with brick & not paved for if one paving stone is rooted up all the others will follow.

As you have not mentioned the cow my mother concludes she is well. My mother desires Mary to pot the butter to be used for tarts when we come home. . .

The following year the scene changed to *Mills Cottage* Sidmouth, England, 1817. The players: Mrs. Maury, Matt who has been ill, Prudence the maid; later Mr. Maury and Ann arrive by stagecoach. William in Liverpool keeps the home fires burning.

This part has to do with band boxes and wristbands, melancholy and rhubarb, a padlock for the sugar, onion poultices for Matt, a bumper for Willy, Flummery, Route, ale versus tea, coals from Newcastle, kitchen company, brandy in the pill box, night caps and tippets!

Margaret wrote to Will from her cottage in the country:

. . . just when I had dated it [the letter Jany 29th 1817] Colonel Mrs & Miss Plumb with a Miss Haynes & Miss Sherridan Niece of the celebrated Sherridan were announced. . . . I sent Prudence (our domestic) to inquire at the Post Office, & to see for a little fish for Matt, she brought Ann's





acceptable ltr, & also the Lpool *Saturdays Advertiser*. . . Gores Paper. . . Tell Ann I was much pleased she had attended to my directions relative to the Wristbands, Hdkfe, and so on, & likewise she so prudently declined the visit which I doubt not, she had contemplated with pleasure.

We are got pretty well settled in our Cottage. At first you may imagine, we felt nothing but melancholy, & I think I never had so much difficulty (when necessary) to raise my spirits. In Matt melancholy has been personnified, whatever I cou'd say or urge, still he relapsed. . .

You wou'd be delighted with a Garden here, Primroses, Periwinkle, Pollyanthus, Laurustines Monthly Rose, Laurel & many other things in full flower. . . There are glasses for Bulbs in the Parlours. . .

I cannot say I rejoiced in the prospect of another Rabbit. I forgot to name to you that the Japand round Cannister which contains treble refined Sugar & is only for the *grandest occasions*; will you buy for me a Padlock to fix upon it, the one which belonged on it I gave some of you. The Cannister is upon the box for broken glass just as you go into the Store-room—pray do it without loss of time. . . Remember us to all our friends & believe me My dr Wm.

Yr. truly Affecte Mother Marg't Maury

16th, Feby 1817 his mother once more admonished Will:

I will answer all your questions first. . . I apprehend you have overlooked some soft Sugar. . . When you get Coffee I hope you respect those small pots & do not "rumble tumble them" as you say you have my drawers. I am willing to think you have not dealt so roughly with my things. . .

. . . You ask when I get up, I was in what I call my dressing room rather before half past six this Morning. I still sleep on the couch in Matts room. . . I am at hand whatever occurs, he has suffered amazingly from the tooth-ache in the last week, but like yourself can't muster courage to have it out. After burning his mouth with oil of Thyme, (which I recollect used to give me ease when I was a child) Brandy, Dr. John & Laudanum, I applied Onion Poultice to





his cheek, & the heart of the onion in a piece of rag in his Ear, this seems to afford the greatest relief of anything, & does no injury. I am vain of Mr. Wood's & your compliments upon my medical skill, & must think his Physician showed a deficiency when he mistook a quincy for inflammatory. . .

. . . Milk is the cheapest thing here & most excellent at 4d a quart Matt & I each have each half a pint warm from the cow. I persuaded a Girl . . . who milks in the field between us & Sidmouth to run up with our Morn'g's stock before she goes home . . . we have pattent Cocoa to breakfast, the water porridge Matt takes some of, to oblige me, but really it is miserably bad, you never saw such good for nothing meal. . .

I shou'd not have wept if the Rabbit had escaped altogether. You manage so well with your cookments in various ways, that my anxieties for you all, is, like taking sorrow upon interest, a practice I do not recommend to others. I hope your Hare & Pheasant were good I must say, the occasion was a proper one, & their coming then very apropos. We drank your Father's health & what is more, wished it most *heartily!* as we did *yours* the 5th. & wished you might be as good a Man as your Father, not in the common way of using it as a cant phraise but *really & truly*.

Yesterday Mrs. Wright (Miss Gray that was) called, she was drawn here in a Martin chair by a very dashing Footman. . .

Mrs. Plumb sent by Prudence . . . a plate with a handsome piece of Flummery\* (colour'd with Raspberry, which had not been touch'd at their dinner yesterday—you can have no idea of the style here. Collonel & Mr. P went to Exeter 18 miles the day but one before, to procure many things for the Dinner & Miss P told me yesterday that the side dishes

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\**Flummery*: Mrs. Maury's Receipt Book gives directions for making this party dessert: One quart of new Milk an oz &  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Isinglass an oz &  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Jordan Almonds an oz &  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Bitter Almonds—blanch & beat them fine in a Marble Mortar—two large spoonfuls of Orange Flower Water—sweeten it with Loaf Sugar to your taste—let it simmer or boil gently over a slow fire (stirring it all the time) till the Isinglass is dissolved—then strain it thro a piece of Muslin & stir till cold—dip your Molds in cold water—fill them & let them stand all night in a cool place. Mrs. Crigam.





were obliged to be done at a Confectioners, not having conveniences in a lodging house. "French dishes you know" said she. . . One Lady who lives above us goes to 2 routs of a night, and does not set off 'till 10, & stays so short a time at each, that her Coachman only rides back & forward till she has finish'd, the lane above us is so narrow that they blow a horn, as if it was a Mail coach, in order that those coming may stop at one of the passes. . .

You quite forgot to give us an account of the Wellington Ball room and how the entertainment went off, who presided & so on. . .

Although still at Sidmouth 23 Feby, Margaret's thoughts took her back to Rodney Street in Liverpool:

. . . In all your sidings & Tidyings I hope you did not commit the corner of one of Matts color'd wkts to the flames . . . do respect this fragment if you meet with it. . . I do hope & pray he [your Father] may not have taken cold. I don't doubt but a glass of ale will do him abundantly more good than Tea. . . Collnl & Mrs. Plumb . . . brought us their paper, are not you fearful I am in danger of becoming Pollitician? No; I regard your Father's admonitions too much, even at this distance. . .

I have set all my wits to work to keep the wind out of the Parlour, to give you an idea of Coals here (they come from Newcastle) . . . these are literally nothing but dirt or chiefly so. . . Prudence was obliged to bring fire in a warming pan from the Kitchen . . . and do tell Mary & Kitty that every house here has the kitchen fire put out every night even water is poured on. No Rosin Cake or Turf to light it, they bring straw & any rubbish, such as our garden walks furnish, & light these with a tinder box. . . I often do wonder (when I recollect the luxuries our Servants have, & after all make difficulties) how Prudence manages . . . the other day when I bought some Sheets, "that if I pleased she would help me to make them in an eveng." A more civil, obliging, respectful person I never saw—as a proof I found fault with our Pump water at dinner, for Tea she fetched from a favorite





Spring & has done so ever since, altho she has only one Pitcher & has to fetch from a runner of soft water to wash us in our bed rooms—don't you think this differs from Lpool ? . . .

Mills Cottage Sidmouth  
23d of Feby 1817 Sunday

Agreeable to the Mercantile style my dr Willy "we note what you say of receiving our letters on Sunday," one ltr a week is as much as we have means to furnish. In your ltr of the 13th you propose changing my Silver, I have no objection to your plan, provided, you can meet with a key to open my money-box in a regular way. You must ask Longton to furnish you with a parcel of Keys & try them. I have had occasion to do this before time with other locks, & I believe, always succeeded—*Mind*, Miss Packers half crown, & shilling, both Queen Ann, & given to me in the year 70, I will not part with, nor the Crown piece which was my Sister Betsey's I think it is with . . . The American coins of course you will leave. . . I beg you to be very exact in the accounts, as many of them are not mine. The halfcrowns with holes in &c, may go. . . The half crowns are small but handsome. I sent to our invariably agreeable friend the Grocer (Mr. Harris) the first day they were issued, for Matt was quite impatient to see them, & he furnished me with a shilling & sixpence. I hope neither Mary nor Dinah will be so unlucky as to take any counterfeits—by the by I have had one of the 20 shilling notes I brought from home refused. . .

His mother continued her letters:

Mill Cottage, Sidmouth,  
March 27th. 1817. Thursday

My dear William

. . . I am afraid indeed ! that my Brother's life is drawing to a speedy close. You all know my fondness for attending the sick, & therefore will be the less surprised at my often saying to Matt, oh Matt ! I wish it were in my power to





attend Uncle Rutson, however, if I were at home, I cou'd not, for Mrs. R never yet wou'd allow me to see him when very ill, I know not why, unless indeed, the fear of comparison, for some people my dr William wish it to be understood that they shine in every way.

. . . Tell your Father he must bring John, I cou'd not possibly do without him, consider, there will be 2 more Bed rooms for I still repose upon my Couch in Matt's room. . . The best room . . . of course your Father will occupy. Prudence & John must each go into the rooms intended for servants. My motive for relating this is to show you, the absolute necessity, of informing me the day your Father determines his time to set off. . . I have not my linen chest to hook sheets out of as at home, but must send to Mrs Sweetlands in Sidmouth & then they will be to air & not the roaring fire of our Rodney St. kitchen. Tell your Father I cou'd not expect Prudence either cou'd or wou'd, clean Shoes & knives for so many, besides cooking & Chamber-maid work. . .

I particularly request that Dr. Buchan's Book of domestic Medecine may be brought in one of the Trunks, I have wished for it many, many times, & never more than when I was so ill, luckily I cou'd not take food, so I was prevented by a merciful Providence ! from taking what was wrong. . .

Ann had better bring all her Frocks. Ask your Father to bring me my allowance which was due the 16th. Feby. & not in raggy notes, for some I brought, not anyone here will take, and, there are others which they seem to doubt whether one has not forged them. Sidmouth is little more than a village, &, of course, they have all the caution of small places, no dashing, except in grandees, & these enough.

. . . I shall not repeat but refer your Father to the letr I have already written of what they shou'd bring. Ann cannot ride with her back to the horses but your Father can, it is the easiest, & the warmest, of course they will sit opposite & then can accomodate each other with regards to the disposal of feet &c. Mr. Maury says "a prospect of 4 fine days," I hope he does not meditate a Chaise, I can assure him that Mr. Baines as well as myself often observed the



difference in the ease of the Coaches compared with the Chaises . . . one thing Ann must be told, they are apt to put the lids on uneven under the Cushions & she can easily have it put right if she names it. . . Altho my servant here has a Mother at Sidmouth, she has never even called here, nor has any other person in the two months I have been here, she spends her evenings alone & does a great deal of sewing. We have water porridge for Supper, she makes a fire in our Bedroom every Eveng warms both our Beds ever since I was taken ill, & fills a Bottle with hot water for each Bed, & a jug of hot water—in the mornng each a jug of hot water, & yet we have no perpetual boiler. I have neither been out or seen anybody to tea since we left home. I do think more than ever that Kitchen company is unnecessary, & an encouragement to all kinds of illness & impropriety, & when I return it shall be wholly given up. Tell Mary & Kitty I hope they intend to stay the Sacrament at Easter. I have said much to them upon the subject—all I shall now urge, is, that if "they do to others as they wish they shou'd do unto them" they may stay with safety.

M M

Mills Cottage Sidmouth

24th April 1817

My dear William,

. . . Matt & Ann are just returned from a ride to Sidbury 6 miles there & back, Matt says he is no otherwise tired than by the saddle being too broad, obliged his legs to hang without the relief of setting in his knees, I don't exactly understand it, but the saddle has an additional stuffing or cushion which has been intended for the relief of the sick, & I believe was contrived for a Dr Clark who now poor Man, is too ill for any conveyance but a Murtins chair. Matt continues to mend I trust . . . but this I must say that I never did so entirely devote myself to one sick person night & day, as I have done to Matt since our residence in this Cottage, for one reason I have had nothing else to divide my attention, not a Book except the Bible, & that so bad a print, I could with difficulty read it. My Servant's capability being





so great, I had no call for exertion or labour in her department—therefore Matt, & Matt alone, occupied all my time, tho' not all my thoughts, for altho' I have not been within a place of Worship since I came to Sidmouth I think my mind was never more properly occupied on religious subjects & I trust I shall in that point of view be the better for coming to Sidmouth. . . Last eveng I paid Prudence her 3 pound 18 for 13 weeks with which she seemed much pleased—we agreed at our dinner today that she deserved her wages. After her housework—4 beds to make &c she made Calves-foot jelly for Matt—& of the yolks of eggs from the jelly she made Custards, & as the milk was used for the latter, I ordered an apple dumplin, however, there not being flour enough she proposed stewing the apples, which she said perhaps would do as well as she had noticed we were not fond of paste. Matt, Ann & your humble Servant agreed she altogether was excellent. We had a pair of Soles fry'd, beef steaks broiled, young Cabbage for Matt, & potatoes for us; Lettuces, cold Butter & Cheese at last—and as your Father used to say when here "all well done." . . . there is some danger of the Goats leaping through the Kitchen windows as before. I am sorry your windows are so dirty—tell Kitty I have heard of it here, & I desire she will clean all the parlour windows once a week . . . why you have 3 Servants to wait upon 2, & we have one to wait upon 3—& besides fetching the water for house use, Matt sets Ann to water the garden & Prudence fetches that also. . . Your Father of course, will do as he pleases about this little Pig, but I was very much displeased with Mary when I heard the large\* one was killed, for it seems she never told Mr. Maury of my plan as I fixed it with her, after having been at Mallaby's 3 different times to enquire for fattening food, I had told her I cou'd not reconcile my mind to purchasing what was food for man in these scarce times, that the Butter milk when the Cow calved wou'd increase the fleshiness & next beginning winter it wou'd soon be fed up. Why you'll

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\*"Sauce for a Pig: Take the brains & bruise them into a little White Gravy with some powdered Sage. N.B. Currants on a small plate. My Mother." From Mrs. Maury's Receipt Book.





have I don't know who, about the house to carry off sweet & sour milk if you have not a Pig to take it. Tell Mary I *insist* upon her churning the milk as Lady Rowdon taught me & that she Pots the spare Butter for making paste when we come home. . .

Matt & Ann have nothing to *put* but their love to Father & you in which they are join'd by Yr. Affectae Mother M Maury

1657243

Margaret wrote:

April 9, 1817

. . . Remind your Father to send my allowance of February last & add to it the exchange of some rag'd bills which I send by him for they won't take shabby notes here. . . Be so good as to send some French beans for my arm, I am sadly off having only got a few. . .

His mother wrote to William at the close of the visit to Sidmouth:

May 15th—1817

. . . Matt & Ann are quite delighted with the prospect of seeing you here. . . You say you will come on the outside, if you do pray be careful in mounting & descending, & likewise if you go up gateways, many have been severely hurt, & some lost their lives. This is no joke, ask your Father if he has not known of such instances, where the ceiling has not been high enough.

I cou'd not help laughing at the idea of Mother becoming a fine Lady—however, I am obliged to you for your kindly intending to relieve me of trouble, & as I am always open to convictions I shall be thankful & willing to adopt any plan of improvement upon former ones. I have always forgot to notice your remark upon being an economical house-keeper, you forgot at the time the family were not all home, & that you do not keep up any stock, but eatables, wear & tear are going on until I return—but each month I am obliged to buy something to keep up stock, or I shou'd be run aground. I hope you will not think I wish, or intend, to lessen your merit. . .

I believe Matt will be very sorry to leave this Cottage,



& altho' we live in perfect retirement, yet everything around us looks cheerful—& so peaceful ! I think I never can relish, what is called, tho' improperly, gaiety. I wou'd rather substitute the word stupidity. The style of visiting, now a days, is most disagreeable, & anything but entertaining. I certainly shall be glad to get home because it is most painful to be separated from your Father, added to that, home is my post & willingly I never will desert it. . .

. . . If we get poor Matt home in safety, how rejoiced I shall be ! as to Ann & myself we are not worthy of a thought, people in health may do with anything & anyhow. . .

Two days later Margaret wrote:

. . . I have only set off Matt & Ann on their donkeys since your ltr arrived . . . to the Butchers to hasten them with the Lambs-head for dinner. . . There is not anything I wish you to bring us except *Money*, it will save postage. Tell your Father half a year of my allowance is due. . . They are tiresome people at the London Inn, to get an account from, the first, I cou'd only obtain by threats to get no more from them. . .

I had much solicitude about the care of my money when I came, & in order to prevent this for you, I wou'd recommend your having an inside Pocket to your Waistcoat about half way up, a piece of new linen might be sewed on, & a shirt button & hole, to keep it from getting out with the motion of your Body, wrinkling your Waistcoat. This wou'd be a good plan I am sure, & *mind* you always take your Waistcoat within your Bed, & not suffer a Stranger to sleep in the Room with you. . . I entreat you not to trust the Sheets at the Inns, we slept in the Blankets as we came. . .

Matt is much mended lately . . . he likes the idea of going to America very much.

. . . There is a good deal of finess about these Coach keepers, each tries to get the most company for his own Coach, & pretend, none are going from that Town on the day you wish to go on, hoping you will stay for their own, the next day, you must not believe them, but enquire for





yourself. . . I shou'd think that old Trunk which has so many patches on the outside wou'd do the best for you—if it is rather too large you cou'd fill it with clean Hay. . . Don't forget Cary's Travelling Book. . . Love &c from Yr affecate.

Mother M Maury

James and Margaret characteristically planned their children's school days in their own way. James Senior attended as a boy his father's school in Virginia, where he had for log-cabin school-mates Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. James sent his sons James and William to Andover in England at an early age. In 1806 Matthew was also sent there, although he was only five years old.

Here is the "*Mem. of clothing for William* carried by him this day April 8 to Andover to boarding school," as jotted down in his mother's household book: 5 cotton shirts, 2 cotton waistcoats, 2 pr. do. drawers, 3 vests, 2 neck ribbons, 3 pocket handkfs. silk, 3 pairs woolen stockings, 2 pairs shoes, 1 pair boots, 2 cotton nightgowns, 1 blue cotton umbrella, 1 hairbrush, 1 fine comb, 1 toothbrush, 1 sponge, 2 jackets, 2 pair woolen trous. 1 pair suspenders, 1 blue broadcloth cloak, 2 woolen capes, 1 penknife sharpener, 1 leather travelling trunk & strap.

His books included: 1 Bible, 1 Child's Book on the Soul, 1 North American Arithmetic, 1 Colburn's Arithmetic, 1 History of the United States, 1 First Book of History, 1 Birtin School Atlas, 1 Spelling Book, 1 Parley's Columbus, 1 Ditto Washington, 1 History Greece, 1 Latin Grammar, Latin Reader, Latin Lessons, 1 Theological Class Book, 1 Green Brown Satchel, 15 Books and 1 Slate.

In a letter to Will from his father, December 9, 1817, his mother added a distressed line:

I was quite sorry you shou'd depart without eating. Tell me how you managed. I meant to have stocked your waistcoat pocket with various lozenges, but behold: you were gone, when I discovered them in my pocket instead of yours. . .

December, 1817, found the Miss Bushnells refusing to let Ann come home from school because of "fear of fever". Matt





was recuperating from an illness at home. William at the age of eighteen had been granted a furlough from his father's firm Maury & Latham, Commission Merchants; the baby of the family, Rutson, at twelve was starting off to school at the Charter House.

In the same letter Mrs. Maury was agitated over little Rutson's clothes and her own want of spectacles:

. . . I went up town yesterday to buy linen for Rutson's Shirts, Pocketkfs. &c—as Sheets and Towels are not named, I fancy they are not furnished by the pupils. . . At Eton they were required to wear Neck-hkfs—Rutson is such a little fellow I wou'd rather he continued a black ribbon if agreeable to order—perhaps you can assist me in this important matter. . .

William Rutson called yesterday . . . he asked "what were you gone to London for?" pleasure said I—at which he stared—I mentioned Rutson's going to the Charter house. . . to the Charter House!! why what's he going for?" for the same reason you went to school, *to learn!* I then said as Rutson has not fixed upon a profession Mr. M gives the Charter house the preference of Eton because they are educated, that the commercial is not excluded, & still, profession is in view—they are taught on Bells system. "So then you like new fangled ways." To be sure when the prospect is good". . .

Whilst I was out Capt'n Holcombe called & at the same time the pottatos he promised were brought for you. Pitty thought they were to be eaten & boiled a good dish full. I was alarmed. . . I have ordered them up to the play-room for safety 'till you return. The Potattos were excellent! . . .

There is no necessity for troubling yourself about the Bible, but the Spectacles you must, & understand me *now* they must be *Pebbles*. They cost a great deal more, but then, they save the Eyes & are so clear . . . for really my comfort is much increased by a good pair of Spectacles. . . You have managed cleverly to call upon so many in so short a time. . . I cannot think of anything more at present than that I am

Yr Affecte. Mother

Margt. Maury



Although nothing is heard of James, the eldest son at this time, he supposedly was making the best of his way with his farm in Virginia.

Concerning Rutson, *the baby of the family*, news comes from time to time during his stay at The Charter House. His father wrote 16 December 1819:

Rutson has been badly plaged with the toothache . . . and was so much affected today that I took him to Doctor Peny's who made him happy in a *crash*. . . the boy is extremely diligent . . . he promises to write a better hand than any of the name [and so it proved]. He expresses a wish to be taken out from the Charter House and put to a counting house.

His mother said of Rutson, "He is a fag to Bovell . . . who is not a hard task-master, all he exacts is toasting his bread Mornings & Evengs for which he gives him plenty of butter'd toast & that makes him a cosey breakfast. . .

School days were almost at an end, which gives us pause, before we run on to read of the Maurys in a fresh setting. Looking back over these homely scenes; these letters present a pattern of a way of living that is worth considering.

Among the papers labeled "Manuscripts" wrapped in brown paper, was this poem, "The Oppressions of Woman" and its companion piece "The Victim of Industry." Margaret and Ann, as wife and daughter respectively, must have enjoyed these verses from the pen of one who evidently speaks from the heart.

This poem on a loose-leaf from the Scrap-book is simply signed with the initials "A.E.H." written no doubt by a friend of Aunt Ann's, probably Ann Elizabeth Herndon.

#### THE OPPRESSIONS OF WOMAN.

##### 1.

There's a popular error pervading mankind  
Which has been unexposed much too long  
Tho' there's but little hope of amendment you'll find,  
For they never acknowledge they're wrong.





## 2.

It is this:—pay attention ye daughters and wives  
I address myself chiefly to you—  
There's a phrase on their lips every day of their lives  
That women have nothing to do.

## 3.

Let us look into this—'tis a serious charge  
To be deeply ashamed of—if true—  
If not, we the lords of creation at large  
Must condemn as a libelous crew.

## 4.

As a nurse—there's no question on whom the task falls,  
Be the patient man, woman, or child,  
Should our heroes pretend to attend to the calls  
Of a sufferer—I doubt he'd go wild.

## 5.

Then in travelling—pray, who has the packing to do  
Why *we* to be sure every rag,  
For they've no tender mercy on clothes old or new  
But put their foot into the bag.

## 6.

We've to write to our Relatives, call on our friends  
Invitations indite or accept,  
And listen to stories without any end  
At which poverty's such an adept.

## 7.

What a number of things we're requested to do  
In a hurry—Men never can wait,  
"Just sew on this button"—"a string for my shoe"  
"Make haste or you'll drive me too late."

## 8.

Then arranging repairs—making lists of the clothes,  
Reprimanding the housemaid or cook,  
Or composing that difficult essay in prose,  
The Butcher's hebdomadal Book.





## 9.

But of all occupations that fall to the wife  
Of a very particular sinner,  
There's one that embitters the whole of her life,  
'Tis that horrible ordering dinner.

## 10.

You're morally certain while doing your best,  
That it will not—it cannot be right  
Is your husband arrived—are the family drest?  
You await six o'clock in a fright.

## 11.

Then the soup is too hot—& the mutton is tough,  
And the poultry is sadly too old,  
There is rather too much, or there's not half enough  
And the dishes and plates are all cold.

## 12.

You are charg'd with a threatening message to Cook  
Which you'd rather be whipp'd than deliver  
For should she give warning—oh ! where will you look,  
For a suitable one to relieve her ?

## 13.

I've omitted to mention our children—our books,  
Music—garden—and dress!!! for poor woman,  
If she take not *some* pains to improve her good looks  
You'll allow she must be super-human.

## 14.

In short I will only observe that for one  
I take of the subject this view,  
We've hard work in *doing* what men have *undone*  
And in *undoing* much that they *do*.

A.E.H.

[Ann Elizabeth Herndon?]

The "Particular Sinner" mentioned above evidently answered in kind; for directly underneath "The Oppressions of Woman" Aunt Ann had copied the following:



## THE VICTIM OF INDUSTRY.

1.

If a being there is—(and deny it who can)  
That leads a deplorable life  
It undoubtedly is the unfortunate man  
That's yoked to a notable wife.

2.

Every cupboard & shelf in the house she explores  
In search of the cobwebs or dust,  
And her merciless vigilance never ignores  
Either blemish, or breakage, or rust.

3.

You return from a journey & straight are dismayed,  
A housemaid is dusting your den,  
Every letter and paper, of course is mislaid  
And you never can find them again.

4.

The affectionate dog that crouched under your chair  
Is forbidden to enter the house,  
For the carpets and hearthrugs are under the care  
Of your most economical spouse.

5.

You ask her to ride or to walk some fine day  
She wonders how she can find time  
And upbraids till you haven't a word more to say,  
And feel that to ask is a crime.

6.

You offer to read—she's ten letters to write  
Or accounts to arrange or inspect  
At the name of accounts you make off in a fright  
Lest she find how your own you neglect.

7.

You entreat her to sing as she once used to do  
There's a grand cutting out going on  
How can you expect her to warble for you  
When there's such a great work to be done ?





## 8.

You are writing a letter and want her advice  
On the subject as far as it goes  
You read to the end and look up in surprise  
She is knitting and *counting the rows* !

\* \* \*

These letters of Margaret's, written by the fireside in Rodney Street, Liverpool, give us a picture of Madame la Consule.

An undated letter stamped Dec. 5, 1817 showed Mrs. Maury evidently sick with disappointment; she wrote William:

. . . I am got quite clever again, I believe it was brought on by fatigue. The day you left us Mrs. W & I set off . . . we arrived in a Coach at the dock wall, five minutes after the Steamboat had sail'd . . . the wind being fair for Ships going out. . . With the assistance of John & the Coachman we found the *Sally* in the Kings dock, & sent John for the Capt'n, he took us on board, was very courteous & doubly to me, when he heard I was Madame la Consule. The accommodations are very good indeed ! . . . The Steward a Mulatto fellow, very kindly in a low voice pointed out to me a desirable berth supposing I was going . . . then to Shops innumerable—the desire for bargains predominating I was so wearied that upon measuring Paradise St for the 4th or 5th time I thought I shou'd have fainted. . .

Liverpool 22nd June 1819

My dear William

It is a general observation that we are not sensible of the value, until we have lost a thing,—so it is with your society which we have so long been accustomed to. On Sunday in particular, we miss you—only Ann is left with us. . . They talk of making a Tour to the Lakes, Ann is on the tip-toe of expectation and delight. Poor old Darby and Jone will be "all alone by themselves". . .

. . . Father seems to have great fatigue in his Consular office, with little profit . . . he did not come home to dinner today till long after five. . .





. . . Rutson writes "all was pleasant 'till they got to Ft. Alban where a working man got in, he smell'd like a gin cask, tried much to foment a quarrel between Briggs and John Gladstone & draw them on to a battle, he also told Rutson he was no Gentm by looking out at the window so much". . . Your Father has at last got a very clever poney, & well looking, also. . . The price was 15 guineas, 5 years old. John approves, which, of course, is fortunate, he told me the other day it would be a special horse for Miss Maury it canters & walks admirably well, the colour bay.

I cou'd not but laugh at the idea of you buying a Horse for your own riding. . .

What terrible sad times we have! and your croakers say, they are not at the worst, that the mischief is only beginning in America—be very cautious my good fellow! in what you undertake—everybody seems to distrust their neighbor!! . . .

I had a very pleasant & instructive ride from Richdale in the *Royal Neptune*—6 inside to Bury—a Merchant from Hull, a Farmer from Wakefield, a Manufacturer from Rochdale, an officer in the Army, a Lady of Bury. We had discussed the emigration to America 1200 in the last 12 months from Hull, the Greenland trade, Taxes, Manchester Races, building on leasehold property, Scarcity of labour, & why, the woolen trade, Property Tax, Late War with all its &c &c &c. The bad prospects, altogether I was too much interested to talk & sat silent to Bury. . .

Your truly affectionate Mother  
Marg Maury

From Liverpool Thursday, July 8, 1819 she wrote of a gain for Will, a loss for Margaret!

. . . I have had a smart top quilted upon your own Quilt, so you see I am not negligent of your comfort, tho' I have not written as often as I now think, I ought, you'll aquit me I trust of any intention of being unkind. I have had a great loss of you indeed! William. If Ann had not come home we shou'd have been very badly off—she is as you know an excellent tempered Girl & kindly considerate to her Father. We have an opportunity now of knowing that altho' our



solicitude for you all is unbounded, still we are amply repaid, & more particularly so, when you are as good, & as amiable, as all of you can be, when you please. . .

M.M.

Margaret wrote Matt, 2 July, 1819:

A Colonel Harden & his Lady from Savanna had brought a ltr. of introduction from Colonel Munroe the president. I went up to the office & ordered John to be in waiting with the poney, lest the strangers shou'd be out. We saw them, a son & a daughter with them, & a Mr. Stiles from S., also. We invited them to dine with us yesterday—& a Mr. Perkins, a very scientific character, he, I understand, is come to instruct the Bank of England in engraving the Bank-notes. The above Mr. P. has given a few friends a lecture or two upon the compression of water; & a discovery he has likewise made as to the shining, brilliant appearance upon the Sea at night. . . Colonel Harden is come to Europe entirely for his health—they were in a little parlour very dark & dismal. I said, "If I come to fetch you, will you drink tea with me this afternoon " "With pleasure," said she. . . I took them to the Star & Garter & when I got home sadly fag'd, I found Mr. & Mrs. King with yr Father & Ann. . . Mrs. Hardin staid at home, her son had taken cold with having his hair cut, & they fear'd the Croup. . . It seems he is a man of very large fortune, has 3 houses, one of them 12 miles from Savannah. If the Colnl is returned at the time Wm goes to that Country your Father says he is sure he will be very civil to him. . . Your Father ask'd more strangers, for many have arrived in the course of a week, but they were engaged in various directions. I forgot tho', Mr. Stiles came, he is a gentlemanly man, tall, & handsome, young too—he very complaisantly brought me home the day I call'd at first, lent me his arm, & I assure you some of the young Misses look'd as if they thought He might be more advantageously disposed of. . .

What a great relief Mr. (. . .)'s death must be to his Wife! yet she will sorrow for a time, to one of her amiable temper, his good qualities only will be remember'd. I hope





he has been able to leave her a comfortable sufficiency; independence is truly desirable in advanced years. When we are young our spirits are better & they enable us to support misfortunes, we look to a change for the better, in declining years we are not so cheer'd.

Your night caps have arriv'd. . . I have received a letter from Captn Tabb to purchase two Pelises. . . I am glad Wm. is so much a Man of business, it would be a sad disappointment if he was otherwise: & I hope yr health will allow you to be one also. With every good wish for the Health & well-doing

Yr truly affec Mother      M. Maury

. . . I recollected your asking for a knife. . . I think it comprises all you named—blades, a picker, a gimblet, a corkscrew, a file, a screwdriver, a button hook and tweezers.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson Hoff were at our company except 2 days when Archy Maxwell his bride and Sister were there. . .

. . . My health I am thankful to observe is excellent, for verging upon 56—but then I am sooner done up than formerly, and as I have frequently observed a sick mistress is a sort of nuisance in a family. I would willingly shun this fate if possible, besides, I should like to be in good trim when my dearest Wm returns. I look forward to that period not without apprehension—however, Wm you are in the hands of providence, and that alone ! can protect you in all dangers. This is my consolation when fears for you have been excited. . .

Johnson Byrom is become a Captain, he is stationed at Manchester to keep the radicals in order. . .

I have been making Cowslip wine. The Raisin I made last year is good. I talk of making white Currant. They will all be good when you return.

Till then and always, my dear Wm.,

Yr. affec Mother

Perhaps Mrs. Maury's new maids had been discouraged by the many different kinds of directions as set forth in her "Small Recipe Book". A few examples are given here:





*For Annis 1st. Chop*

2 Galls N.E. Rum  
¼ wine glass Annisseed Oil  
3¼ pts Honey  
1½ galls. water warm'd  
1 Gill Milk

Stir the whole for 3 or 4 days, then sit it away to settle.

\* \* \*

*A Very Nice Pudding*

14 Milk Biscuit  
10 gills of Milk  
8 Eggs

Boil it 1½ hours.

\* \* \*

*Election Cake*

1 lb. Flour  
2 of Butter  
2½ of Sugar  
1½ dozen of Eggs  
1 Quart of Yeast  
½ Pint of Milk  
Spice to your taste.

\* \* \*

Boil and skim Molasses before you use it and it will be almost as good as sugar.

\* \* \*

Clean brass Kettles with salt and vinegar before using it for cooking.

\* \* \*

Rye paste is the best, put in a little pounded alum when boiling & it will be as strong as glue.

\* \* \*

A spoonful of ashes stirred in cider is good to prevent sickness at the stomach.

"The Good Woman" wrote in a complaining mood to Will:



Liverpool 22 Decr 1820.

. . . You rightly judged, when you imagined the brace of pistols wou'd alarm me, they did indeed! to the great entertainment of Mr. Latham & Matt, however, in reply, I said why carry pistols? if there is no danger? . . . I trust to your frequent promise of care, with regard to health &c. I trust there is not any cause for danger which arises from Liquor improperly used, because I well know my dear William always resisted bad examples in this destructive vice—poor Mr. Ogden how quickly he was removed. . .

. . . Master Ann will not accede to my wishes of Bed-making for exercise in bad weather, she says it wou'd occasion familiarity with the Chamber-maid, a thing she always disliked, neither is her taste at all of the scrubbing or rubbing order, else might our furniture have received benefit with herself. . .

Had she followed her mother's advice on rubbing the furniture, Ann might not have had so much time for letter writing to those devoted brothers across the water.

Margaret wrote to James of enjoying an "out" at Buxton:

Liverpool 12th. July 1821

My dr Mr. M :

. . . The Dr's manner of prescribing billious cake is a piece the size of a Horse bean six times a day.\*

. . . I have tried my Cowslip wine† this evening it is fine

---

\*Or Mrs. Maury might have prescribed from her Receipt Book: *Bitters*: Pare 6 or 8 Seville Oranges—quarter of an oz Snake Root—1 oz. Gentian scraped & cut in pieces—one dram of Cochineal & a few lumps of double refined Sugar—put all into a Bottle with a quart of best French Brandy—let it stand a Month or 6 Weeks shaking the Bottle every day.

Or, for a Pain at the Stomach: Take Chalk in fine powder 3 Drams—best Brandy 4 spoonfuls—Pepper Mint Water 12 Spoonfuls—Tincture of Cardamum one spoonful—shake it well—& take 2 or 3 Spoonfuls as occasion requires with the addition of 15 or 20 drops of Laudanum in extremity. —My Mothers.

†To make Cowslip Wine Margaret used Mrs. Garnett's receipe "from Jamaica" Mrs. Maury's Receipt Book: To each Gallon of Water put 3 lbs. of Loaf Sugar, boil it three quarters of an hour, scum it clean, when cold put the juice of one Seville Orange, one Lemon with the rind pared thin, and half a Veck of Pips, to a Gallon, put a small quantity of new Yeast & work it two days. Strain it off, and jar it, put a pint of French Brandy to 4 Gallons, and when it has done working, stop it up, and let it stand three months.





so I shall bottle it next week & your ale I think. . . Matt is dining with Mr. Latham today to meet Mr. Buchannon, I believe. . .

Adieu for post time. Yours

M. Maury

Mrs. Maury at Buxton Septr 19th. 1824 entertained Ann with some spicy remarks:

. . . Lord Petersham, tell Rutson, is at Buxton, the men may continue to imitate his Hat which is curled up at the sides, but I hope his face will remain singular it is almost covered with hair . . . oh! a nasty dirty fellow, you can't think what a fright he is, there are a few others, officers I believe that are bad. . . We have most pleasant society and assemble to round a very large table towards 20 maybe; —tea made at each end, I have laugh'd more since I came here than for the last twelve months. . .

The Duke has been to Buxton since we came but only a few hours to lunch at the great Hotel, he had a party with him of Lords and Ladys but tho' your father came up stairs 3 times to fetch me, I wou'd and did stay to finish some sewing. . . The Marquis of Waterford arrived on Saturday. . .

. . . I have wish'd for you this time because there has been pleasant young society and balls last Friday the best this season a Quadrille of 16 and one of 8. . . Father waits so does the post. . .

John Quincy Adams, addressed to the Lady of the Consul of the U. S., a New Year greeting from one who rarely showed a sense of humor:

Washington City  
Jany 1 1826

To the Lady of the  
Consul of the U. S.

Madam,

It has of late been said on this side of the Atlantic, that you are suffering in spirits / of course in health / from the too frequent recollections of domestic events which have taken place at the Mansion of





kindness and hospitality. this being the case, allow me to present my *cure* for all sorts of doses and troubles flesh is heir to. An "account current" which in *this* case might run thus

Dr. Mrs. Maury in a/c with her Creator	Cr.
To a Husband value £100,000.	By the absence of James £5,000.
" 4 Sons " 40,000.	" ditto of Matthew 5,000.
" 1 Daughter at least 20,000.	
a Home where pleasure, comfort & charity have been bestowed on 10,000 persons from 1798 to 1820 10,000.	ballance: 160,000.
" a good name, friends and relatives, which being above all value, cannot be estimated	Troubles arising from a charming imagination absolutely nothing 000,000.
	<hr/>
£170,000.	£170,000.
" ballance against your Ladyships .....£160,000!!!	Errors Excepted " J.Q.A. "

No wonder my lady of many virtues you look queer at seeing this large and honest ballance against you—but if you will take leave of the *blue* malady of England it shall be forgiven and forgotten—

in truth yours

J.Q.A.

August 1829, Margaret wrote to her son James in Virginia, what appears to be the last letter she wrote to him; if there were others they were lost or destroyed. The strain of moving from her old home, No. 37 Rodney Street, which John Quincy Adams had called "the mansion of kindness and hospitality," and her anxiety over "Mr. Maury" were to prove a heavy blow to her.

. . . I read your account of your expected marriage. Not any one will be more gratified than myself if she proves as good a wife as I think you deserve. I am sure you will be kind & affectionate to her.

I think you observed she had no fortune, all the difference



arising from that, is, you must work the harder, and the produce from your labour with your wife's careful economy will be the sweetest.

I am very busy arranging matters for our removal from Rodney St. to Seacombe. When I was young I regarded such things as trifles, but now it is otherwise and I shall be most glad when we are set down in the new house which by the by promises to be very comfortable. . .

I am writing this whilst Father, Sarah,\* William, and Rutson are playing Whist so you must not expect it to be either correct or well written, for my sight has declined much of late. . . Mr. G. Drinkwater is the mayor, he has sent your father a card for his first dinner. . .

In this case *Mrs.* Maury was the real victim of President Jackson's "Spoils" System. While to her husband it meant the close of a career; to Margaret it was the end of her life in Liverpool. Her anxiety and qualms for all of the family had undermined her health. Although her last letters, all of which have been found, were cheerful; still the flesh was weak.

From Seacombe 16 Feby 1830 Ann described to her brother James in Virginia the sudden death of their mother. The paper has a very heavy mourning border!

I wrote to you about a fortnight ago giving you the most melancholy detail of the death of our excellent Mother by a Paralytic Stroke; I write again thinking it possible that the former letter may not have reached you. . .

It happened on the 27th. of last month, all the usual means, bleeding, blistering, mustard plaisters etc. were tried without any effect and a few minutes before 12 o'clock at night, 15 hours after the first seizure, our dear, kind, excellent, affectionate Mother breathed her last without any apparent suffering of either mind or body. Our Father, is, as you know, a sincere Christian, and he bears this heavy

---

\*This mention of "Sarah" refers to James' new sister-in-law. On the 7th. of May, 1828, William married for the second time, in Liverpool. Sarah Mytton Hughes. Beloved by every member of the family, and a general favorite, she was considered a great beauty. Daughter of William Hughes of Liverpool.





affliction in a most christianlike manner, he is quite calm and resigned. . .

Our love & good wishes attend you. Your affectionate Sister.

Ann Maury.

Mr. James S. Maury

near Charlottesville,  
Virginia.

Liverpool 3 May 1830

As you already have heard of the sorrowful event so deeply afflicting to all of us. me for the loss of an affectionate Wife, and you her children of as affectionate a Mother. I only state a few particulars, which perhaps may not have been noticed in the information sent you.

On the morning of the 27 January your mother rose early as was her usual habit, took the cold bath with its accustomed happy effect; and really I could not help noticing her animation and good spirits; so that you may well imagine how very unlooked for was the almost instantaneous and awful change I was to witness. We had been chatting while I was dressing, when happening to turn a different way, I was alarmed by the cries of help to rise. She had fallen on the floor and by the time we had placed her on the bed, the power of utterance had left her. This I think was about 8 o'clock. She left us that evening about 11. Such, my dear James ! was the will of the Almighty. And I endeavor to bow to it with resignation of a Christian.

In my next I will attend to the letters you have been so good as to write to me, but now can only add to this God bless you my son !

Your old and your affectionate Father

An epitaph in James' handwriting was preserved by Ann:

In remembrance of Margaret, wife of James Maury of Virginia, She was born the 15th. June 1764 and died the 27th. January 1830.

Thou wast *indeed* a good wife; a good woman.

Farewell!

Margaret Rutson Maury was buried in St. James. Liverpool.





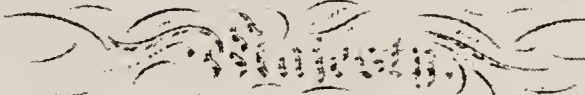
Mr. John Murray & Co. Liverpool

18



Ben. R. Cain

TAILOR & DRAPER,



April 28 1828. Brown cloth coat. £13 18.6  
 " 20 pence. Bordered jacket. £2 1.8.0  
 " 10 pence. Bordered waistcoat. £1 11.0  
 " 10 pence. Bordered skirt. £1 16.0  
 10 pence. Bordered skirt. £1 16.0

Mr. Murray

Liverpool 31. 1828



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Wholesale and Retail.

Merchants supplied with Hats of every description for Exportation.

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BILLS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN





### CHAPTER III

#### YOUNG JAMES 1797-1864

**F**ROM the date [August 14th. 1810], my dearest James will perceive I have not much time. However I cannot allow the anniversary of the day, (which afforded me so much delight) to pass by, without noticing the object which occasioned it. I do indeed wish you every comfort & happiness this world can give and that you my dear *first born* may not lose sight of a preparation for a better. . .

Believe me always your lovingly affectionat Mother

M. Maury

James, his mother's "dear firstborn" went to Virginia, a would-be farmer, but unlike Ann, his mother found him a poor correspondent. However she sent him all the news:

Liverpool August 26th. 1815

My dear James:

Another ten days is gone! & still no letter. Why will you so neglect the affection due to us? Your father is greatly disturbed by it. Mr. Maxwell kindly wrote to Mr. Maury from New York to inform us he had made an arrangement with Mr. Page to take you on to Virginia. . .

I wrote to you upon your Birth-day but I am sure I cannot tell by what ship your father sent the letter, however 'tis gone. This I intend to send by either Mr. Brokenbrough or Brook Gwathney. They, with a Mr. Edmund Taylor, and some others are going in the *Philip-Tab*. Captain Tab to Richmond and expect to sail today.

A Mr. Pederson, Envoy from Denmark to America, dined here last Wednesday. He had taken his passage in *The General Hamilton*, when Mr. Maury went to his office yesterday morning Mr. Page had received a notification from his Captain that he must be on board in an hour. He had some-





thing to do relative to his clearing at the Custom House, as an acknowledged Ambassador. This being done, and the General who should have accompanied him to the ship not appearing in time, your father sent Mr. Chorley. The ship was gone too far to be overtaken, Mr. Pederson lost his passage, and poor Chorley returned at three o'clock with a face as colorless as his shirt, owing to his having been very sea-sick, and this reminds me to notice, how you have kept your brothers and sister's curiosity on the rack to know whether you were sick & how long? . . .

Your garden does flourish amazingly. The root of Rheubarb looks both large and fine. The Pears on your Tree, as Wm. calls it, are fine, I never saw them larger. I think the garden altogether has been more fruitful than for 15 years back. Ann and Rutson are gone to school.

When you return, you must bring Ann some music. We wish to have *Genral Washington's March*, *Mr. Jefferson's March*, and *Hail Columbia*. we cannot procure the above, even in London where we have tried. Matt sleeps in your bed, and as I promised, I have locked up all your things left here.

We often suppose what you may be doing. Your brothers compare their watches with the difference in time, and say, "now perhaps Jim is doing so and so." As you are fond of fruit you will no doubt regale yourself with the abundance America affords. Remember me most kindly to all your friends and relatives, and pray do write and often, and tell us how you are, where you have been, and what you intend to do? Your father is eating his beefsteak whilst I finish this. He unites with me in love and kind wishes and in the wish of hearing from you soon he joins your truly affectionate mother.

Marg. Maury

Margaret wrote to William from Mills Cottage, Sidmouth, March 27th. 1817:

. . . The letr enclosed was from your Father's Sister Mathilda, she speaks of James so kindly & affectionately—she says "James I think improved in several respects within the





last year, he has grown considerably, limps much less, & enjoys better health, he & myself are on a very social footing & whenever I see cause, seldom fail giving him admonition, altho this may not alway be relished. . .

He is greatly attached to this Country, but think I can venture to assert this partiality has not been wrought by the persuasion of any of his relatives, to alienate him from the Country of his Nativity. . . Jimmy says "when he is old enough he thinks he shall take a wife from amongst the daughters of Virginia." I hope this will not grieve you. . .

Margaret: "I am quite delighted with this account of James & hope he may be a comfort to his parents & happy in himself, by being enabled to use exertion. . ."

Young James, when last heard of, was on his way to Virginia to become a farmer in the Ragged Mountains near Charlottesville. The summer of 1819 found him back in England at Whitworth. He wrote Will 6th. September 1819:

. . . my foot looks more like being cured than it has for 7 years. I now wear a tin boot which has brought the heel down so that it Touches the ground, & the only thing now wanted is to stretch the Toes out to bring down the Instep Bone. . .

I have seen a great variety since being here. viz In June was at a Sack race & Horse race, in July a Fox chase, Dog trail and Churn getting. The latter is the concluding feast of the Hay makers, they get drunk, sing songs, smoke, dance & a few of the natives come in abt. Mid Night, the Men in Women's clothes and the Women vice versa. A fortnight since I went to Rochdale to see a Rush bearing, the description: It is a cart filled with Rushe sin shape like a Sugar loaf with two men on the top drawn by about 50 men in their Shirts and Pantaloon, their hair powdered & ribbons sashes &c round them, they go 4 and 5 deep. The leaders have horse bells on their Necks and set off full gallop after the crowd in the streets."

The next year, Nov. 1st. 1820, his friend W. W. Hay wrote James from *Glenmore* in Virginia:



. . . let me therefore intreat you to hold fast to your resolution as there has never before been presented to our view, such a vast field for speculation; in Virginia; now is the time *to vest* all idle *cash* in real property, as Negroes, Lands, and all other necessary appendages, adequate to farming may be bought at half value. If you can with convenience in the Spring, do return; and let us with *might* and *main* endeavour *Vertere Agros, et Ponere Piros, et Serere Segetes, et Tollere Bones Magnos*; by so doing w may in short time, with proper economy, be enabled to stand in Society as Freeholders *pro* Leaseholders.

Answer this and give us your opinion on the above . . . with best wishes of myself and the Glenmorianians—I say *Vale Carissime Amicus*

William W. Hay

Will W. Hays, "my cousin" wrote to James at Fredericksburg from *Belle Grove*, Virginia, August 6th, 1822:

. . . I think my Dr. Cousin you are about to take a very tardy method to gain experience in the Agricultural way; Viz No man who is merely a spectator can ever acquire a perfect or even tolerable knowledge of that business—to become a good farmer a man must be engaged very closely & studiously in the management & controul of a farm. . .

. . . I will say no more at this time but give a turn to the latter clause of your letter. . . You could not have chosen a worse hand than negotiating business of such a nature than myself.

. . . I admire your taste & *would be choice* but Candour obliges me to say that you must no longer indulge the fruitless hope, my Cousins mind is made up on the subject & her determination unalterable—therefore it is useless to attempt a further address, but endeavour to realize the text by a speedy attempt at some other Shrine and recollect the Phrase *Amor non est medicabilis* her viz, but by her who loves you & makes a faithful bed. Do try your luck with some other person, & do as I have done, my first cake was all dough, but the second is likely to be seasoned with sugar & honey & a little Lasses too. You must speed the plough or I shall





win the prize before you—look, for one like (letter torn) black hair & hazell eyed, lilly breast, & rosy cheeks, honey lips, & downy voice with form so much like a ball that when she falls she cannot stop for rolling. A few weeks more, & I shall pass my life, severely governed by a smiling Wife. . .

Ann wrote her brother James 29th June 1822:

. . . we were all much pleased to hear of your safe arrival in the land of your relatives . . . & I have no doubt you will do well my dear James if you will exert yourself and pray do get into a habit of early rising and withstand the temptation to use *tobacco in any way or toddy*. . .

His mother, on an outing at Worsley Hall near Wrexham, England, wrote him 5th May 1822, c/o Thomas Goodwin & Son, Fredericksburg:

. . . This is quite a refined place & very extensive farm. I have picked up a good deal of information which no doubt I shall avail of when I visit your Farm . . . if you are happier in America I cou'd not wish you to turn your ideas from it. . .

I walked two miles yesterday to buy this paper, pens, and ink. They are miserably bad. I want you as my pen maker. . .

When I am setting at my work alone, I often plan for your housekeeping. Household linen as well as for your own wear I shall always supply you with. . .

Mrs. King has given us some Buck wheat. We have cakes every morning. Your father has the Indian meal cakes. Betty does both well. . . She makes paste admirably, and pleases father in boiling potatoes. He says "he does not know what black Betty means" . . .

His mother continued to minister to James, 30 October 1822:

. . . that you are both pleased and content has indeed contributed to my happiness; your Father is much comforted by it also. . .

If it will add to your comfort give me the dimensions of the ticking for a feather bed, as also a mattress. . . I have a dark Swiss chintz gown . . . it was made up . . . but never





worn. I intend to make it into a Quilt for your own bed. . . The log house which you spoke of to your Father and me, will not, I suppose, contain modern sized Beds. However I shall look forward to better times . . . it is not, my dear James, the demensions of our house that confers happiness but a contented well regulated mind and a certain knowledge that we have done nothing mean or unjust to obtain our dwelling or its contents. . .

We greatly miss you & Wm particularly now the Evengs are become long—Matt & Rutson hardly ever get home to their Tea as early as eight o'clock.

And again on the 8th. April 1824, a nice note about a table:

. . . I think much about your housekeeping & what I can do towards it, I have ask'd Father's permission & he has granted it, to give you our original set of dining tables with that, which the corners were sawed off to prevent you bruising your forehead, I know that you will like the latter because it will remind you of the tenderness which we felt towards you our first born & the greatest treasure I had then possess't! . . .

17 December 1824, the Old Consul wrote James:

. . . You interest me much in the details you give of your tour among so many of my old and very dear companions. . .

Your Mother expects, in your next letter you give her, all the particulars of the dinner given to General LaFayette at the University. . .

His mother, however, felt differently from her daughter, about tobacco; in 1825 she wrote James from Liverpool to Charlottesville:

We often divert ourselves by anticipating the delight of receiving a Hogshead of Tobacco grown & cultured by yourself.

I tell them in case such a thing should occur I must of necessity learn to snuff, chew, or smoke in order to qualify myself to judge of its excellence. You do not name your love affair Jim; perhaps it has fallen through. Don't sorrow



my son we seldom marry our first love, & from my experience I judge, it is often a blessing in disguise. . . Nothing is talked of, but rail roads, gas, steam and canals. . .

Matt sent a full and amazing account of his brother James in his log cabin in the Ragged Mountains:

Farmville Virg. 6 Aug. 1825

My dear Mother,

Being detained here two or three days by waiting for some letters, I sit down to give you some account of your Son James, but first I must carry on my own history since leaving Richmond. There I bought myself a good horse for \$120. & having taken possession of William's Saddle & Bridle & borrowed a pair of saddlebags I set out on a tour of Albermarle, Lynchburg, Caira, Farmerville & Amelia & now I expect to be in Richmond in 3 days.

On my way up I fell in with the son of Mr. Barksdale whom I accompanied to Charlottesville & found a great relief in an occasional ride in his gig from the fatigue of travelling on horseback & in the hot sun. I found Jim sitting at \*Reuben's & thought he looked very well, but much sun-burnt & they told me rather thinner than usual. As he has no bed at his house for strangers I staid at Reuben's & went over to his farm the next morning; they live about three miles apart, but such a road, if a road it can be called, you have no idea of it. However his farm appears well situated, one side reaching some distance up on one of the Ragged Mountains, as they call them, & the other extending over a small brook. A due proportion of it is covered with the original forest which is now made more valuable by the demand for fire-wood at the university which is but 4 miles distant or hardly as much. His house is two log cabins joined together & contains two tolerably comfortable rooms on the ground floor & two above. It will want some little repairs before winter such as chinking & daubing with clay, for at present you may see daylight through the walls in a dozen places, but these are mere trifles & easily remedied when

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\*Reuben Maury, son of Matthew, brother of Thomas W., married Elizabeth, daughter of Jesse Lewis. He died in 1869 (Woods).





there is any occasion for it. The Roof which is the most important, is very good, but he very coolly remarked to me that he thought one corner of his House had sunk some inches & when he had time he would raise it with a jack-screw & place some bricks under it; each room is about the size of the best lodging room & well floored with handsomer planks than you ever saw. In fact, as yet, although he sleeps there every night & spends the day in looking over his farming & working a good deal himself, the late commencement of his operations has allowed little time to bringing over his things from Reuben's & fixing himself comfortably. A few chairs, one table, two cupboards & a trunk are his furniture as yet; but I forget his Bed, it was an X bed but it broke down & he sleeps on the Floor (until he can get someone to mend it) upon two or three blankets for he has not a Mattrass yet. There is a *comfortable* Kitchen with a dirt floor about 30 yds from the house & convenient Stables, Barn, Smokehouse, Corn house &c., a well fenced garden of at least an acre on the southern slope of the little hill on which the house stands, a thriving young Orchard, fine young shady locust trees about his house which is defended by the Ragged Mountains from the cold N.W. winds & plenty of fuel not about 200 yds distant. Also a good wholesome spring & a calibeate one close at hand. You will think I fear he is very deficient in comfort, & so he is according to English ideas, but you know he never did care anything for comfort & it is a very rare commodity in Virginia. He is however quite well satisfied, in excellent health & good spirits & says he prefers farming to Liverpool & that he is very comfortable or will be soon. I have no idea of his getting married for some time to come at least. He still wants energy in some degree & I do not believe rises very early in a morning. Admonish him about these & also about going to church on Sunday, but do not tell him I said anything to you about it.

. . . I do not expect ever to see him a very good farmer, but think he may make out to get on tolerably well; but I think it rather against him that the neighbours in general are free-livers & profuse of the whiskey.





Now I think I have given you a full account of him & his house so we will go & see other friends. The steady, prudent, liberal hearted Reuben closely overlooking his farm & his 2 Mills; & that pleasant, clever, lively fellow Tom on his small farm lately hollowed out of the woods, working morning & evening, keeping school in the day & living happily with his delicate young Wife; Mr. & Mrs. Divers\* in their beautiful seated house, eating the best of Green Figs, overlooking the whole country round, & commanding a magnificent view of the Blue Ridge as far as the eye can reach, with all this old age has made rapid strides since I saw them last & they are both very infirm.

Meantime Margaret in England compared her housekeeping vexations to James' in America:

Liverpool 1st. March [1827]

. . . I enter fully into all your domestic grievances, but Jim in the best managed families they will frequently occur let the complexion of domestics be what they may. I had a vexation in the Pig or Hog way as you term it. I gave £1.1 for one a ten weeks old, to our milk woman at Seacombe. to be sure, it was in excellent kelter. Betty by being determined to keep up its good looks over fed it . . . and to kill it, though a great disappointment, was the best and only thing we could do. I have since determined never to have another. . .

Your father was remarkably well this Winter till the last day of the year when he took cold. . . I hope it may please Almighty God! to spare him to us, by granting him a renewal of his former good health. You know, of old Jim, I am always cowardly if your father is sick, Ann scolds me, & so does William.

James if you have not Horound in your garden, I beg you will grow it. It is excellent for a cold or hoarseness, made into tea and sweetened with brown sugar or sugar candy. I hope you will be fortunate in the servant you speak of buy-

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\*George Divers married Martha, daughter of Thomas Walker (Woods). He purchased this place in 1785 from Francis Jerdone, whose estate included Farmington.



ing. You must be greatly changed in disposition, if you are not a kind master, but I do hope you will never have occasion to exercise personal chastisement again. Don't Jim. If they won't do, part with them. . .

2 June, 1827, his mother wrote again to her Jim hinting at news of a love affair:

. . . I wish James with all my heart that you and Miss D—— may suit each other. . . At a distance it is morally impossible to judge, and therefore Jim I must be obliged to content myself with wishing you good luck, and if you do marry may you be as happy as matrimony can make you.

She added April 16, 1827, another note about domestics:

. . . I fancy Violet was still with you when you wrote in April. She certainly must be a tormenting creature. Our happiness depends more upon our domestics than most people are willing to admit. Old John has had notice from his Mistress (she is a widow and as odd as himself) to quit, in consequence of being drunk when driving her Carriage. It is the first offence of the kind . . . he never was drunk in our service, unless, somebody treated him which I believe was the case now. Nelly, his helpmate died a few weeks ago, which I rather think he was very glad of you may remember they were of the Dog and Cat order. . .

Ann gone to Mrs. Byrons. . . They have an evening party to compliment Mrs., Miss and Mr. Taylor who are on a visit to a sister-in-law expected to die daily. The fashion of these days is to enjoy as you go on otherwise, such an occurrence being expected would keep one from mixing in the gay world. . .

Saturday 2nd. June. In a ltr. from Aunt Herndon she gave a good account of you to Ann. How I grieved at your being so starvd last winter in Bed. Sure you have not Blankets enough.

Your truly affectionate mother

Margaret wrote from Liverpool on March 7, 1825:

. . . I hope you are attentive in religious duties, for believe me Jim from my 60 years experience that nothing else affords





you comfort in the hour of distress, let the nature of it be what it may; people sometimes urge that they can pray at home, but they cannot. Our attention is diverted from it. . .

. . . I have not sent the annual register yet, nor the cooking books, but I do fully intend both. The tables which I offered, and with a hearty good will I am sure, I learn cannot possibly go. The land carriage would cost more than they would be worth added to the almost certainty of being broken to pieces. I shou'd have kept in mind the "Indians Shirt" which your father often reminds us of, but you Jim know me too well to think I would hold back to my first-born what I had the power to bestow.

Spring, 1828, found the young Virginia farmer, James, on a visit to Liverpool. Judged by his tailor bills for "fine" this and "fine" that; James was in a fair way to becoming a dandy.

But during the summer James' thoughts were brought back to Virginia. His Cousin Tom wrote the 27th. June from *Midmont* near the University of Virginia:

. . . the heat of the weather has been excessive, which combined with the measles and an epidemic complaint has produced much mortality among us. Eight deaths have happened within the last week, between *Monticello* and the University. One of these was that of Col. T. M. Randolph who died on the 20th. Inst., of a most distressing disease which he sustained with Socratic philosophy., His death was marked by a degree of fortitude to which a parallel can scarcely be formed. It is a matter of great joy and satisfaction to us his neighbours and friends, that he became completely reconciled to his son Jefferson. . . Another victim has been George Hudson who (you know) was the main stay at Farmington. . .

The University is crowded to overflowing with the board of visitors and others attending the examination. It is supposed there will be a great crowd at Charlottesville on Monday next in attendance on the proposed convention for the purpose of furthering the cause of internal improvement with state resources. It is believed that more than 1000 people will attend. Where can they find room and accomodations. . .





"Cousin Tom" wrote again, this time from Piedmont, near the University, on the 26th of July:

. . . I yesterday visited *Ridgemont* [James' farm] which like most other farms in this neighborhood exhibits a woeful spectacle. We have been visited by a most destructive drought . . . and but for a tolerable crop of wheat rye and oats and a most abundant crop of clover and other hay, there might be well grounded apprehensions of famine. The corn on the high lands is so far exhausted . . . to promise not more than half a crop. Your tobacco on fresh lands stands well and is tolerably promising. . .

Your people are well and seem to be going on very comfortably. Your stock is generally fat and otherwise in fine condition . . . (your people) will be able to manufacture all their wearing apparel. . .

During the last week our town was much enlivened by the sitting of a convention of delegates from various counties of the state to devise ways and means for its internal improvement. It was attended by some of the most distinguished men of the commonwealth: (Viz) Mr. Madison (who was elected presiding member), Mr. Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, Judges Brooke and Clayton, Watkins Leigh, Chapman Johnson, Stanard, Gen'l Blackburn &c. They have dealt altogether in outline, but it is evident that they have selected James River as their primary object, it being the central river of the state, and best calculated to effect what is now most desirable, a junction between the Eastern and Western waters . . . the valley through which it flows is probably the finest country in the world.

The visitors of the University adjourned yesterday after a session of nearly a fortnight. They have made sundry charges, bottomed principally on the fashionable doctrine of retrenchment. They have reduced the price of board for the students; they have also dismissed Professor Brockman and our cousin Billy Johnson and as a substitute to perform the duties of both, have selected Doctor Smith of the saw mill, who will (of course) soon be a *professor*.

. . . in burning brush in the spring I threw my watch with





F O N T A I N E .





the chain and my old family seal with the arms, into the fire. The watch was but little injured, but the chain and the crystal of the seal entirely destroyed; so must beg the favor of you to send me . . . on paper or wax . . . so I may send and have it replaced; thereby to keep up the dignity and nobility of Jean de la Fontaine,\* who fought under Godfrey at Jerusalem in 1099. . .

I think you are a little tired of your native land; come then to this one which Mr. Clay has said is free of "War, Pestilence, and Famine". . .

In an undated letter to Matt the Old Consul once wrote rather wistfully of James:

. . . I have repeated requested it as a favor of him to treat me with the same unreserve I used with my father in opening my mind to him (as to a familiar friend) on my views and wishes; but you know his singular reserve and shyness, and I fear they cannot be entirely removed. . .

Perhaps these letters from Tom and others made James homesick for his adopted country, Virginia, and its ladies, for he wrote quite unreservedly to his "Aunt Liza" at Minkville from Seacombe, 24 Sept., 1828:

A many thanks for your very friendly Ltr of 24 June. . . Oh Miserable! why did I run away and lose a sight of your S. Car. Cousin S——L——s? By the bye, Liza, you always were a kind friend in whom I could confide now know you that I have held sundry converse since we parted with my Spirit and be it told by my shame that I am afraid of offending a Virgin's Modesty by popping a question of a certain signification owing to a want of language to commence a ripe knowledge of what she is & will like to be as a married woman before I could make my worship to her. . . I confess that if I marry it must be with more able aid than my own tongue would give utterance to in aid of the willing spirit. . . But don't disgrace me by an exposure of this my honest

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\*"The connection of the Fontaines (the prefix 'de la' was dropped by later generations) with the Maurys begins with the marriage, in 1716, of Matthew Maury to Mary Anne Fontaine. Their grandson was James Maury (1746-1840), the first United States Consul in Liverpool. . ."





confession. Tom you see won't lose his wager on an Eng. wife for I never could find in my heart to impose on a woman unused to the Negro services or bind her to live & die in a foreign land. . .

We have had some gaiety here. A party first in season at Mr. Ponketts, an old Gent. and the Squire of these parts 30 Ladies & Gents attended. Tea, Cards & supper were its peculiar order. Tea handed round (but no Tea Table) a modern Barbarism, I utterly despise it. Cards viz Whist, Stop Commerce &c Backgammon Tables followed. At 11 a splendid supper, at 12½ P.M. we retreated. A second & similar party at Mr. & Misses Shaw Batchellors House. A third party at Mrs. Twemlows, 13 guests tea, cards & supper. A family tea party at our next house neighbours the Tomlins. There are 6 daughters unmarried, very *blue stockings* all of them out of their teens. My father advocates their going to Kentucky and marrying off.

. . . Bad times I find there among you & in which I am a fellow sufferer: however I have lived long enough to know that contentment with our lot is the best medicine for losses & crosses, and I can say I am well pleased things are not worse and that famine is removed by a crop of small Grain.

I am beginning to Count the Months til I am once more with you. This sort of idle life is quite tasteless to me. . . I must pluck my courage to accommodate myself to Liverpool pomps and vanities. All the family are in horror that I look upon visiting (by Card leaving) as anything else than sound sence and earnest of friendship. "Col." Maury of Virginia will have to leave cards at the house of every one of his visits and as many others with those who have been in old times his good friends.

James was made even more homesick for his adopted land by an account of a frolic near Charlottesville. J. T. Maury wrote from Virginia, December 24th, 1828:

. . . I went over to Port Republick to Ferdinand Haskells wedding. He married a pretty & fine woman, Miss Mahuldy Graham, the sister of Mrs. W. D. Jones. I expect that you will think I must have been very anxious for a frolic to ride



40 miles and back over a bad road. Soon after I returned was invited to Old Jesse Garths,\* to young Jesse Garths in fair. I arrived about one o'clock Friday and they had been dancing since early in the morning, we kept it up with a little intermission for a nap till Saturday sun down. Miss Marthy Terrel† was married a day or two ago to Mr. Royal, a student at the University (not twenty-one). . .

Young James returned to Virginia in July, 1829. September 11th he wrote to Ann, from "Albemarle"; on night stockings, bacon, and a certain young lady.

My dear Sister

. . . The stockings you speak of from our Mother's *Factory* for me to use for wintry nights. . . I thank her most kindly. . .

Our friends here to whom the dresses, shawls, work bags, fire screens, 2 portraits and inkstand were sent from our father and yourself have accepted them in a warm affectionate spirit . . . particularly the Screens which are the prettiest they ever laid eyes on.

. . . As corn is abundant beyond measure the present year . . . tis to be expected there will be fat bacon at Xmas killing time, indeed many mouths water already in anticipation of fat juicy meat to which they have been strangers for a 12 month arising out of last years scarcity. . .

I hinted in a late letter to our Mother having set my eye on somebody as a very desirable companion to unite my lot with. . . I may ere long add to the numbers of the useful and rational beings—Batchellors forswearing celibacy. This lady is domestic, industrious, neat, managing, amiable-minded and chiefly self-educated . . . now you are on the tip toe of anticipation for her name. It is Ellen Craven, a niece of T. H. Craven and she is immensely esteemed and recommended by those who know us both well. No fortune in the way but her worth in virtues. Age 22 or 24. Healthy and *in bon point*.

More hereafter on the subject. . . Yr Aff Bro.

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\*See "Birdwood".

†See Woods.





In these last glimpses of Young James, and his failure at farming, and inability to acquire a Virginia wife, it seems fitting to include an article James wrote in a somewhat reminiscent mood, with no title nor beginning, and a rather abrupt ending. This article throws a sidelight on the situation that existed in Virginia. Quite unconsciously, James may be giving his reasons for his failure to "make a go of it":

That mortality presents much of misery along with its portion of enjoyment there is no rational being would wish to oppose. On which side the preponderance lieth it is not difficult to answer, viz adverse to enjoyment, and why is it? The reply is that the enjoyment is more attainable and more durable than the misery so that an innate perversity of taste draws us to that side wherein layeth a war of difficulties to over throw before we can arrive at that "prize" so ignobly snatched at, when too late we find in seizing at the shadow we are losing the substance.

In illustration of this the State of Virginia . . . notwithstanding the benefits of a delightful soil and abounding in every choice and a desirable comfort the constant theme is the Ancient Dominion is becoming less and less desirable as a place of rest to the rising youth on account of means necessary to support a family. . .

Much of the misery to be complained of is ancestral heirloom pride in wishing to keep up a show which ones circumstances do not admit of supporting in the same degree of a by gone generation. And why is it so! is not the land now as good and capable of providing a maintainance as it was in the last age? It is in many cases better and in several instances the luxuries of life are more readily obtained. How strange & yet how true that with such greater benefits than our fathers possessed we cannot manage to get along! Does it rise out of indolence? Yes, in some measure it does. Fox hunting and pleasuring are very enticing occupations and were they not carried to a great extent in our fathers day Yes! to much greater! How mysterious this is that we cannot live as well as they! No mystery if the truth were told. They left debts to pay of some weight in the scale of morality





and justice. Which we are ashamed to set about trusting in the providence of those who are to follow after we go hence. . .

What brought about these debts? Holding in bondage an accumulating stock of negroes—scourges of the land and demoralizers of the Youth in too many views. . .

A last view of James was recorded in his sister's diary, [1831]:

*September 17. . .* We succeeded in getting seats in the stage & safely reached Charlottesville about nine o'clock. . .

*September 20th. Went over to James' house [Ridgemont]* put up his bed, packed away the wine & made all tolerably smooth & had a miserably sleepless night with rats. . .

*October 3rd.* Dined at *Farmington*, Mr. White had invited Mrs. Marks to meet us, an old contemporary of Papa, who told a history with evident pleasure of her falling into the river & his picking her out.

*October 5th* Removed to *Ridgmont*. James' cart drawn by a pair of oxen for wheelers & young horses, the leaders, conveyed our goods & chattels—Papa rode on horseback, I walked. Our first care on taking possession was to try to make the house waterproof & it occupied 2 days to accomplish it, nailing pieces of wood & filling up chinks. . .

About this time Ann mentions meeting many Charlottesville families: among them:

"Dr. Emmet & Dr. Paterson, Dr. Morris & Frank Fry"; Mrs. Craven, Mrs. Carr, Dr. Morris' sister, Dr. Carter & Dr. Massie.

December 18th, 1832, the Old Consul wrote from New York to Mrs. Edward Herndon c/o John Hart at *Laurel Hill* near Fredericksburg:

I notice the report you have received by Mr. Hull of my son James.\* . . . the tenor of this information was that he

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\*According to *James of Barrock*, the Old Consul's son James Sifrein Maury died unmarried in New York, 9 April, 1864.

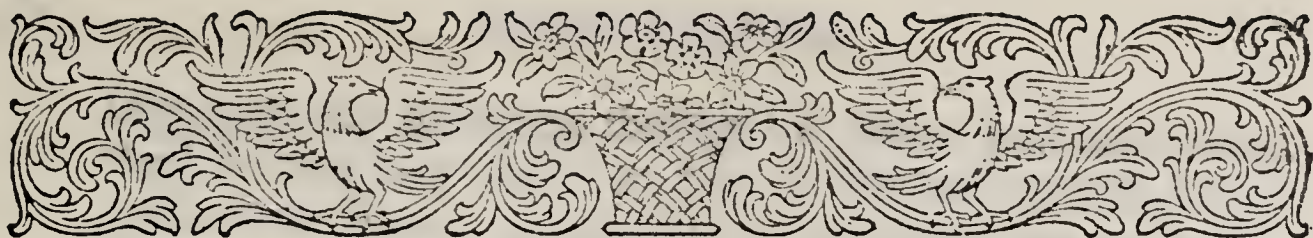
In *Albemarle County in Virginia*, page 269, Woods tells us: "James S. Maury, son of the Consul, lived at one time on a place near the north end of Dudley's Mountain, and in 1833 sold it to Jesse Lewis."



had become so disgusted with his farm as to neglect his property intirely. I recommended his placing all in trust with his brothers for his benefit, that whenever I became settled in a Home, it should be his home also . . . he was so offended with Tom and Reuben for talking to him about his odd conduct that he left their houses and he took himself to Fitch's Tavern in Charlottesville. . . I have given him the farm . . . amounting to more than a thousand pounds sterling. To his brothers I have *lent* money to engage them in business, which they returned me years ago. . . I have been thus tedious on this painful subject to enable my dear Sister to judge of my conduct in this matter.







## CHAPTER IV

### WILLIAM

**T**O her son William, at the Reverend T. Bolds, Sea View, Margaret wrote Feb. 5, 1810:

"This is my dear William's birthday! With every good wish, for his improvement, happiness & comfort, his Father & myself send him some Buns, Garden Seeds & Drawing Books. All of which we hope will afford him pleasure. Our dear Matt, we expect to share with him. . . I am yr truly affecte Mother

Margt Maury

Fourteen-year-old William gave Ann a graphic account of the Easter Hunt, writing from Prospect House, April 20, 1813:

Dear Sister

I have long thought of writing to you but for some reason or other I have put it off, however forgetting all the past, I shall describe the Easter Hunt to you as well as I can which I followed a small way. . . At 11 o'clock we went to the *Roe Buck* where there were a great number of persons assembled, at about half past one there were such a crowd of men, women, horses and carriages as I never saw before, I think that if there was one thousand there was twenty thousand; at a quarter to two we saw the cart (which was like a wild beast cart) coming with the Stag in; It went slowly down to the *Reindeer* (an Inn so called) I followed it and got into a very good situation; at two o'clock the door of the cart was opened, and out leaped the Stag. It took a circuit three or four times round all the people; a few minutes after the hounds came, it then ran into the forrest and I did not see any more of it, the Cockneighs made such a noise that the Stag escaped; if I had followed I might have seen horses flying without their riders in every direction.





One man was galloping through the forest and there was a dead branch very sharp on one of the trees which he ran against; the branch entered his ear and blew out his brains. During the chase the hounds drove a flock of deer out of the forest two of which they chased very much, at least the deer were so angry that they leaped on a man and knocked him down. . .

Had William's mother been present at the awful moment when the deer leaped on the man, she might have prescribed from her Receipt Book: "For a broken shin or raw wound" (Mrs. Doctor Lyon, 1812):

"Break an uncook'd egg & take the skin which adheres to the shell and apply it to the wound it will continue on 'till heald," or perhaps "For a pain in the face" (1809):

"2 oz of Poppy heads to be boiled in a quart of water until reduced to a pint—foment the part with it warm."

Should he have a "white swelling" the Receipt Book prescribed: "The marrow taken out of the Thigh Bone of a Horse & applied as an ointment."!

Will's mother's facile pen has unwittingly sketched her son's early career as housekeeper, in her letters of instructions that so frequently traveled from Buxton or Seacombe to Rodney Street, Liverpool. Will appears to have been a great favorite both with his mother and his sister Ann.

The year 1819 found him in the rôle of "*Tobacco Drummer*". In his letters to Ann, he gave a picture of other days. William regaled Ann with Richmond doings on May 10, 1819:

Matthew is just arrived & is now turning out his clothes, consisting of sundries packed up in round balls in his night caps. Night caps I say, but he now calls them in travelling bags. I think mine will be turned to the same use. Such collections he has, his *travelling bags* like guineas as to color & himself like a Virginia planter, for he has really grown as to length & rotundity. . .

You no doubt will laugh at the idea of travelling I have, which is to go on horse back from Lynchburg to Charlottesville & thence to Fredericksburg. And now to increase your



risibility, what would you think of Matthew & me each with a broad brimmed white hat, cotton jacket & umbrella to shade off the sun? We bought the hats yesterday & thought every one stared at us as we walked along, & we were something like yourself, laughing whenever we thought of our appearance.

And now for little Mrs. Goff, I called there the evening I arrived, but they were all out. However I breakfasted with them the next morning at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7! Indeed it was as early, though you will wonder how she could turn out so soon, but it is so warm that she cannot lay in bed.

Virginia was the only one who recollected me. "Matt", said she, "Oh, it is Will!" She dances in her usual style but is much disfigured by her hair being turned up in a *twist*, the same nose still, & she sings, though not *Yankee Doodle*. . .

Mrs. G. tells me in case I have nothing better to say that last summer she did nothing but lie on the bed *eating ice*; & now times are so bad she is making Mr. G's shirts! . . .

If you can—& I know you can if you choose—send out in the fall some of those large strawberry runners, I have promised some . . . also some gooseberry & currant bushes & ask my father to send some potatoes to eat. . .

. . . Mr. [William] Wood writes he has taken passage for Mary Matthews in the *Herald* Cap Fox, he says, "I shall give her as *sea store* a pot of currant jelly your Mother put up for me two years since—did the good lady retain her usual gaiety & *humour* when you left? What volumes of *injunctions* about your *comforts* at Sea, but I dare say you teased her & quizzed her anxiety not a little, but my lad, if you own the truth—many is the time already when you have drawn a *striking outline* between her currant wine & a julep, her nice Table & the Vile one of a Virginia Tavern. . .

Ann played the rôle of confidante to Will who wrote from Charleston, Nov. 24, 1819:

Do you think, my dear Ann that . . . you could prevail upon old *Darby* & *Jone* to let you come out with someone you know to see the famous cousins I have told you of in Virginia; I think they might let you come & return with





me in July 1821, it would be a most favorable opportunity the conveyance back & in another point of view it would answer (do not shed tears) I am informed by a *little bird* that you are still *en bon point*, now the climate of Virginia has such an excellent effect in stretching people—& again, as my Father says, the demand for *Husbands* is so *dull* possibly, we might pick up a Virginian for you, from some of the Upper Counties, where as you seem to have taken a romantic turn lately, I am sure you would be much delighted, where I was the eye seems almost lost in the View of Mountains overlapping Mountains, & fine Water courses below them, I longed for your company. . .

Your Cousins are all longing to see you, & I can venture to say you would meet with a more hospitable reception in Aunt Strachan's wooden cottage than you ever met with before. . .

Eliza & I to be sure always have a quarrel about religious matters, she being a little touched with the *good doctrines* & of course trying to make a convert of me; at last I said: 'tis of no use Eliza, you are better than I am, I allow, I think I do what's right, therefore as you can have no effect on me or I upon you we will never touch upon the subject in that point of View again; we are therefore now good friends again: and she is certainly one of the finest & best *little bodies* I ever know (about your size). . .

But Cousin Tom stands the first, I never spent a pleasanter time than when we went together to call upon the old people in Albermarle, we were there about a week & he has such a variety of anecdotes that he always keeps you *laughing*, however for that reason you ought not to see him, for I am afraid he would *kill* you. He amused me with an account of a field preacher who had collected a crowd to hear him deliver under a black Gum—his text was about the fruitful & unfruitful tree & after a variety of arguments deduced from it he said "Now *Breethren*, if ye be unfruitful ye will be cast down & cast into the *Fire*, & ye know a tree is always known from its fruit, even so will ye, now this Tree is an unfruitful Tree, & why? what fruit does it bear," an old planter in an old fashioned dress, before the preacher could





say it bore *unfruitful fruit*, poked out his head and cried, "Why Gum Berries to be sure." This set them all in a roar of laughter, as it did me by his droll way of telling it, & they separated.

I just now snuffed out my Candle & was told I was not to be married this year; this reminds me of Frances Lewis, indeed Ann you must come over to see her, for I want your opinion. Matthew says her forehead projects too much, I think he has a penchant for her himself, she is indeed a most lovely Girl & tell him I found her very much improved as well in other respects as in beauty upon my return from Boston; I had thought of avoiding Richmond, but I could not withstand the temptation. . .

I often think how you would *laugh* & stare at some of the back country Colonels with their Home Sun Coat, fitting even worse than the first livery Bill Miller made for John—shoes of Cow hide they might be from their coarseness—Stockings half down. Shirt & Waistcoat, if they have one on, unbuttoned, no neckhandkerchief & in that plight to come up & say, "Well, how's all your folks at home?" the usual salutation.

But how shall I describe my journey from Petersburg 5 days & 5 nights to this place through Pine barrens all the way & over roads or causeways formed of pine poles or logs. Oh! I can scarcely bear to think of it. I could not sleep during the whole time, & I then made a rule which I *intend to follow*, not that I *will* neither "*lend nor borrow*" but that I never will undergo it a second time. I was so completely knocked up that I could scarcely speak, much less walk. And now that I am here I am very much disappointed, scarcely knowing anyone, & of course staying home every evening, however it is well perhaps for now I shall know how to value Virginia & Massachusetts. I was in Boston & Salem 6 weeks, dined out, or might have done, everyday, & drank Tea at other houses every evening. For it is in the evening & over a cup of Tea that the merchants have their long talks, this of course you would not with the rest of the English ladies like, for no gossip is allowed. . .

Poor Woman! I think you may really say of our Aunt R.



with all her splendor, who can't afford to burn wax lights long enough to last the night for fear of the *ends* being of no use. I am thinking what a pleasant day you must have had 20th. Sept. as you say Mrs. R was to dine with you—what can be the reason of her fits of generosity I cannot divine, as perhaps she may yet be in the humor, tell her I am very much plagued by watch ribbons wearing out, & a gold chain would link her remembrance to the donor of my watch. . . I know the good Woman supposes I am dead from the fever, however if the signature will satisfy her I will sign your affectionate

Brother William Maury

Meantime, in England, Margaret did not forget Will's beloved garden, writing him on 28th. April, 1819:

. . . though my intention was, not to write till we heard of your arrival, my patience is almost exhausted; however, we certainly do sail fastest by the fire-side.

Our garden will astonish you by its excessive neatness, not the effect of Dean's labours but Ann's and mine. I think upon an average I spend three hours a day in it. The Teakail has been very fine . . . oftentimes tansy for a pudding, all of (letter torn) gather of a Sunday morning which I assume you often (letter torn) me to go to church in a black gown being the easiest to effect in a short time. We had Mr. Cotton last Sunday. . . As usual, his discourse was uncommon and most interesting. . .

I write with your father's pen, which is not unlike a painters brush. Adieu my dear William

His mother wrote to Will on the 9th. August, 1819:

. . . A letter your Father gave me to read, cost me the loss of much rest on Saturday night, not because I was elated with the prospect of an increase of wealth, but, with apprehension, that I might lose my Son, in consequence of over-exertion. You notice the extreme heat; & so do I! . . . All the riches of America wou'd not repay me if I lost you . . . my dear Boy, when you are entering upon any doubtful or hazardous project, think of the old folks at home. . .





Your Father has attended the funeral of a young Gentn this morning, who left home as you did, in full health. . . I think his name was Woodruff, the Attorney General of Georgia (I think) is his Father, & he was grandson to a Sir George Houston. . . I fancy his Father is a man of fortune, from the splendour of the funeral . . . bearers, white hat bands scarfs & gloves. . . I am full of anxiety every way on your account, may God bless you! & all your honest endeavors. . .

. . . You have no idea Wm what a reprobate that D——n in Mr. Maury's office has turned out. There does not seem a vice he is not guilty of. I greatly fear for A——t who I think has often been gambling with him at the York Tavern, & likewise his companion at an infamous house, where there is a woman who wou'd ruin a Saint if she was disposed, quite a Millwood in character. I have already cautioned Matt, who cou'd have supposed A——t even in idea, thought upon such subjects? . . .

. . . I hardly need urge your attention to religious duties! if you forsake God, he will forsake you . . . neither work on Sundays for there are days enough without. . .

I am Dr Wm Yr truly affecte & anxious Mother Marg Maury.

29th Novr 1819 Mrs. Maury wrote to Will, begging him to write in a larger hand:

. . . for my good fellow, I feel the infirmities of 55 too much, to read a small hand. . .

I hope that the success of your endeavors . . . may be a blessing not only to ourselves, but that our hearts may be open'd to share with those who need. . . Matt is reserved: & therefore we never have the unreserved conversations, that you and I had. . .

Lord Wellington Gordon who I sat next to at dinner lately at Robt Gladstones told me Mr. Sheppard\* intended sending his daughter to England for education. . . I wou'd

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\*Regarding the Shepperds, the Old Consul reminisced (12 June 1820): ". . . I well remember the Porters and the Shepperds, formerly of Orange County Virginia; their descendants may boast of being from excellent Stock."





strongly recommend Miss Corries School . . . they have the foundation of good schools in the country, with the advantages of London finish. . . The young Ladies drank tea when we did, the school was thrown off . . . they have the best Masters in each branch of learning—and as proof their health is attended to, Miss Corries have had a warm bath made, in addition to a shower one, both of which I saw, & a young Lady had been bathing by order of her physician. . .

On December 1, Margaret continued:

. . . we are practising the Game of Boston with which Matt is quite delighted, I am glad of it, as I am . . . anxious to make Evenings at home pleasant for my Sons. . . I shall in *truth*, be glad to see you seated by our fire-side. . .

In consequence of your observations upon Salts &c I went to Thompsons with a tiny deal box under my cloak in order to fix upon 2 Bottles each containing  $\frac{1}{2}$  a lb. of Epsom Salts—3 boxes of the Billious Pills. I called at different (letter torn) to see for the most fashionable Watch Ribbons & bought you for intended as a Xmas gift from myself, when behold, you, after getting wet & other disagreeables, Yr Father & Matt have prohibited the Box being sent now. . . I shall also put in the Box a pot of my Salve, & as I know you to be a mighty neat delicate Gentm, I shall place it in a box with an earth cover. . .

Pray do take me Washington Irvings publications. I hope William you are as formerly attentive to the practise of our religion. . . Unless we try to merit the protection of Almighty God! we cannot enjoy our success in anything. God bless you my dear William! prays Yr Mother

Margaret Maury

At the close of the year 1819, Margaret gave Will a little *sketch in ink*:

. . . In general I am well as you'll believe when I inform you that I dance most evenings to Ann playing quadrille tunes. Your Father says I dance in excellent time, and called out one evening "well done—55 "



Apparently Miss Frances Lewis did not smile on Will; his mother wrote him: "So Will cheer up!" on 29 August, 1820:

. . . I do not blame you, neither did I exclaim at your imprudence, no indeed! These are feelings implanted in us, & if not abused, for the best purposes. But what occasioned me astonishment was that I believed you so firmly attach'd to Ann Gott, that no one else cou'd rival her in your affections. Mr. Latham rejoiced you got away when you did, for he was afraid of some entanglement with Miss Smith. . . With respect to Miss Lewis, I neither can, or shall object, for all I know of her is from the pen of her Lover! and of course a favorable painter. When you were all of you small Children & I was worn down with anxiety, your Father sometimes rallied me upon my feelings in the different stages of life. "Then comes matrimonial engagements, I fear my dear you'll be more difficult to please than I shall, in my Country if they are good respectable women we are satisfied." And so am I, now it comes to the test, William.

You did wisely to change the scene. Tho 56 years old, I have not forgotten what I felt upon a similar disappointment, but how often! have I had cause to be thankful to an over ruling providence, who ruled instead of suffering me to guide! . . . And I am sure there is not a man I cou'd have been so truly happy with as your Father. You have travelled now, I will ask you, if taking altogether, you have not anywhere met his superior for piety, charity, temper & honesty I never knew Mr. Maury's equal, and as my Brother often said, "What cou'd I have done to deserve such a Husband."

. . . So William cheer up, tho' you may not have this, there may be, even a better, in store for you—don't push the matter now, you are very young. . .

"As a sparrow falleth not to the ground unheeded, & the very hairs of our head are numbered," I am convinced that a matter of so much importance in your well-doing here, & happiness hereafter, cannot escape the notice of Almighty God! pray therefore to him, to direct & guide you at all times & in all ways, he will never forsake you, unless you forget him. I pray for you always that you may not be led





astray by imitating the vices of those you fall in with in your travels—some parts of America I am told they are very lax in the observance of religious worship. . .

We are too old to travel William, nevertheless if ever Mr. Maury shou'd express the least wish to return to his native land, I shou'd pack up my alls with the greatest readiness, for at my time of life we pay the tax of outliving our early friends so that it wou'd not make much difference whether here, or there. . .

Will wrote to Ann from Boston, 10 Sept., 1820:

. . . I admire the situation of this place & its surrounding scenery, more than any other place in the U. S., save Richmond,—but only think, the thermometer is now & has been for two days 90!!! the nights are so hot that what with that & *intense* thought as to business I don't think I have slept 3 hours the two last nights.—

The above is for tea table chat . . . my *Dear Ann* you are now verging upon 16 or 17, & calculating upon hearing that Miss Maury makes her *debut* at the Consular Hall I send you this that when other conversation fails you may think upon the very pleasing description my *Dear William* (now quoting Julia Wickham) gave of Boston for you will please recollect that more is expected from Consular Blood than *Bourguoise*.

Will's thoughts turned back to Virginia:

. . . I went to D Higginbothams 4 miles from *Monticello*—we prevailed upon the Miss Willis to spend the day with us, then staying at *Blenheim*,\* I was in high spirits & related to them my Courtship with their Cousin† which they could not believe. I then asked them if in the course of their lives they had ever heard of a Gentleman being courted—no they indignantly exclaimed, I at their request then related my Charleston adventure & upon getting to that part where the lady's friend said Oh Miss—would live with you wherever

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\**Morven*, now the home of Mr. Charles A. Stone. *Morven* and *Blenheim* are described in Miss Rawlings *Ante-bellum Albemarle*.

†Frances Lewis?





you pleased, they jumped up, exclaiming, did you ever hear such vanity! we parted calling each other Cousin. . .

I have an *elegant* Horse—he can trot 12 miles an hour & I at that rate can ride him. . . I prefer that mode of travelling to any other, the advantages you possess in seeing the Country are so much greater, for all the Stage roads are carried along the ridges of stony land, therefore you always in the stages see the worst part of the Country. On Tuesday I am going to a grand ball at Sam Appletons, given upon the opening of a new House which has cost him \$60,000—a House warming it is called in these parts. . . Love &c in abundance

William heard of his former love:

Whitworth 8th. Nov. 1820

You see my dear William,

. . . As to your living at Richmond or elsewhere I shall never be so selfish as to even *try* to prevent what may appear for your advantage. I think I have already given sufficient proofs that I think of myself last. And now our Buxton jaunt, your kind considerate Father without saying a word to me hired an easy chaise of Peter Tyner for the excursion, which added greatly to my comfort not having luggage to change & as easy as a rocking chair. . .

. . . Today I have been busily engaged about a Westindia Girl sent to my care & they have suddenly ordered her home tomorrow, so all her bills have to call in & arrange & rather a shortness of cash too, not a pleasant commission, however, we must, unless churlish give our time at least, in helping our neighbours. I forgot to name that John E—t I am told, was refused by Miss A G—t. . . Take care of yourself in that unhealthy country my dearest William, for the sake of

Your affectionate Mother Marg Maury.

Brother William wrote to Ann from Charlestown, Va., 20 Nov., 1820:

. . . From Charlottesville I started this day week, came by the Warm Springs where of course I took a bath as well for a violent Rheumatism, as to say that I had been in the finest



Bath in the World:—I visited also the Hot & Sulphur Springs & went thru the usual routine—the latter are called the White Sulphur from the Water turning the course it runs that color. . .

I often & often thought of you, for for 250 miles I have (letter torn) travilled but *solus*—the scenery [letter torn] tremendous . . . for 5 days of my travel the mountains were frozen . . . to give you an idea—I was one hour in going  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile! . . . I always start at sunrise, ride till 11 or 12—then breakfast—2 hours—feed my Horse with 2 gallons of Oats—ride till Sundown, give my Horse  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel, myself supper & make out 30 & 35 miles a day. . .

Pray what would you think of my having to sleep with 6 people in one room & their occupation—*Pig Drivers!* I have done so more than once & been glad of it.

6 Feby 1821 Will was in New Orleans. He confided to Ann:

As beggars are not to be choosers, I must een I suppose thank you for your letter of 8 Novr., received upon my arrival in this Strange place—strange indeed it is; in situation . . . low & flat so much so that they are obliged to Bank the River 200 miles above & below to prevent the Country being overflowed in March & August. 2 to 8 miles back from the river commence impenetrable Cypress Swamps 40 miles wide—by digging 2 or 3 feet you get water thro the City—but then the Mississippi Water! . . .

. . . Well, the Women speak French—therefore I can't carry on my *amours a la Virginie*, but I *comprener & parler anglaise* to which they reply *a la Française*. They are not handsome to my thinking, but that's nothing—for I am now an old man—I today enter my twenty third year & presuming that to my good health a bumper of old port was yesterday drank by you all, I send you many thanks. . .

. . . perhaps t'was lucky for me the check I received in Richmond, for now I know it is not every Girl that is in love with me—but Ann I have learned a secret—That there is such a thing as loving too hard. I'll take care the next time, you never saw, to say nothing of my agitation, a human





being so frightened as was *Frances*,\* however I must keep something to relate on my return. . .

Stop—A Gentleman from Georgetown, D. C. staying here, says his daughter is the most divine of Heavens Gifts, he has invited me to call & see her, & added after saying what an accomplished man his daughter should have—  
 “Between ourselves Maury I think a certain lady would admire a certain friend of mine” Who is no other  
 than your brother William Maury.

At Lexington, 29 May, 1821, William regaled his sister:

. . . tho’ my newly purchased nag did jump clear from under me in the Barrens of Kentucky, no accident happened, except that she thought she would change places a little—and I had to carry the Saddle, Blanket & Saddle Bags, weight about 50 lbs for 4 miles through a broiling Sun.

. . . My \$200.-Horse proved lame just as I was on the point of starting for I had taken leave of Miss Liné almost in tears. I returned him—and on the 22 April started per Steam Boat *Car of Commerce* to the Mouth of Cumberland 1063 miles up the river—we landed without any material accident in 11 days—thence I hired horses to go thru a pretty miserable Country (just purchased from the Indians) as far as Hopkinsville in Christian Co. there we entered upon what are termed the Barrens of Kentucky, not from the unproductiveness of the land for there is some of the richest in them but because when the first *White folks* knew it there was no timber upon it—since however the Indians have quitted, it is getting well wooded. . .

Then I bought a finer Horse than at New Orleans for \$48—from Franklin I came to Nashville . . . when I found my Mare so skittish that I was obliged to get off to lead her thro the streets . . . hence I go in a day to Owingsville where

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\*In 1832, on her first visit to Richmond, Ann writes in her Diary: “. . . In the evening Mrs. Temple & Mrs. Brooke Gwathmey (*Frances Lewis*) came in to take tea with us & we passed a very merry evening. *Frances* is beautiful & apparently good humoured & amiable, has an enviable flow of spirits, but I think her a little too thoughtless for a married woman. & William would have thought so too, but she is so lovely even now with a son ten years old, that when I imagine what she must have been ten years ago I do not wonder at William being desperately in love. . .”





lives Cousin Matt—thence followed by a Negro on my Horse Aimi to Lynchburg by 18 June—by 2 July to Richmond . . . to Liverpool. . .

Back in New York, 14 Dec., 1822, William went shopping. He wrote Ann:

. . . Last week I happened to call into an office where were Mrs. McEvers & her two daughters selecting from a Ships consignment to Mr. Schmidt some finery & I thought to myself, tho a man of my own estate I have never made you a present, so I selected a dress similar to one which Eliza McEvers is to wear as bridesmaid. . . I bought it upon these conditions, that you would wear it this winter at the Wellington rooms for my sake. . .

The following Spring, 1 March, 1823, Will observed to Ann:

. . . I have been much amused in this place & Boston having been to many splendid parties & what is more remarkable I dance all evening—what do you think of my figuring away at Salem with 10 different Ladies—& you cannot imagine in what *elegant style* I now move, tho I say it *what should* not.

Yesterday I was invited at *a days notice* without a call until *then*, to dine with Mr. Astor, which invitation . . . I thought prudent to decline, Mr. A. entertains in Grand Style his service of plate is *Gold*. Miss A is quite the rage—the envious multitude speak of the *solidarity* of her charms & so forth. . .

7 Aug., 1823, Will described a day's trip from New York:

. . . Yesterday I spent in a most entertaining & a most singular spectacle to me—A Camp meeting of the Methodists at North Hempstead on Long Island about 28 miles from this our conveyance was a Steam Boat, our company of 100 composed of every class who frequent such meetings, some lookers on, some scoffers, many devotees & many truly pious people . . . whatever our feelings of mirth might have been before, they were silenced when we reached a most beautiful rising ground, covered with Seats under the trees



containing 10,000 people worshipping the Diety.—it was most impressive. . .

We left at 4 in the boat had a long argument between a Presbyterian & Methodist clergyman . . . the tide being low at Hell Gate had each to make 3 attempts before we rounded the Point opposit—Mr. Gracie's former residence—I never felt such a shock as the Current gave us when it at last surrendered to our power. . .

. . . & so Master Matt has been to dine with his Honor the Mayor, I am afraid that added to his great talent as a Tobacco salesman he is become unsupportable. . .

Love to all always exists in the heart of your affec Brother

Writing from New York, 7 Aug., 1823, Will whispered to Ann:

. . . you so much resemble my favorite Miss Van Ness that perhaps you will say I have complimented you too much! . . .

I do think I shall not be repulsed a second time. . . Her conversation is excellent, her language chaste & pure, & in regard to satire & repartee your friend Miss N. would find an able match . . . how she may feel upon my imperfections, I shall most probably know in the course of 2 or 3 months having so much good sense & such good judgment withal, I am satisfied she will not upon a matter of so much moment make up her mind until she knows me much better.—She is not such as was my former favorite who succumbed the third day after the acquaintance, to Brooke Gwathmey—no, she will reflect—thus therefore do matters now stand & I thus particular have I been to you whom I consider as my first confidant upon this occasion. . .

During 1823 and 1824 the tables were turned; Ann had become the housekeeper. Will sent hasty instructions from London, 8 Dec., 1823:

We shall take our places for Fridays mail you will therefore be most particular in having our beds clean & well aired Bottled with Hot Water, our Night Shirts at the fire & clean pocket Handkerchiefs in our drawers. . .





Four years after Will's rebuff by Miss Frances Lewis of Richmond, he wrote joyfully to Ann from New York, 30 June, 1824: "in preference to anyone":

. . . I have now obtained the Judge's consent & both Harriet [Van Ness] & myself are as happy as two people can be. . . I did not know half her worth before—however, you will I trust soon be enabled to appreciate her, & love her as a Sister. . .

It is agreed between us that we shall go to Liverpool this fall, but the wedding day is not yet named. . .

I am pleased to tell you that her health is now quite restored & she is improving in looks & strength every day.—she says almost every day, do you think your family will love me? & adds she will do everything to make them—do Ann write to her & assure her that you will. . .

She laughed at & was pleased with your intended present of a Chess table. . .

I write about H—to you in preference to any one, therefore you can tell them what I say, that is, those who ought to know; & you may add, that since it is off my mind I have dismissed all my dyspeptics & my fair complexion has returned.—

Will added some Richmond news:

George Pollard is well as is his Wife, he looks very happy & as contented as you would suppose he would be. . .

Jacquelin Taylor is married to Martha Richardson. . .

When you write to H— call her Harriet or it will look too cold.

His mother wrote to the lady of his choice:

Liverpool  
7 July 1824

My dear Miss Van Ness

If there is any worth in the adage that a good son or daughter will make a good husband and wife (and one half of what William writes of you be true) there can be no doubt of your happiness. You must not think me a partial Mother if I say William has always been the kindest of sons;







SARAH MYTTON (HUGHES) MAURY. 1801-1849



. . . William is, and always was from early childhood remarkable for veracity, integrity and industry. I never knew him guilty of a falsehood, he was a prodigy for industry. I hope you will excuse me for thus praising my son and ascribe it to a proper motive, that of your not knowing those who from long acquaintance are qualified to give a character of him.

We look forward with pleasure to the time of your arrival amongst us, and hope William's next letter will name the time when we may begin to watch the changes of wind. . .

December 24th the Old Consul wrote James:

Your new sister had a very unpleasant passage and for a while after her arrival was poorly, but of late has greatly improved her health. . .

13 July, 1824, Will had written James at Charlottesville from New York:

We shall be married the first week in Aug. . . . we shall be in Fredericksburg for 3 days, if therefore you have any curiosity to see your new Sister, equal to the expenses of the trip, you could come to F. . . . We shall embark for Liverpool. . .

We do not know if James met his new sister. He had no other opportunity. For as his mother had predicted on Harriet's arrival at Rodney Street; "she has come to die among us"; Harriet died in Liverpool at the age of 22, 26 March, 1825.

To quote his sister Ann, Will remained very melancholy for a long time following Harriet's untimely death. In 1827, he and Ann took an extensive tour through France and Holland. In 1828, Will married Sarah Mytton Hughes. Recollections of Sarah's lovely short black curls, trim little figure and great beauty have come down to us. Sarah was a talented artist, leaving portfolios of her fine pencil drawings. She was the author, in 1846, of *The Statesmen of America*.

William wrote to James in Charlottesville, Virginia, from Liverpool, 17 Nov., 1830:





. . . if all goes on well I think we shall have too many youngsters for provisions in this country, when it is most probable that we may seek a residence in Virginia; for this event I wish to provide for you know wherever I go, a good garden is a *sine qua non*.

I want the Quince pips (?) in order to graft in due time from the 20 varieties of Pears which we now have. . . There is a kind of pear of which my father often speaks at *Castle Hill*\* and also at the Old Glebe brought by our ancestor from France and called after him. Could you send me one?

We are all well, my Father taking his daily walk of 5 to 6 miles. . . Little Jimmy begins now to be amusing with his prattle, and the Baby (last week christened Harriet Van Ness) goes on prosperously. . .

October 30th Will wrote James:

I send by this vessel under cover to Samuel Mordecai of Petersburg a small parcel containing several sorts of flower seeds in order to keep up some reminiscences of Seacombe. The Primrose you know must be sowed in the shade. . .

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\**Castle Hill*, home of the Walkers, now owned by Princess Troubetzkoy. See *Ante-bellum Albemarle*.







## CHAPTER V

## MATTHEW

**M**ARGARET wrote to young James, from Liverpool, August 26, 1815: "Matt is to go into his father's office next week to be bound the 31st. as William was. At present he is at Allerton Lodge."

Now that Matt was in America, Ann was to hear more about life in Virginia and the prospective suitor. He wrote her from Norfolk, May 30th, 1819:

. . . In Richmond we lived within 100 yards of Mr. Gwathmey's & of course saw a good deal of them. I will relate a circumstance very characteristic of our *little friend*. She persuaded me to go out with her to pay morning visits; at every house she said something of the hard times & necessity of economy; When we got to Mr. Page's, Mr. Page exclaimed, "What! another Bonnet Peggy." "Yes, indeed" says Peggy, "but don't say anything to Mr. G. he does not know it. . ."

Capt. Tabb is very much improved in his appearance, tho' to say the best o fhim, according to a Virginia Phraze, he is *monstrous ugly*; he asked William if you were married; so perhaps, he has some thoughts of you, after having been refused by two or three people here. How his Brother, a fusty old Bachelor, could get so fine a Wife; is the wonder of Norfolk. We were at a party there the other night; Mr. Tabb *never* introduces anyone, & the Capt. being otherwise engaged or in love for aught I know, forgot to introduce us to any of the ladies; however we knew some few. He has since called to apologize for his negligence.



There are orders for Cloathes for Mrs. Tabb\* and her Sister Miss Prosser sent out P Virginia to the *good old woman*. William looks mysterious & says he hopes they have sent some Cotton to M L [Maury & Latham] to repay them for so tiresome a commission, otherwise he thinks my Mother ought to Charge 10 P Cent. No doubt they calculate upon dazzling the eyes of all the good people of Norfolk next winter.

We went on board the Frigate *United States* yesterday with a party of ladies; how I wished you had been there. A Ship of War in fine order is one of the finest sights there are. . .

. . . As I sat on the Sopha the other day lolling, reading & talking alternately & in fact feeling all the miseries of idleness, . . . I determined to go to New York & embark with all convenient speed. . .

You mention that our Mother has been attending lectures on ventilation; I hope then she will be reconciled to my discarding all Flannels, Fleecies &c, it was under pain of being dissolved *literatim*.

. . . The manners of the Virginians are very friendly but they seldom think in their Towns of asking you to dinner, as in that case preparation is expected; but, give you a general invitation to step in any evening, & they *really* mean that you are to come, tho' in many places, such an invitation is understood in quite a *different* way. Will almost despises the English Ladies now; the Americans he says are so much more affable & agreeable, dress much better & it does not require 10 days to become acquainted with them. . .

About the same time, July 2, 1819, Matthew in New York heard from his mother:

My dear Matt

. . . When your father went to the office he begged me to

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\*To quote Mrs. A. W. Withers, of *Severnby*, Gloucester, Virginia: "The Tabbs and Prossers were originally Gloucester families who intermarried. The Prossers at one time lived at *Whitemarsh*, now owned by the Baruch family. The North River places; *Toddsberry*, *Elmington*, *Waverly*, and *Newstead* all belonged to the Tabbs. Mr. John Tabb of *Whitemarsh* used to drive to the White Sulphur Springs in a coach with four horses. His sons were John Prosser Tabb and Mr. Phil Tabb. Mr. Phil Tabb married a Morris. He was interested in the Louisiana State Lottery."





write saying, "The poor fellow will think himself quite neglected," now lest you should take up such an idea Matt, I must tell you that Ann & myself were so persuaded that you were on your way home . . . nay, we were so possessed with the idea, we eyed everybody in the streets in the least like you, & if there was an unusual ring at the door, we said, "Oh! maybe its Matt!" & often went to the door with a quick step. . . Mrs. Gwathmey mentions you having a wish to settle in Virginia; is it so? . . .

On January 3, 1819 Matthews, the Tobacco Drummer described to Will his trip to *Laurel Hill*:

The coldness of my fingers is the cause for such bad writing. . . I left Washington at 6 on the 16th on the Steam Boat & reached Fredericksburg at 5 in the evening. After presenting his Uncles Strachan & Herndon with razors and flesh brushes, he was treated to a sleigh ride. I have become a considerable *Sportsman* & am out almost every morning before Sunrise with my Gun and dogs. . .

May 3rd Matt wrote from Charlottesville:

. . . I left Lynchburg on the 19th & arrived here on the 23rd, after having had the pleasure of being overturned on the road, tho' without damage to any except a young man who had his eye put out, & never felt it!

I should go on tomorrow to Fredericksburg; but must see Mr. Jefferson, who has just got home; so that I shall go to Richmond next Saturday & be at the Eagle Tavern the following day by the Stage. Mrs. Kemp's is the best boarding-house there. . . I regret very much I did not buy a horse in Lynchburg; it would have saved me 140 miles in coming here.

You mentioned you were going to Mr. Bowie's. Don't you think he has two very fine daughters? Remember me kindly to our relations & giving you a hearty welcome to Virginia. . .

From Brodie in Virginia Matt sent Will some directions on June 15, 1819:





My dear Brother,

I have just laid aside my gun to write to you, tho' with no little reluctance . . . as I have killed 8 *times in 10*. . . I had better leave you to get the Canton Crape for Pantaloon yourself. Richmond is the very receptacle, rendezvous & centre of good Chewing Tobacco. . .

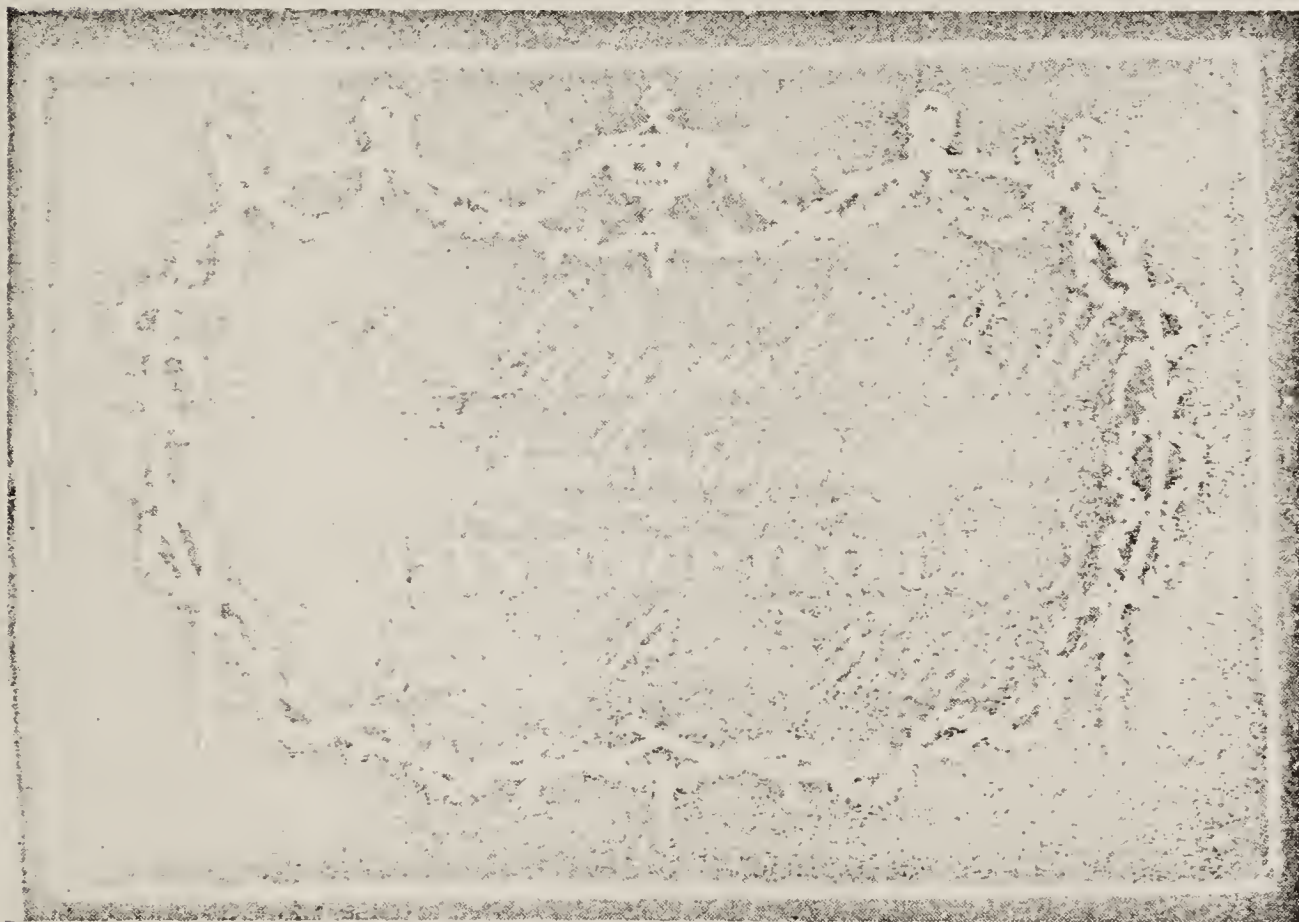
Respecting the road to Amelia it is 40 miles to Mr. E[ggleston]'s; go thro' Manchester; straight along the Turnpike; when you reach the gate keep to the right which is the Main Turnpike road until you get to the end; 12 miles from Richmond, at a small stream; you now go through rough & winding roads for a few hundred yards, bearing to the right, when you will shortly come to a small good neat Tavern, with a long Porch & Grove of Trees before it: "Davy Mead's," very respectable people. I do not think there is anything to put you out *if you keep* in the main road for 8 miles which will bring you to Robertson's good Tavern. . . About one mile further opposite a Tavern to your right you must turn off to the left to Genito or Jeneto Bridge over the Appomattox River distant 7 or 8 miles, a lonely road. . . From Genito if at a loss you must enquire for Mead's Mill or Grub-hill Church. . . It is a good general rule to keep the most beaten road. Remember, *a lane has a fence on each side* & none other is a Lane. . .

In Fredericksburg June 25, 1819, Matt prepared for a trip in quaint style:

. . . I have just finished packing my Cloathes, & left you *two brushes*. . . I carry the Desk & leave the Portfolio with the Gold coins out of the Secret drawer in the Pen place. . . I got 5 lb of Excellent Tobacco yesterday. . . Jimmy Ross says you are to pay him a visit. His plantation (Blenheim) is 5 or 6 miles from Charlottesville. I dined with him the other day & met Sam Gordon; how very amusing he is! . . .

While daily expecting a letter from Will, Matt wrote him at Richmond from New York, July 3rd and 9th on various transactions:





MATTHEW'S "DANCING CAMPAIGN"





. . . I was much pressed for a pair of Pantaloons when I left Fred:g so had the audacity to take an old pair of your Nankeens. . .

He goes on to describe a *new steam boat in New York*:

How shall I describe the elegance of the *Albion's*\* Cabin & the superiority of the Accommodations! It is 8 or 9 feet high & most superb. . . I have chosen No. 9. All are State Rooms. In consequence of the recent death of Mrs. W. Gracie, I have not called there yet. Mr. Adams [John Quincy Adams] has charged me with dispatches.

Mr. Ludlow says that the *R. Burns* having been seized owing to the Crew smuggling Tobo. will not be in time to load in James R. . .

Matt did some shopping before sailing for Liverpool from New York, as he wrote Will in New York:

. . . I bought 2 half pieces of Nanking Crape 11 or 12 yards each—\$25, 7 Silk Hkfs—\$7, 2 most superb, magnifique, Worked, Nanking Crape shawls—\$50. & 2 pr Crape & 1 Nankeen Pantaloons—\$19½—Total \$101½. I have paid my passage 42 pounds & shall sail tomorrow morning. . . There are about 15 of us. . . I called on Mr. Gracie yesterday; he took me out to his place in the Country at Hell Gate & brought me in this morning. . .

We are loaded mostly with Tar & Turpentine. . . Fine day but little wind. You will see me *announced* in Jany's paper this morning. . .

Arriving in England Matt combined business and pleasure with characteristic energy, he wrote his brother, Aug. 20, 1819:

. . . I am now employed from one day's end to the other; or to use a more fashionable expression quite a man of business. . . If you get any Pantaloons get them from B & G Lord's Wall St. New York; you will find them cheapest there & equally good. They overlook Baggage here very strictly; take almost everything out of the Trunk. . .

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\*The *Albion*, among the first of the Black Ball Line of packet ships, was wrecked in 1822.





Mr Dawson has been turned out of the Consular Office for infamous conduct; viz: living with a *Chere amie* at Edge Hill & being a rogue. . .

. . . I brought my affairs on shore wrapped round me under my Cloathes. . . Mr. Otis son of H. G. Otis of Boston was here the other day on his way to Ireland. If you should happen to return about the time of the *Albion's* sailing be sure to come in her; a most charming ship, Captain Williams a fine fellow, 11½ knots an hour & such excellent accommodations. . .

We have this morning received a Bill Lading for between 800 & 1000 Tierces of Rice from Saml. Williams shipped in the *Nancy Beay*, from Savannah on a/c of Coulton of Phila the Owner of the Ship. . . Have you seen Miss Lyman the Niece of Tim Williams? & what do you think of her? . . . no vessel has arrived here from Virg:a lately. I feel quite anxious to hear how you liked your equestrian Tour & all about it.

Your's M Maury  
as busy as a bee

October 20th, 1820 Matt shipped from Liverpool "cloathes" for Will "agreeable to your several orders." He added a fashion note:

I shall also send Watch Ribbons; black thick silk Waist-coats are fashionable full dress, indeed Black generally. Coats now have Collars 18 inches in width. . .

. . . The dancing Campaign (to make a sudden change of subject) commenced on the 8th. with a superb Ball given by Dr. Brandreth to Lady Mary Stanley at the Wellington Rooms at which all the neighboring nobility & gentry to the number of 350 were present. I had the honor of an invitation. . . It began at 9½ & we left at 1½; there was a grand Supper at 1 & a great deal of Quadrille & Country dancing alternately thro' the evening. . .

What! My Mother has got per Mrs. Masclèt a French Pelisse & gown *from Paris*. She has not had the things I brought made up yet & I do not know when she will. . .



We notice the prevalence of the Yellow Fever & hope you will take care of yourself. I have been told today (Octr 22) to inspect your Cloathes . . . perhaps you may think the Waistcoats too dashing; but they are very dashing folk in Charleston; observe the collars of the Waistcoats turn down (all the go indeed). . .

Ann wrote to Will in Virginia, April 1st, 1819:

. . . In a letter from Uncle Fontaine, he mentions Mr. Jefferson's concern that he has not seen Matt at his house and how happy he would be to see any of Mr. Maury's sons.

From Virginia, 6 Aug., 1825, Matt wrote his mother from Farmville:

Mr. Jefferson, poor man, (is) much plagued with the diabetes & unable, he told me to ride at all or to walk above 200 yards & consequently unable to visit the university\* which is now in use with above 100 students & the number increasing fast. How much pleasure it would give you to hear the many old people I do, speak with so much kindness & respect of the old consul. Mr. Jefferson was very pressing (as a friend says) for me to dine with him, but as I found he generally sat in his bed-room & my being in the house must put him to some inconvenience, I only staid an hour or two & as usual, never spent one more pleasantly, so interesting is his conversation. I thought some little failure in memory showed itself sometimes, & from the alteration in his appearance, I fear his end is not far distant.

After being six days in Albermarle I set out for Lynchburg, dined & lodged at *Enniscorthy* with Col. Coles,† next day the same at Robert River & the third day got to Lynchburg; there I staid a week drumming & showing myself & came away leaving a favorable impression & good prospects. I flatter myself.

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\*The University of Virginia.

†Isaac A. Coles was a member of the Albemarle bar, for a time President Jefferson's private secretary, and a member of the House of Delegates. He lived at *Enniscorthy*. (Woods)





I have no more paper to write upon. However the climate agrees with me & I hope to continue my adventures when I reach Richmond. And am, dear Mother,

Your affectionate & long letter writing son

M. Maury

Matt wrote to his mother, 8th March, 1826, from Charleston:

. . . before the end of the month I hope to leave Augusta for Mobile & New Orleans & I suppose I shall ascend the Mississippi about the end of May, altho' it is generally safe to remain in New Orleans even until July. It is surprising how little we think of Travelling once we get in motion, it really gives me less thought than going to Buxton or making a tour in Wales, & yet how different in reality; partly through the Indian Country & the scarcely inhabited parts of Georgia (in a stage however) to Montgomery on the Coosa or Talapoosa River & then 200 miles or more down that & the Alabama River down to Mobile by a steam boat; rivers which a few years ago were scarcely known by name; & a country then the seat of Indian warfare now vomiting forth cotton & all the products of the earth in the greatest abundance.

It will be about a two days' tour from Augusta, & at Mobile I shall find myself in almost a tropical climate; the appearance of the country, the growth of the soil & everything around me different from what I have ever seen, & yet I think very little about it. In fact cotton & consignments are too often the objects of my attention to allow me to think of much of anything else. When I sleep I dream of it, when I wake I think of it, when I speak I talk of it, & when I walk I search for consignments of it. And the employment seems to agree with me, for I have never been in better health. . .

*Charleston* has to me a more ancient appearance than any town in America. The streets are not wide & the bricks of a dusky color instead of the bright red which gives such freshness to the appearance of the northern towns. There are a number of old looking churches & one that is next door to my lodging rings the hours & the quarters with the ancient tone of a cathedral. There are always a number of soldiers





in the town which form a city guard & the beating of their drums at sunrise & at night, all contribute to give you the idea of some city of Europe. The number of blacks here (rather larger than the whites) the attempted insurrections of the former years & the late incendiary efforts that have been made here cause the police to be very strict. When there is a fire the city guard and the militia as well as a company of volunteer cavalry muster well-armed in certain parts of the town, & a large field piece properly prepared is drawn forth from the guard-house into the street. The inhabitants are called forth in regular rotation to patrol the streets at night & put all the slaves in gaol that they meet with, for as in all slave countries they are not allowed to be out of their houses after a certain hour.

When I return from an evening party, I scarcely meet anyone except the guard who crosses the street to see whether my face is black or white. The effect is melancholy to a stranger. . .

. . . Indeed their general disposition is mild, their treatment very much improved & still improving, & the greater part of them I believe would be more likely to disclose an insurrection than to join it. It is a revolting sight to see them sold by auction which occurs every week; in this though there is a great change, families are seldom divided & the seller frequently consults the negroes as to whether they have any objection to the purchasers.

It is pleasing to make instance of respectability in such a despised race. The man who keeps this house\* (Jones) is a Mulatto & it is the best house in Charleston. Mr. & Mrs. Gracie are staying here & I suppose will be in Liverpool in June; she is a very pleasing woman & I think you will approve of her. She has offered to make me acquainted with her friends here, but I have been too much engaged to run after fashionable acquaintances. Oliver H. Middleton took me to the Race-Ball. Geo. Edwards (a Sea Islander) in-

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\*"The building was directly behind St. Michael's Church on Broad Street; it was afterwards run as a hotel called the Mansion House and is now entirely destroyed."—*Charleston, the Place and the People*, Mrs. St. Julien Ravenal. The Macmillan Company, New York. Second edition 1912, page 459. See this and the succeeding pages for a further description of Jones.



vited me to a great ball at his superb residence here & I went to it. William Crafts, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Bulow, Mr. Platt & others have been attentive to me. Trapman offered to introduce me to Judge Bay's family but I have had no time to go there, nor have I called on T. A. Lowndes who might have called on me, I think. Two days ago Mrs. Keith sent for me to see her. . . Mr. Kahne is so rich that the taking care of his money has destroyed his mind. . .

Mr. Bulow is not in good health or his wife either; they have been exceedingly kind to me. "Sir," says he, "I have a carriage, a gig, saddle horses & servants all at your service, & if you please, I will send my servant to your lodging (1½ miles off you must know) every evening to receive your commands." I told him it was unnecessary but he has insisted upon wheeling me about two or three times. . . In this warm climate almost every family has its carriage not laid up in lavender as in England, but in the almost constant employ of the family & their friends.

The Charleston ladies are handsome and generally very fine figures; but if I had but lately arrived from England I might think them too pale & delicate. At 18 they have the appearance of 25 in England & at 25 of 35 years of age. The society I believe is very good, but I don't pretend to know much about it. There is a good deal of family pride, more than in any other part of America. . . Nearly all the rich planters of So. Carolina have fine houses in the town surrounded generally with gardens & orange trees & evergreens. There are the planters of old families & of recent origin, the legal profession, the great merchants, the smaller merchants & the shop keepers & these mix very little together. From the month of June or July until the weather is cool the family of almost every planter of the low country lives in town or at Sullivan's Island & so different is the climate, owing probably to being nearly surrounded by salt water, that I am told that if a person was to spend the night only five miles out of Charleston the consequences would most probably be a bilious fever. I mean in August or September. Many spend the summer & autumn at New York or Philadelphia regularly each year.





I came from Wilmington hither in a sloop with a deck loaded with turpentine & had a very uncomfortable passage of three days. . .

Matt returned to Charleston three years later, from which he wrote Ann 10 March, 1829:

. . . I have been quite gay here of late. The gaieties of Charleston began about three weeks ago & may continue about 10 days longer. Through the instrumentality chiefly of Mr. Trapmann's & Judge Bay's family I have been at St. Cecilia Balls, the Race Ball, balls at Mr. Crawford's, Trapmann's, Turnbull's, Miss Lightwood's, Miss Johnston's, & now have 3 invitations on hand for the next 6 days. Single-Quadrills & Spanish dances in the order; the latter however are so unsuitable for *Gents* of moderate stature that I never dance them. I met with Mrs. Oliver Middleton last night . . . and Miss Chisholm. . . If Cotton keeps up a fortnight longer I shall be in danger of being a complete ladies' Man. I have not hunted after the gaiety, but it has found out me & my acquaintance among the young ladies is now pretty extensive.

I never meet however with anything like the comfort of dancing at the Wellington Rooms [Liverpool]. The Music here is very indifferent . . . so with love & good wishes to you all. . .

The following summer Margaret in Liverpool heard from Matt, who had also been doing some sightseeing! While Ann and Will were recuperating from their strenuous trip to France and Holland, Matt wrote from New York 17 July, 1827:

. . . On the 26 June I reached Cincinnati by Steam Boat; & much as I had heard of the beauty, size and prosperity of this so recently built Town; it exceeded my ideas very far. For so young a place to contain 17,000 people, to be built up handsomely, almost entirely of brick, to be well paved, & almost upon the point of having a canal of 60 miles conveying the produce of the beautiful & highly cultivated Miami Valley into its stores & Steam Boats, was perhaps the most striking instance of rapid growth & prosperity that has fallen under my eye in the United States.





Could you have walked through the *market* with me in the morning & seen the abundance of Meats, Poultry & vegetables & above all their cheapness—Fowls 50 to 75 cents p dozen. Big fat Turkeys 25 cents each—choice pieces of fine Beef 4 cents p lb, & Legs of Mutton 2 or 3 cents p lb, for few people eat it although very excellent; you would have had a fair sample of the abundance, the luxuriant abundance, of the Western country. The *State of Ohio* is very much settled by Emigrants from New England an industrious, educated & ingenious people, & perhaps to this cause & the non-existence of slavery, it is owing that its progress has been the most rapid of any. I must not however forget the excellent quality of the land, almost all of it fine land, as I had a fair opportunity of observing when I travelled from Cincinnati to Sandusky Bay on Lake Erie. A journey of 216 miles without a mountain or indeed any positive hill & accomplished in 3½ days by daylight & in good stage Coaches.

I reached the *small Town of Portland* on the 1st July & on the 3rd. a fine Steam Boat called in and conveyed us down the Lake to Buffalo, a distance of 250 or 60 miles in 30 Hours. In this Boat which had been up to Green Bay on Lake Michigan & to the falls of St. Mary (the outlet of Lake Superior) I found General Scott & several others of my acquaintance . . . at Buffalo the General made up a party of 7 & we rode down the Margin of *Niagara River* to those stupendous works of nature which all the World has heard of—*The Falls of Niagara*. We had seen their clouds & heard their roaring for many miles & were no sooner out of the Carriage than we ran down with our utmost speed to catch a view of the Scene, the grandeur of which when we read of it, has seemed to place it out of power to enjoy the sight. . . The longer you stay the longer you desire to stay. . .

My only stay . . . was one day at *Canandagua*, which I spent with Mrs. Gorham's family. . . I happened to descend the Hudson R. in company with Mr. & Mrs. King. . . I felt like returning home after a *Tour of 5000 miles*. I got here on the evening of the 12th & having left N. Orleans on 27th





May I have gone over 2900 miles in 46 days & for less than \$200. I feel disposed to be quiet now & to return home.

Every member of the family seemed to turn to Ann as a matter of course. Matt in his letter from New York, 15 August, 1830 threw off his usual reserve, to write a newsy account of his travels. This is the last heard of Matt's travels for some time to come:

. . . I saw young Cochrane in *Baltimore* in the last stages of a consumption. . . Charles Carroll I believe is as well as ever. I rode over the 13 completed miles of the Rail road in a Winan's Car drawn by a single horse. They have spent so much money & so much mismanaged affairs that the Stock was then 13 for 30 paid—it has risen since.

From Baltimore I went to *Philadelphia* by way of York & Lancaster to see that highly cultivated district & was much gratified—we crossed the Susquahanna River by a Bridge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, built of wood on Stone piers & completely roofed in for its whole length. The village on the northern side is called Columbia & there the Pennsylvania Canal to communicate with *Pittsburg* commences & a rail road has been contemplated & indeed begun so far as the graduation of the ground to communicate with Philadelphia. . . Moncure Robinson is up the Schuylkill where he is engaged by the Rail road company at a salary of \$4,000 p annum. . . Many remembrances to you all of course from the variety of people I have mentioned.

But to change the subject I must tell you how I had *my pocket picked* of a Check for upwards of \$200. & notes to the amount of at least \$130, which latter included the \$50 which Aunt Herndon paid me for you. When I got here Mrs. Street's Boarding House was full, so I put up at the Adelphi Hotel. . . I had a very small Bed room in the 3rd. story (there are 5 or 6 stories) & when I was getting into Bed at half past 10, I remembered that I had not locked the Door. However the room was so small, the door opening close to my head & my Pocket book in my trousers hanging up with my other Cloathes at the foot of the bed. I thought no one could enter without wakening me. However a person who had lodged 5 days in the next room did enter & took the





check & all the Bank notes. . . I was in time to stop the Bank paying the Check . . . although the Thief had got it cashed by forging my endorsement & presenting it to a Lottery vendor. . . Very Affey Your Brother, M. Maury.

Matt's depression he confided to his mother:

Charleston 20 Jan:y 1829

My dear Mother,

. . . The long suspension of news from England makes one almost melancholy—leaves one quite in the dark—one Merchant wishes to know how the Corn market goes, another the price of Cotton, another whether his Ship has arrived. The Russians & Turks, the Greeks & Egyptians, the French armament, the Duke of Wellington & his new Ministry are, as far as we know, in the same situations as ten weeks ago; for our last European dates are to 9 Novr & we have now been fully a month without the least addition to our Stock of Trans-Atlantic intelligence. . .

My list of visiting acquaintances here is small & I don't much care to enlarge it; for Charleston covers much ground for its population & the distance to many dwelling-houses is inconveniently long.

I have not yet seen Mrs. Keith. Mrs. Bulow died upwards of 2 years ago; I found the Major as civil as usual & much troubled with the management of his Children.

To give Charleston its due it is a heavenly Winter climate. . . Cold is felt very sensibly, as the Houses in general are constructed with reference to hot weather.

The face of the Country hereabout, you are probably aware, is perfectly flat & not a stone or a pebble (unless imported) can be found for many miles round; being part of a sandy district of 5 or 600 miles in length & upwards of 100 in breadth. Things are on a great scale in this Country—100 miles of Sand, 100 of Clay, 100 of Hills & Mountains & so on. Now in England you have the sands of Bootle, the clay & pebbles of Seacombe, the Plains of Mock-beggar & the Rocks & Hill of Bidston; all in a dozen miles or less. A grove of Pine trees is well enough, but when you ride for 4 or 5 days in the Mail & see little else, it is too much. . .





There has been so little inducement to do business since I have been here, that I have felt my time pass heavily—so I have bought myself a French book or two to rub up my memory of that language & I am now reading Voltaire's *History of Russia under Peter the Great*. So far my commercial tour in America has not been very successful, but I trust it may eventually be more so. . .

I have given up all idea of going to New Orleans; & I suppose about the month of April I shall direct my steps to Virginia (perhaps by way of New York) & there pass the Summer. . .

I don't think I have named having recommenced wearing my Wig, I did so about 6 weeks ago for I found my hair came off with travelling. I must conclude this sheet with good wishes &c

being very Affly Yours  
M. Maury

Matt, whirling down the Mississippi, wrote, "*A Scene & conversation which may provide much matter for reflection to students of the government, manners & customs of the United States:*"

Our Steam boat whirled us past the mouth of the great Arkansas, one of those large tributaries which might almost be confounded with the Mississippi itself & in a few miles brought us to the "White River Landing," which, from its greater convenience in not being so liable to being overflowed, is also used as the port for goods & passengers intended for the Arkansas. The engine was stopped, & the small boat sent to land & receive passengers. A little Village, called Montgomery, is springing up on the margin of those woods which it is displacing—two or three flat-boats were tied to the bank, & a pile of Cotton bales, awaiting a conveyance to New Orleans, showed that the White man was still pushing the Indian to the further & further West. . .

It being June, the Mississippi had fallen some 20 feet below its annual flood of the previous two months, & the shores appeared too high to be ever covered with its waters. Yet we know that its whole western bank for 900 or 1000 miles from its mouth is liable to inundation.



The debarkation was performing with all the hurry & confusion to be expected when in chase of another Steam boat . . . the pent-up Steam was occasionally escaping with that howling & hissing roar, which is so expressive of haste and impatience. . .

Notwithstanding the confusion, the general attention was drawn by the Post & appearance of a man who stood on the upper bank waiting to embark, his gun was on his shoulder, two dogs at his feet, & he wore an old Straw hat & a hunting Shirt of coarse calico, but otherwise was well dressed. One thought him at most a Captain, one that he might be a General, another a Western member of Congress, perhaps even Davy Crockett, who might have been swimming the Mississippi to "whip his weight in Wild cats" in the forests of Arkansas.

The jolly-boat had now returned & our friend of the Hunting Shirt, with Indian Knapsacks & Buffalo skins in lieu of Trunk & travelling bag, was found to be General Houston, who a few years ago had resigned his office of Governor of Tennessee, & buried himself among the Cherokees on the Arkansas, owing to some disagreement with his recently-married Wife. A man of handsome & pleasing countenance, high forehead, fine teeth, & of a figure so well proportioned that the eye would never have measured him as exceeding six feet.

We thought such a curiosity an acquisition that might tend to relieve the tedium of a Steam-boat voyage. We were introduced; & after dinner he joined our party to take wine. He conversed much & in a lively manner; but gave no symptoms of that general knowledge & information which the imagination would consider indispensable of a Governor of a State.

He told us that some of the tribes in the interior of Arkansas were of so very light a copper colour as to have all the advantages of red cheeks to show off their fine faces & figures. That the Osages are so swift of foot, that one of them will out-travel two fresh horses in a day; & that when they are pursued by their enemies the Pawnees, who have the best breed of horses, & find they can no longer escape





by riding, they take to their heels & never fail to get clear of their pursuers. To judge by their graduation of rewards, stealing is a prominent virtue—the first reward is for him who takes the most scalps, the second for the man who steals the most horses. They steal from friend & foe, & tho' they were so friendly & so trusting to Gen:l Houston, that they would not sign their treaty with the United States without consulting him, they sought all occasions of stealing his Horses or whatever they could lay their hands on.

We were much amused with his talk & continued to pass the bottle. Politics were not in the field; save his few remarks of contempt for those in the Indian department who at the eleventh hour had become advocates of Jackson & his measures. Who has not heard hundreds of theories on the science of Government & of speculation upon the duration of the Union of the States? My opinion, said our friend, is that the U. S. can only hold together so long as there is an abundance of rich unoccupied wild land for settlers; because as soon as the population is at all dense we shall fall to pieces. I would run a line on the parrallel of  $33^{\circ}$  or  $34^{\circ}$  to the Pacific Ocean, & say all North of it belongs to the U. S.; it would embrace Santa Fe & N. California, but we could easily get them by conquest or treaty, & I would have the U. S. establish a fort & settlement at the mouth of Columbia R. And by God Gentlemen (said he, striking the table) if they don't do it, & if I can get some capitalists to join me, I would easily collect 2 or 300 Volunteers on the Western frontiers, & I would proceed to establish a Colony myself at the mouth of Columbia; I would ascend the Arkansas to its source, then cross over (it is only 20 miles) to the headwaters of Lewis' River. The South fork of Columbia, & from thence descend to the mouth. There I would build a fort & establish a Government—I should get plenty of settlers, & from our great distance we could & would maintain an independence of any power on earth.

Gen:l Houston it seems was a native of Rockbridge County, Virginia & had little or no education. At one time when a Sergeant in the Army, he drew the attention & won the favor of Gen:l Jackson who promoted him to a Captaincy.





While a resident of Tennessee, he became popular enough to be elected Governor of that State. As before related, he resigned & went among the Indians; he then married one or two Indian wives, & during the last 12 months had been selling goods to the Indians, so that he had made \$3 or 4,000; & he declared to me that this sum made him richer than he had ever been before.

The points of reflection to which it immediately gave rise are:

The extension of civilization

The American fondness for emigration

The ill adaptation of a republican government to a densely settled country or otherwise?

The operation of universal suffrage in making such a man as Houston a Governor of a State.

Thus did General Houston cause Matt to meditate.

Matt also travelled extensively in Kentucky. In an undated letter his father requested him:

P. S. When in Kentucky, see, if you conveniently can, a Mr. William Thompson of New Glasgow about our correspondence relative to the claims of a Mr. DeGraffenriedt. See also a Mr. and Mrs. Barry: she is a niece of my first wife. As to our own relatives you will of course see as many of them as you can with convenience.

J. M.

July 4th, 1831, Ann wrote in her Charlottesville Diary:

Matthew arrived from New Orleans & grown so fat I should hardly have recognized him!

About 1832, in an undated letter, one glimpses of Matthew and Rutson keeping Bachelor's hallin Fourth Street, New York. After a bit of family gossip, Matt said:

Midell McKensie, Bache McEvers, McGregor, W. Maitland, Graves & Denning Duer dined with us 2 days ago. Neither Phil nor Mary had any assistance as far as I know—all went off well—roasted to a T & boiled to a bubble. The Soup so good that several of them took twice. Cod fish,



Roast beef, boned Turkey boiled, a little stewed veal, a tongue, a pair of Partridges, Cranberry Tart, Ice, Jelly & Blanc Mange—the three last from Mrs. Nible. It is long since we have had a dinner & Rutson dislikes it, but I owed something to all but McGregor. And besides I think it right, unless we are to be Hermits, to give a plain dinner to our friends now & then. It also prevents Phil & Mary growing too rusty. . .

On Xmas day we dined with the Waddingtons . . . & a Mr. Blakiston, son of Sir William (I think) B. of Derbyshire. . . Mrs. Wad. borrowed Phil to help wait. On that day was announced the engagement of Miss Barnwall to the youngest son of John Schermerhorn, aged about 22—a very youthful person in appearance. . . She is 20—her doing; her Father & Mother resisted. He has to find some way of making money, for his Father's property, altho' good, has to be divided among many children. Generally speaking the match is disproved of. . .

I was at a little Ball at Barnwall's last night. No old folks there except Mrs. Abm Ogden & another sister & Mrs. Waddington. . .

When I was consulting Mary about the dinner the other day, I was giving very precise instructions as to the puff paste & melted butter. She was so struck with the oddity of the thing, that she smiled more & more, until she fell into a violent fit of laughter; when she begged my pardon & said she could not help it. . . Mary, said I, this is the proper season for plumb pudding; but as you don't know much about it & it is a very difficult thing to make, we must let it alone. Oh, Lord, no, Sir, said she, I can get the young ladies to mix it. . . Who, said I? The Miss Haddens & they will be very happy to do it for you. No No Mary, we will not eat any Plumb pudding this time.

Many of your friends inquire after you—too numerous to mention I hope you have a merry Xmas & that it will be followed by a happy new year. Mrs. Bache McEvers sits with me in St. Thomas' every Sunday morning, sometimes with the girls, sometimes with Bache when he is up early enough. . .







## CHAPTER VI

### ANN



T the age of eight, 1811, Ann wrote her first letter, to mother, from the Miss Bushnells' boarding school for young ladies.

My dear Mama,

I was going to write to James but Miss Mary said she thought my first Letter ought to be to you, so I shall finish my Brothers afterwards.

I was sorry you were not at home the other evening, but I dare say my Papa told you that the Holidays begin on the 24th of this month.

I hope you will excuse this short Letter.

Pray give my best Love to Rutson, and Duty to my Papa, and accept the same yourself from,

Dear Mama,

Your affecte. Daughter,

Anne Maury

Liverpool 4th Dec. 1811

Miss Bushells desire their best respects.

Four years later, little Ann was evidently well started on her career as a writer. Her god-mother, Anne Maury, the Consul's sister, sent her a message from Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 5th, 1815:

I was much pleased, my dear Ann, with your affectionate letter, which was so well expressed, that I am sure you have been a very industrious little girl since you were put to school . . . your Papa tells me you are seldom indulged with a visit to his house. . .

Ann at fourteen was called "*a careless daughter*" for bringing







ANN MAURY, 1803-1876



to Sidmouth a raggy nightgown and forgetting her third flannel petticoat. Their mother complained to Will:

Sidmouth April 9, 1817.

. . . Ann has only brought 2 Night Caps, instead of 4—& 2 Tippetts instead of 4, she has brought a raggy Night Chemise instead of her 3rd new one & her 3rd Flannel Petticoat—also be so good as to send those Botannical cards I bought for Ann last Xmas . . . her thread case & I doubt not many other things, prayer book, French Grammar, &c, &c, in short many things, more indeed, than my careless daughter can call to mind. . .

Did she ride with her back to the horses?

Ann wrote her brother in Liverpool her impressions of the Cottage:

Sidmouth Monday 31st. March 1817

My dear Willie

We arrived at Sidmouth yesterday at about seven o'clock. We came in a post-chaise all the way from Bath. We went from Bath to Wells, 20 miles before breakfast, set out at six o'clock in the morning. Mama is obliged to you for your intentions about the Pills, but hopes she shall not have any occasion for them. If she had they could not be used for the brandy ran into the Pill boxes & they are in two cakes.

. . . I was quite astonished to find Mill's Cottage such a magnificent place. There are two parlours with folding doors between with Gothic windows down to the ground opening into the pleasure ground. The roof is thatched. The room John sleeps in is so lofty that my head touches the top directly.

Miss Mills was here on Saturday to supper, intends the planting of flowers, strewing the Grass plot with cinders, etc. Mama says if she was younger she would think she had fallen in love with Matt. We took a walk this morning to the top of the cliff Mama spoke of in her letter to Mrs. Gwathmey. She says she felt ten thousand per cent better when she had only seen our faces before she conversed with us. Mama says she can now enter into the feelings of Robinson Crusoe which she never could before. . .





William was at this time the center of the stage. Ann's letter that Matt referred to was among the first of a series that she wrote to William, to keep him posted, and at the same time to continue her close contact with him, obviously, her favorite brother. She wrote him from Liverpool, 20th March, 1819, in care of Robert Pollard, Esq., Richmond, Virginia:

. . . Mama has been to the Institution to two lectures on Ventilation by a Dr. Meylor from Ireland . . . she ventilated the bed by opening the curtains, it was repeated three times. . . . Sandbags are almost exploded; every day after dinner the window [here the letter has stuck to the seal] . . . to let out the bad air. . .

Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Newsham came to drink tea & to play a pool—Mrs. C. according to custom was not the most interesting of persons she won 7 or 8 shillings at cards. . . We have had such strong Easterly winds here that we have been encouraged to hope you are arrived ere this in New York. . .

Ann concluded with a bit of gossip:

John Wakefield's match is quite off indeed we all thought as much for whenever he went to see her she was ill and got better when he was away. . .

Ann at the age of sixteen showed her graphic descriptive powers. She wrote to Will in Fredericksburg, April 1st, 1819:

. . . Mr. Ewart was thrown from his horse and alighted on his face which he bruised very much, his nose was laid open, he got a black eye and his teeth cut the inside of his mouth very much he walked home leading his horse he met several gentlemen who were going to town who sent Mr. Bickerstreth out, he was bled and got quite better in a day or two. . .

From Liverpool 20th Sept., 1819, Ann regaled her brother William in Boston:

. . . Mama and Rutson have been lately spending some days at Allerton they had a sad accident while there. As they





were returning in the carriage . . . when they were about half way the axle-tree broke one of the fore wheels off and Tokely was thrown off the box, the horses galloped half way up the hill until the footman got possession of the reins and stopped the horses, no injury was done to any one except Tokely who did not break any bones. . . One of the horses had the skin scratched off down its back. The carriage was much broken.

They are laying pipes along the streets for gas the whole town is to be lighted with it shortly there are either ten or eleven lights in this street. . .

Ann's perseverance as a sightseer lead to an adventure. She wrote to Will from Sedgewick, England 28th July, 1819:

. . . we took the whole inside of the coach and had a journey as pleasant as journeys in those conveyances are in hot weather . . . we have had an excursion to see some of the Lakes . . . we took places in the Whitehaven coach, Whitehaven being the nearest post town to West Water . . . the view was so beautiful, the day so hot and so confined in the inside of the coach that Isabella and myself got on the outside (What would *the good old woman* say?) . . . about 8 miles . . . as there was a heavy dew we got in.

We reached Whitehaven a little before 10 o'clock and had tea the room we sat in had originally been one with the adjoining apartment . . . separated only by a thin board partition the other part was occupied by 4 tipsey gentlemen. We (like good Mrs. Muckle) placed ourselves advantageously to hear their conversation. T'was ridiculous indeed . . . poor creatures! they *could hardly* keep upon their chairs. . .

We rose next morning at half past four went at five to see the pier at Whitehaven it was a fine clear morning and it looked beautiful the Sea of the deepest blue and the Isle of Man in the distance . . . when we got to West Dale Head there was no road for a chaise any farther the Driver never had been so far on that road before; they had such an idea of the poverty of the place they said it was much if we could get a feed of corn in the whole parish indeed there were only five families in it. We stopped at one cottage and got some



milk and clap bread. It was our intention to walk over the mountains into Grassmere the Drivers said we had a slavish day afore us but they told John that he dare say they could have done very well if they had been without their woman-folk. We got a guide at West Dale . . . all the prog we had with us was a few hard biscuits and a *pint bottle of Brandy* which we were informed was indispensable on such occasions. We had a weary walk indeed we went 15 miles constantly up and down hill in many places we walked as high as our knees in mud and such rocks did we come down that when we looked back upon them it was quite frightful. . . I never tasted anything all the time except the Brandy which to our shame be it spoken we drank entirely and I dare say we should twice as much had we had it, so we stopped at the first cottage we came to . . . to get some milk the woman had just been milking . . . the milk and brandy could not agree upon an empty stomach and Isabella and I were very sick indeed, and to complete our calamities our bundles which had been sent by the coach to be left at Grasmere were taken on . . . so we had no night linen, no changes of stockings etc. . . We took a sail on the lake the next morning . . . got home about 8 o'clock heartily tired as you may imagine. . . I took a little cold which increases since I got home. . . I lost my voice entirely for 3 days, had two blisters on my chest and was bled. I am now quite well and not a bit the worse except a little reduced which you will think no bad thing—I am writing to Papa but I do not mean to mention my illness for you know the anxiety of our excellent mother on such subjects. . .

The close of the year 1819 Margaret gave Will a *sketch in ink*:

. . . Ann is as fat as a pig . . . [she] received your gift of the shoes, but I believe must chop heel and toe in order to wear them. . .

And again:

. . . I am dull for want of Ann's music. She plays delightfully. . .





Writing to her brother James, Ann observed:

It is quite the order of the day to break of weddings when on the eve of their conclusion. John Ewart and Miss Astor set the example . . . and now William's old friend Miss Smith the day was actually fixed on which she was to be united to a young clergyman a most respectable character and the lady changed her mind to be sure it is better they should change their mind before marriage than after.

In the back of Great Great-Aunt Ann's Scrap-book of family letters is pasted the following remarkable document. It was witnessed by a long list of Ann's young friends:

I, the undersigned Ann Maury (sole daughter of James Maury of Liverpool in the County Palatine of Lancaster Merchant) do hereby make affidavit that I am in the daily habit of making my hair neat and clean, plaiting the back part of it in a plait of which the dimensions are two inches in breadth and eight inches in length, and also curling it nicely in the front.

Signed, sealed and dated by me this Tuesday the ninth day of December and year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty three.

One wonders if there is any girl of twenty today, either here or in England who could write a similar fashion note!

At the time her portrait was painted, Ann was still "curling it nicely in the front." The portrait used to hang in our dining room. I always used to wonder what Ann was thinking about as she stared down at us. An appraisal company has listed the painting: "Portrait of a Lady" and so it seems to be.

Ann's idea of gaiety was quite a contrast to Matt's. She wrote from Seacombe, England to James in Charlottesville 31 May, 1826:

. . . Mama and I have been most exceedingly gay, going to Tea Parties 2 or 3 times a week and not returning home till eleven o'clock at night which in this retired country spot is thought quite dissipated.





You have heard I suppose of Willie having been in Paris, he returned about a month ago with spirits considerably amended though still very melancholy at times. He brought Mama, Aunt Bold and me each a present of a Parisian Bonnet. I appeared in mine for the first time on Sunday last and created quite a sensation in Wallasey Church. . .

I suppose you have not yet received your Medicine Chest. I am afraid you will be physicking Jupiter to death having such a grand stock of medicines at hand.

I am very anxious to hear how you go on with your matrimonial prospects for I think a wife a most necessary appendage to the family of a Virginia Farmer. . . I have just had a present of two very fine Red Birds from a Mr. Gatewood Mate [letter torn] of the ship *Edward*. . . I made him a present of a purse in return. . .

Writing in 1870, when in her seventieth year to her cousin "Sally," Mrs. C. M. Reid of Nashville, Tennessee; Ann justified her state of single blessedness:

I think a happy married woman is much happier than a happy single woman. But for my part, I feel that my duty was so plain before me to take care of my good old father that it could not be mistaken. Once upon a time my mother thought I was giving my affections to some *man* & she did not want me to do so—she said to *me* "my dear Annie, if you will stay with your old father & mother while they live, God will bless you, & you will never repent it." Her words were a blessing to me & I have never repented staying single—I have always had plain, useful, home duties before me, so that there was nothing conflicting as to what was right to do. I had to take an orphan family whose minds were full of prejudice against me as you well know. Now, tho' they are mostly married they give me respect, nay more than respect, they love me as a mother might be satisfied to be loved. . .

Among Ann's personal papers in The Little Black Trunk there is only one letter which might be called a "Love letter," and this



is not signed. Possibly it was written by the *man* referred to above. Ann's father appears almost to have been a conspirator here!

My dear "Master Ann"

I never expect to have sufficient *nerve* to bid a friend farewell in person—so accept the will for the deed.

I got the Consul's good wishes on Wednesday . . . if you will send me a letter by the *Republic* I will remain your slave. . .

And on the back of the letter:

whisper my never fading Love and admiration to Father.

In taking her mother's place as the head of the house, Ann had many details to attend to. This undated letter written by Margaret while away on an "out" gives us an idea of what Ann may have had to do:

Dr Ann

. . . I will send this mornngs cream for your Tea this Eveng. Do *pray take care of my Bottle*, & that sent t'other mornng, put them in my Book case. I send some Tincture of Rhubarb, also Camphorated spirit—Send me a chicken to roast for our dinner today—I shou'd think a Leg of Lamb to boil, and the Goose which Miss Smith has just left wou'd do for dinner tomorrow—Why don't you get Butter, Tea, Coffee, and anything else you may want—I sent Sugar ready cut last night & I put up that famous Tobacco you'll recollect to give it Wm. . . Send Tea Cakes to day 12 penny ones. I lent Betty one of my best bags she promised to return it ask her for it, it is markd with our name & had apples in. . . Remember a white Loaf for Dinner tomorrow. Place Miss Johnstones Trunks &c under the front Stairs—

The Druggist on the hill where the drunken body lived sells 5 squares Windsor pr 1s., get it today for the bed rooms in Rodney St.—I want the Inventory sadly—The mug man was here yesterday I bought a *lovely* slop bason to match the *Grecians* & sent it out & one of the Sugar Basons—

Ann was twenty-seven when her mother died. As she noted in her diaries she had "seen a little of the world"; she had quite a





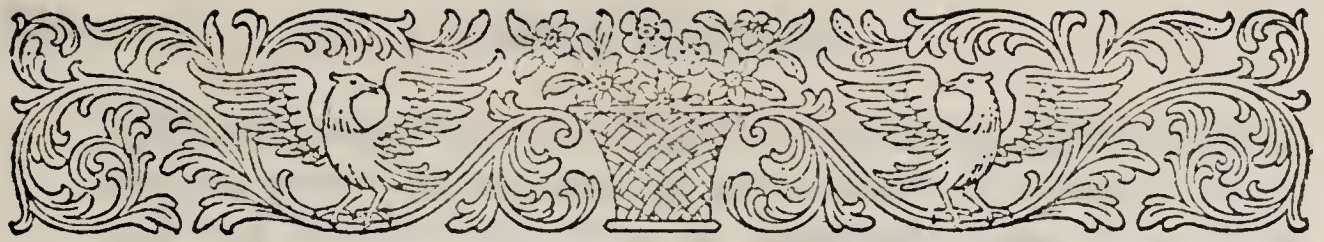
few beaux, and from her enthusiasm as a sightseer, she must have loved to travel. But then she cheerfully set to work to fill her chosen "job"; just staying at home! This was as her mother wished and planned that it should be.

As he hinted in his letter, November 17th, 1830; Will and Sarah were thinking of going to Virginia, where young James and Matt appeared to have taken root. Rutson was to follow at a later date. Ann and her father were soon to turn eyes and hearts seaward. As James, the Old Consul, said of his Margaret, so he was to say of England:

*"Hail and Farewell!"*







## CHAPTER VII

### LEAVES FROM ANN'S SCRAP-BOOKS

**P**oor in worldly goods, Great Great-Aunt Ann has left a priceless heritage in her Little Black Trunk. What a wonderful thing she has done for us; in preserving, in carefully sorted little packets, tied with yellow string, these letters of the members of her family so dear to her heart!

Ann must have realized that some day the pictures they present of the modes and manners of the times would be of great interest. Certainly, she was most meticulous when it came to filling in her own Diaries; often copying over the finely written penciled pages with pale ink (and how hard these pages were to read!).

Ann may have had a book of this sort in mind; while laboriously collecting the material in the trunk. Portions of her Diary, not in book form, but written on sheets of paper were carefully folded, and sewn together with white cotton, to simulate a book. Some of these, including the accounts of the English Royal Ceremonies, were in a brown paper folder labeled "Manuscripts". Little did she realize that her own loveable character would be sketched for coming generations in the ink that so spontaneously flowed back in answer to her affectionate messages.

Ann's two big ledger-like Scrap-books, as I mentioned in the Foreword, were my father, Charles Walker Maury's pride and joy. And well might they be, with such names as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Pinckney, and James Madison.

From Mr. Jefferson:

Paris 13 1787.

Dear Sir,

I received your favor of Oct. 25, the day before yesterday only. it would be needless for me therefore to add to what you already know on the subject of peace & war. the prin-





cipal minister here is so intent on domestic improvements, and on peace as necessary to give leisure for them, that it will not be his fault if it be disturbed again. it will be equally unnecessary for me to give you a formal attestation of your being a citizen of the United states. should any occasion for it arise hereafter I shall be always ready to certify it.—with respect to tobacco the contract with Mr. Morris & the order of Berni cease with this year. I am obtaining an arrangement for the five years which yet remain of the present lease to the farmers general, by which they will be obliged to take all the tobacco for which they shall have occasion from America, except about one fifth Northern which they represent as necessary. They will be obliged to take such only as comes directly from America, without having touched at any European port, in *French* or *American* bottoms, and to make the purchase *in France*. it will be particularly watched that they purchase not a single hogshead in England, by this I hope to have completely effected the diverting so much of the tobacco trade as amounts to their own consumption from England to France. I am glad to find also by your letter that this operation will have the effect to raise the price of this commodity at the English market. 24000 hhds of tobacco a year, less at that market than heretofore, must produce some change, & it could not be for the worse. The order to the farmers will name only 14,000 hhds a year, but it is certain they must extend it themselves nearly or quite to 24,000, as their consumption is near 30,000. I am endeavoring to bring hither also, directly, the rice of America, consumed in this country. at present they buy it from London. I am of opinion they could consume the whole of what is made in America especially if the rice states will introduce the culture of the Piedmont & Egyptian rices also, both of which qualities are demanded here in concurrence with that of Caroline. I have procured for them the seed from Egypt & Piedmont. The indulgences given to American whale oil will ensure it's coming here directly. in general I am in hopes to ensure here the transportation of all our commodities which come to this country, in American & French bottoms exclusively, which will coun-





tervail the effect of the British navigation act on our carrying business. the returns in French instead of English manufactures will take place by degrees. supposing that these details cannot but be agreeable to you as a merchant & as an American, I trouble you with them; being with much sincerity & on all occasions, Dear Sir

your friend & servant  
(signed Th: Jefferson

To: Mr. James Maury  
Merchant  
Liverpool

Thomas Jefferson to James Maury, Merchant, Liverpool:

Philadelphia Aug. 30, 1791

Dear Sir

I am to acknowlege the receipt of your favor of the 23d. of June, & of the copy of the Corn law, which was the first information I had of it's passage, and is now the only information of it's form.

You observe that some masters of vessels refuse to comply with your requisitions to furnish the particulars of your reports. To this we are obliged to submit until the Legislature shall go thro their Consular Bill and decide whether they will oblige the masters or not to render accounts.

The crops of wheat in America have been remarkably fine. a drought about the time of harvest & since that, has afflicted certain parts of the country beyond any thing known since the year 1755. Albemarle is among the most suffering parts. corn is there now at 20/- . there have been fine rains lately which will recover the tob<sup>o</sup>. in some degree, but the corn was past recovery.

I am with great & sincere esteem, Dear Sir

Your friend & servt  
Th. Jefferson

Mr. Maury

Great Cumberland Place  
28th. Jan. 1793

Sir [James Maury]

In answer to your favor of the 16th. I have to inform you





that I do not think the measure of applying to the officers of the British Custom House to withhold the clearances of American vessels whose masters refuse to comply with the request of the consuls to furnish the statements required in the consular instructions would be either effectual or safe. I do not think it would be effectual because I do not believe the officers could legally withhold the clearances for that reason from a vessel the master or owner of which had complied with all the requisites in the British law of which the measure in question forms no part and if they should do it I conceive that any refractory owner of a vessel might support an action in America against the consul for causing such detention unless there be some act of Congress authorizing it which I have not yet been able to find. I shall write at the first opportunity to our Secretary of State on the subject and would recommend your doing the same.

. . . I yesterday sent to request an interview with Lord Grenville immediately after the receipt of your favor of the 26th but his lordship having that day received information of the death of a near relative has at present prevented me from receiving an answer. The result shall be communicated to you as soon as I receive the explanation. I remain, with respect Sir

Your most obedient and  
most humble servant  
Thomas Pinckney

Philad. January 18, 1797

Dear Sir,

Mr. Maron and myself recd. your packets of London papers by the *Hamilton* which were very acceptable as they brought us the earliest accounts of some of the important articles contained in them. I send in return several packages by Capt. Joseph Prince who is to sail from New York, and to whom I cannot conveniently commit anything of a more bulky nature. Capt. Prince is a brother-in-law of Mr. Beckley Clerk of the House of Rept. and formerly known to you in business. He will be very sensible to any kindness it may lie in your way to show his friend; and they will have a proper claim on my acknowledgements.



This country is extremely agitated by pecuniary distresses and the mercantile ones which begin to thicken on it. The unfortunate treaty intended to appease our nation is bringing us into trouble with several. You will see that the H. of Rept. is engaged on the question of direct tax. The result is a problem yet to be solved. It is expected that the executors will communicate in a few days a full statement of the controversy with France.

After a warm contest for the succession to Genl. W, the vacancy will be filled by Mr. Adams. He has 71 votes and Mr. Jefferson 68. The division would be still nicer but for a failure of one of the returns from a county in this state in time to be counted. Other casualties in other states had a share in favoring Mr. A. Mr. Jefferson, it is well known will serve in his secondary place allotted to him.

This being the last session of Cong. of which I shall be a member, I must at the same time that I return to you thanks for all your past favors, request that your future ones may be addressed to Orange, Virginia & that they may not be sent on the calculation that I shall get them free of postage.

With great esteem I am

Dr. Sir

Yr. mo. ob. hbl. fr

J. Madison

George Washington to Sam'l Williams, Esq.; a letter to a U. S. Consul at Paris, in Ann's Scrap-book:

Mount Vernon 10th. Jan. 1798

Sir,

Your letter of the 5th. of Octr from Hamburgh has been received, giving me the first direct & certain account of the arrival of General Lafayette and family at that place; a circumstance highly pleasing to his friends in this country—to none more than myself; and for the prompt advice you have been so obliging to give me of it, I pray you to accept my sincere thanks.

Fortunate indeed was it for him & family, that they did not (according to what has been reported to have been their intention) embark in the ship *John*, which was lost on the





coast of New Jersey, and the passengers with great difficulty & at the utmost peril of their lives, saved. It may be fortunate too on another account; the delay may give a chance to meet his son in Europe; whose ardent desire, fanned by premature accounts of their actual liberation, could no longer be restrained from flying to the expected embraces of his parents in Paris to which place he was informed they were journeying, through Italy.

He left New York the 26th. of October in the ship *Clio*, for Havre de Grace, and probably would have (at that season) a short passage.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant

Sam<sup>l</sup>. Williams, Esqr.

G. Washington

Lafayette's letter to Samuel Williams:

February the 17th, 1798

My dear Sir

Your favour of the 11th. has been heartily welcomed—to the pleasure to receive the piece of news it contained, I have added the satisfaction to receive it from you. I am happy, my dear Sir, in the testimonies of your sympathising friendship and want words to express the sense I have of your kindness, and the value I see by the ties which shall for ever bind me to you. I hope George will not be so unlucky as to arrive too late, and that before your departure he may be presented to the friend whom he shall hear among us so frequently and so affectionately mentioned. May he give us satisfactory intelligence about our Parisian negotiations, at least it is probable. I will get an answer from a man in power upon this momentous affair. Excuse, my good friend, the shortness of this letter. I am hurried by the bearer who is going to (?) and shall write again in a few days. In the mean while believe me forever

Your Sincere friend

Lafayette

Mr. Williams, Consul of the United States.





Mr. Jefferson recalled "antient intimacies":

Washington July 20. 1804

Dear Sir

Having occasion to make some remittances to Europe, I have procured from my friend mr. Madison three sets of exchange on you, to wit

For 200. Dollars in favor of Joseph Yznardi at Cadiz

250. Dollars in favor of Thomas Appleton of Leghorn

300. D. in favor of William Jarvis at Lisbon

750. Dollars all at 60 days sight. these bills leave this now for their several destinations, will come round to you in due time and will we trust be duly honored.

I have at several times received packets of newspapers which I perceived came from you, and which, altho' my occupations have long obliged me to abandon the reading all European newspapers, yet they conveyed to me proofs of your kind attentions, and nourished the cordial recollections of our antient intimacies. I have found, in my progress through life that the friendships of our earliest years are those which are the deepest seated and inspire the most perfect confidence. I assure you that mine for you has never abated, altho' my incessant occupations have prevented the repeating expressions of it. your worthy brother, the parson, [Rev. Matthew Maury] was well the last time I heard from him. his health was for some time unpromising but is got better. We are filled with anxiety for the crisis internal as well as external thro' which your adopted country is going, our business is a rigorous and faithful neutrality, to which we will certainly adhere, but it is impossible for us to look on the present state of things between France and England without the most lively solicitude. Accept I pray you my affectionate salutations, and assurances of my constant friendship and respect.

Th. Jefferson

James Maury Esq.

Because of his friendship for General George Washington and Colonel Fielding Lewis, the Old Consul insisted on paying a debt, although nobody seemed to know for what it was due.



Bushrod Washington wrote to James Maury from *Clay Mont*, October 7th, 1835:

Dear Sir,

In reply to yours of the 26th. in. can only say, in relation to the tobacco therein spoken of, I am entirely ignorant. If it was a transaction between you and the late Judge Bushd. Washington of *Mt. Vernon*, I am his surviving executor and the proper person to receive the money. But if a transaction between you and Genl. Geo. Washington of *Mt. Vernon*, then Major Lawe. Lewis the surviving executor of the said Decd. is the proper person to receive the money. He resides in Fairfax County, Virginia, near Alexa. D. C. He leaves home for the south the first of Novr.

Receive Dear sir for yourself and daughter my sincere thanks for the kind manner you are pleased to speak of my Departed Wife.

Very respectfully  
Yr. Mo. Obt. Servt.  
Bushd. Washington.

But when James consulted him, Lawe. Lewis was in no hurry for the money. He wrote from *Woodlawn*, 18th October, 1835:

Dear Sir,

Your favor of the 15th. Inst. came to hand with an enclosed Check upon the Farmers Bank of Alexandria for twenty two dollars, being a ballance due from you to the estate of Gen. George Washington. I have examined your account made up to the death of Genl. Washington by the Clerk, under the inspection of Tobias Lear and find it ballanced, nothing appearing to be due from you, I thought it possible the sum had been carried to the credit of Genl. Washington in lease amount with him, but I do not find this has been done. I am therefore at a loss to account for your being indebted to his Estate, this possibly may be a mistake of yours, if upon examination you find this to be the case, let me know it and the money shall be immediately returned; I can only repeat nothing stands against you upon the Genl's Books.





As a friend of my ever regretted Father Col. Fielding Lewis, I feel highly gratified in hearing of your continued good health, & I ardently wish a kind Providence may long continue it to you. At an early period I was taught to love and respect you by my ever regretted and good Mother, who often spoke of you with great kindness and affection as the particular friend of her brother Gen<sup>l</sup>. Washington and my father, I am now the only one of the children living and having married a Miss Custis, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington I now live upon a Farm given me by the Gen<sup>l</sup>. For your kind invitation to visit you in New York, accept my best thanks, and be assured, should I return from New Orleans by way of New York where I shall be this winter for the benefit of the mild climate during the winter months, I shall most assuredly do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you.

Will you permit me to trouble you upon a subject I think it most probable you may have some recollection of, that is a company called the Loyal Company of Virginia, a Mr. Fielding Lewis was a member of it as well as Mr. Charles Dick. For the want of evidence that my father was the person who is therein named (all his books & papers having been burnt in the house of my Brother John, during a fire in Fredericksburg has deprived us of all evidence on the subject) a large sum is locked up and will not be paid unless some evidence is given that my father was the person named. I would ask you if you have any recollection of the Company and whether my father was a member of it, I have every reason to believe he was so, for there were few schemes of that sort in those days which he was not a member. Any information you can give me upon the subject will be thankfully received.

I am Dr. Sir,

with great esteem

& Respect your Obt. Ser.

Lawe. Lewis





From John Taliaferro to James Maury:

Washington, 7th of April, 1836.

Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to receive your much esteemed favor under date of the 5th. instant, and the enclosure is forwarded to Mr. John King. I had supposed, before I received your letter, that your residence was near Fredericksburg. If any circumstances should take me to New York, I shall take great pleasure to avail of your kind invitation to visit you. In early life I knew you well and have always entertained for you the highest respect & regard. My Father, whose name was John, was the youngest brother, not the son of the Mr. Laurence Taliaferro of whom you speak. He resided, as you describe, about twelve miles below Fredericksburg, on the North side of our river, at a place called Hayes. You knew him intimately. He was at the commencement of the Revolution a Merchant in the Firm of Hunters and Taliaferro, a disastrous enterprise to him. He died in the year 1789 leaving two sons, of which I am the younger, tho' sixty seven years old, and one Daughter. Anything from the Old Country, as you call England, will always be acceptable to me, especially coming from you—when therefore you can send me the papers of which you speak, they will be thankfully received. If it should occur to you, that I can send you anything from this place, I pray you to say so, and it shall be done. Wishing for you & your family near you, health, I am dear Sir, with greatest respect and regard,

Your friend and servant

John Taliaferro.

In 1845, some years after the Old Consul, James Maury, arrived in New York, his English daughter-in-law, Sarah, Mrs. William Maury, sailed for New York in the ship *Hottinguer* of the New Line. Viewed in a literary light, the result of this, and possibly previous trips, was the publication of two books; *The Statesmen of America in 1846* and *An Englishwoman in America*, in 1848, and the collecting of original autographed letters which her sister-in-law, Ann, has preserved in a Scrap-book.

Mr. Albion devotes an illuminating chapter in *Square Riggers*



on *Schedule* to travel in the packet ships. He names Charles Dickens' accounts of his trips in his *American Notes*, adding; "More serious is the tone of the very detailed sixty-three-page story written by Mrs. Sarah Mytton Maury."

Mr. Albion describes Mrs. Maury's account of the steerage conditions in the *Hottinguer*. Smallpox broke out in the steerage.

That episode had one important effect. Mrs. Maury relates that when she came on board, she had noticed a sign reading "A Surgeon sails on this Ship", but there was no official doctor and it was only by chance that one was discovered among the steerage passengers. Some of the London packets had advertised that they carried doctors, as early as 1830, but many of the packets seem to have dispensed with them trusting to the versatile aptitude of the captain and the contents of the ship's medicine chest. No sooner was she off the ship than Mrs. Maury, who seems to have had the zeal of a reformer, began intensive lobbying at Washington for a law to compel immigrant ships to carry doctors, and also to pull wires at London for similar legislation. She was thwarted for the time being, but seems to have aroused sufficient public opinion so that by 1847, the Liverpool packets were all carrying doctors.\*

Ann carefully pasted these two short notes to herself and Sarah in her Scrap-book. The first is written from Washington, 4th July, 1841:

H. Clay's respects to Miss Maury, with his thanks for the testimony she has communicated to him in respect to Mr. Madison's opinions as to a Nat. bank. What caught her eye, as to Mr. Rives's statement relative to them, regarded Mr. Jefferson & not Mr. Madison.

Enclosed in the note to Sarah are two nicely pressed flowers:

With the best wishes for Mrs. Maury and the warmest regards for Mr. W. Maury, of  
Ashland May 1846.

Henry Clay

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\**Square-Riggers on Schedule*, pages 250-251.





Sarah dedicated her *Statesmen of America* in 1846 to "the Honourable James Buchanan, Secretary of State at Washington." She stated that both her books were indebted to his suggestion for their origin.

After describing the White House reception and her introduction to the President and Mrs. Polk, Sarah said:

It was at the annual ball given at Washington on the 8th. of January . . . that I was first presented to Mr. Buchanan, and I at once knew that I looked upon a friend.

This letter to Mrs. Sarah Maury and that of J. C. Calhoun are in Ann's Scrap-book, as is the following from James Buchanan:

Washington, 28th. January 1847.

My dear Madam,

The Despatches by the *Hibernia* did not arrive here until yesterday morning: & I have since been so busy in preparing my return dispatches, that I have not had time to read the *Statesmen of America* which you were so kind as to forward to me. I anticipate great pleasure from its perusal which I shall commence this evening after the last mail shall have closed by which I can transmit dispatches to Boston in time for the departure of the *Hibernia*. I have now only time to thank you cordially for the book.

Upon reflection I have come to the conclusion that you had better not publish my two private letters to yourself. If in their publication, you should state that this was done by my permission it would look like a preconcerted effort to bring my name before the public with your commendation. If you should not make the statement, it would subject you to the charge of making private letters public. In either case the consequences would be unpleasant.

My friend Mrs. P—(?) is now honoring my Bachelor's abode with her presence and she has given it a cheerful aspect. After my return from the office this evening, I calculate upon the pleasure of hearing her read aloud to me.

In great haste, I remain sincerely and respectfully,

Your friend

James Buchanan





In *The Statesmen of America* Sarah says:

Calhoun is my statesman. Through good report and and through all evil report; in all his doctrines, whether upon Slavery, Free Trade, Nullification, Treasury, and Currency Systems, active Annexation, or *masterly inactivity*, I hold myself his avowed and admiring disciple. . .

Quoting Mr. Calhoun: "I like balls, they are beautiful things; but now I have a cough . . . and I fear the evening air." And he adds: "Ladies should always be dressed in white, and wear a girdle."

J. C. Calhoun to Mrs. Sarah M. Maury:

Fort Hill, 11th May 1847

My dear Madam,

I am gratified to learn, that your book has been, even in some degree, serviceable in stemming the infatuation of the abolitionists. It is abolition, which more than any other cause tends to separate the two countries, & create prejudice toward each other.

Nothing is more desirable than two countries, in advance of all others in civilization, and so intimately related in almost every particular, should understand one another fully. On it depends, not only their own peace, safety and prosperity, but that of Christendom, & the cause of progress over the world. That your "*Statesmen*" written in a spirit so just and liberal, would exercise a beneficial influence in that respect, I was prepared to expect, and am happy to hear that it has had that effect on your side of the Atlantic, as I doubt not it has had on this side. You may with the consciousness of having contributed to such a result well smile at the illiterate remarks of ill-natured critics.

I regard it as a most favorable omen for the future that there are so many and such powerful causes now in operation to bring the two countries to be better acquainted with each other—among them, free trade and the rapidity of communication may be placed as the most prominent. Next to them, and only next, because, as I trust, more temporary stands the awful infliction on your side by the famine of this



memorable year; but such has been the occasion of the development of so much good feelings on our side which never would have been known to exist, had not the distressing occurrence called it forth.

It has done more. It has settled the question of free trade beyond the power of reaction, by teaching both countries how important it is between two countries situated as ours are; the one old, with a dense population and a vast accumulation of capital; the other with a sparse population and vast regions of fertile and uncultivated lands. Had the trade between them been as unshackled on ours as it is on your side, the benefit would be still greater to both. It would, in that case, been a mere exchange of our surplus provisions, for your surplus man fortunes, instead of gold and silver. The one would have stimulated the industry of both to the highest degree, while the other, has served, but to disturb their monetary condition and to that extent, to the disadvantage of both in the end.

So deep has been the impression made by free trade on our side that it has forced silence on its opponents and will probably prevent them from making opposition to it, one of the issues in the next presidential election and they take it out of our party politics. Indeed, were it not for the unfortunate Mexican war, with its accompanying heavy debt and expense, I do not doubt that a great reduction would be made by our next Congress in our rates of duties and that in a short time they would be reduced to the lowest scale which the expense of the Government economically administered would admit. But, I fear, as it is that free trade in its full magnitude will be long delayed on our side. If we shall escape with that, even with that misfortune, great as it is, we shall be fortunate. I fear my worst anticipations of its effects will be realized. Had it not occurred our fortune would have been without a cloud.

My cough has not entirely left me but it is much better. My general health is good. Mrs. Calhoun desires to be kindly remembered to you.

Yours faithfully

J. C. Calhoun





The year 1848 found Sarah and William and their eleven children established at *Windsor*, a farm near Fredericksburg, Virginia. Sarah died of typhus fever, contracted from an infected well, 20th September, 1849. Matthew wrote Ann, then on a visit in Liverpool, of their brother William's death on the 15th of October. Apparently Matthew took it for granted that Ann would come over from England at once and take care of the eleven orphaned children! Which is exactly what she did.

Jones' Hotel, Phila Octr 23 1849

3 a. m.

As I go to N. York at 6 o'clock & they tell me here that there are no vacant beds, I have a good time for writing. . . William died of violent bilious Fever which turned to Typhus. . . I was truly glad to find all the eleven children tolerably well, & they were as you may suppose very glad to see me . . . the children all wished to keep together. . . So at Windsor they will remain until you come out, as I suppose you will on the first Steamer after you get this letter. . . Several of them were taking quinine. . . All the children have had chills since they went to Windsor.

It was affecting delightful to find them so united and so apparently kind to each other & to see the cheerful resignation with which they bear their sorrow. . . I was just in time to carry down the mourning & bonnets which my wife requested Walker to get for the Girls after their mother's death. . . I much lamented that I did not think of taking them 2 or 3 loaves of wheat bread (they can't make their Wheat bread good—their Ind. Corn Bread is good enough, and they very rarely have fresh Beef or Mutton. . . Sarah (age 13) being the most vigorous in health is milking the cows morning & eveng, & to show the care they are taking, they make her change every article of Clothing when she comes in for fear it may have become damp or malarious. . .

In connection with legal matters Matthew mentioned some of the good citizens of Fredericksburg, W. R. Mason, John Herndon, John Tayloe, Brodie Herndon, and others. He continued:





. . . I found it hard enough to refrain from weeping on many occasions especially when I sat down to Meals with the eleven children, & when I parted with them. . .

For the benefit of their descendants who may be interested, and their names are legion, these children were, James, Harriet Van Ness, William, Ann Fontaine, Rutson, Matthew Fontaine, Sarah Fanny, Charles William, Mytton, Walker and Tobin.





## CHAPTER VIII -

## A GRAND TOUR OF THE CONTINENT

ANN MAURY, 1803-1876

**U**P to now, at the age of twenty-four, Ann had played rather a negative role; yet we know from their letters how much she meant to each one of her family. Margaret must have felt pretty sure of her young daughter, to have allowed her to go off to Paris, with only her brother for chaperone. This was in 1827!

Her life as an Old Maid began here for Ann. She was to spend almost all the days of her life in the interests, pains and pleasures of others. Although at the end of this episode Ann felt she had had almost too much pleasure, the trip was planned to divert the young widower, her favorite brother Will. How soon they all learn to lean on her for interest, for understanding, for sympathy! The following excerpts are from her diary of this journey:

26th. Feb. 1827 Left home in the *Umpire* with the greatest delight to go to London with my brother William on our road to Paris. We had 2 fellow Passengers in the Coach and with true English coolness we had no conversation with each other for the first 50 miles. . . . When we arrived in London we went immediately to stay at Mr. Williams. It is grievous to behold so fine an honorable generous, noble minded man reduced to Poverty in his old age . . . seeing these 3 Bachelors living together, two of them certainly men of extremely amiable domestic habits, I could not but regret that they had not married when young. And I renewed my wishes that my brothers might all marry. . .

March 1st. . . . went to Covent Garden Theatre. Heard Miss Paton sing who they say is married to Lord William





Lennox, but I can scarcely credit it is possible that a man in his rank of life would suffer his wife to remain on the stage. . .

March 3rd. Crossed the Channel. It was quite low water and extremely stormy. We had to get on board a small Boat, high & dry, & to be launched which was most exceedingly unpleasant and I believe dangerous. there were 14 persons in the boat, 4 who meant to go in the French packet, the *Duc de Bordeaux*, & 10 for the *Britannia*. We were first taken to the *Duc* contrary to our agreement, the waves running mountain high—it was really terrific, at the side of the vessel one moment the boat seemed to be quite under her and the next it rose upon the waves to a level with her. Nothing can exceed the rapacity of those Boatmen and when we were alongside of the Steam Packet they actually threatened to put us on shore again though they had been paid 3/- by nine persons each, because one man had only paid 2/6. It was miserably uncomfortable getting from the Boat to the Steam Packet both pitching tremendously. The anchor was drawn up & the paddles began to work at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 10 and as immediately we both became sick and continued so during the whole passage which was three hours and a half. Seasickness when I have experienced it has not had that terrible effect upon me that it has upon most persons for I do not lose my spirits.

The first thing that strikes a stranger when he lands at Calais is the great difference between the French & English woman in the lower ranks of life. The former wearing only Caps without Bonnets in the open air. We were pulled in every direction on our landing . . . by the agents of the different hotels each shouting in your ear enough to make you deaf. I was much surprised on entering our apartments in Quillacy's Hotel, Calais, to find everything fully as clean as in England. We made our first French dinner which was really excellent. Walked around the ramparts of Calais which are in as good order as if they expected an English Invasion. On the Quay at Calais is a plate of Brass the shape of Louis 18th foot, set down where he first placed his





foot upon French ground on his return to the Dominions of his forefathers.

March 4th. 5th.: Sett off for Paris in a calèche. The harness of the Post Horses is quite as remarkable as has been generally represented, chiefly of ropes. . . There are no less than three ditches round Calais (. . .) recalls forcibly to one's mind the many hard struggles between the English & French in that region. . . Boulogne has been much resorted to by English Families since the peace, numbers of whom have been guilty of such crimes & misdemeanours that a prison has been recently built called in derision L'Hôtel d'Angleterre, the occupants being chiefly English. We did not stop till we arrived at Montreuil where we dined. We travelled all night . . . the Roads a great part of the way are miserable particularly when we consider that it is one of the greatest thoroughfares in the world.

Beauvais is a very fine old town but we did not alight. We were much disconcerted that we could not arrive in Paris by daylight, but the posting is so bad in France that we thought we had done great things to arrive by 9 o'clock at the Hotel Meurice Rue St. Honoré.

The Posting in France is entirely under the surveillance of Government, the prices are settled so that a stranger cannot be imposed on . . . you drive to the Post House or "Poste Royale" as it is called where there is a large stable containing perhaps two or three hundred horses. . . This arrangement is very convenient to Strangers . . . a complete prevention to all competition. The Postillions in France are as unlike those in England as the harness is; perhaps driven by an old man with ear-rings, his hair queu'd, an immense pair of Jack boots and to complete all a Smock Frock made of blue linen similar to what the Butcher wears in England. [Paris.] March 6th: This morning we turned out to take our first ride in this great city; all the buildings are of stone and (the fires being made of wood instead of coal) they remain beautifully white; many of the houses are eight stories high & here as in Edinburgh there is one common stair case to a house or a Hotel as it is generally called and different families occupy the different stories.





The streets are generally narrow without any footway and a tunnel running through the middle of the street to the great annoyance of pedestrians who are in constant danger of being splashed all over by the numerous carriages of every sort & description. . .

March 7th. Called upon Mrs. Welles who received us with great kindness. She is a beautiful creature, such an one as any Man might adore, but I fear she is a Coquette; she instructed us in the mysteries of French fashion gave us a list of the proper persons to apply to for all needful decorations for Mrs. Brown's [wife of the American minister] Soirée. . . Mr. M[oncur] Robinson who proposed our removing again to be under the care of a Matron. The etiquette of Paris is extraordinary, a young lady is not considered under proper protection when she is with her Brother, she is not allowed to take hold of a gentleman's arm in a party however near the connection may be, but as soon as she is married she may do as she pleases; she may flirt or coquette with any young man in a way to make her husband miserable. . . Visited the French Opera. I never saw anything to compare with the Scenery. . . The dancing is more beautiful than I had any idea of, very superior to that in London. When I see at the theatre the old Frenchmen with gray heads, I cannot but reflect what scenes of horror & bloodshed they have witnessed & how completely it seems forgotten.

March 8th. Went a shopping and found it almost impossible to resist, the temptations are so numerous . . . the politeness of all classes is extraordinary. Went thro' the Louvre and was delighted beyond measure. . . I was particularly struck with a painting of the Deluge. . . It was interesting to observe the number of rising artists who are busied there copying the paintings, some quite children and even females are thus engaged.

At ½ past 9 we repaired to Mrs. Brown's where we saw many distinguished persons. Prince Borghese who was married to Bonaparte's sister. Duke of Dalmatia alias Marshal Soolt, the Italian Ambassador, Prince Castigliacano. The Mexican Ambassador & lady, Duke of Villamosa & Duchess





and two other Spanish Duchesses. The Prince of Apononi from Austria who has set the Court by the ears because he will not call Marshal Soolt the Duke of Dalmatia. One of the most gratifying introductions was to Mr. [Fenimore] Cooper the Novelist, the impression was agreeable but I only conversed with him for a very few minutes.

The refreshment table was most splendid, an immense gold Salver . . . superb gold candleabras & vases and all the Spoons & Forks were of gold. The Marquis Lafayette & all his family were there. He seems a kind hearted good man but not a man of talent at least a Phrenologist would say so. The Pope's Nuncio was there with his scarlet Cap & Stockings and another Dignitary of the Roman Church which rather surprised me considering it is Lent. I saw Miss Astor that was & she did not know me & I certainly should not have recognized her if she had not been pointed out to me. Returned home about half past twelve, certainly gratified at having seen such an assemblage but felt very glad that I had not occasion to go to parties of the kind every night as most do who lead a fashionable life in Paris or London.

March 9th. Visited the French Opera again and I hope for the last time. The scenery is so beautiful that it seems almost like Enchantment & delighted me extremely; but the Dancing is so immodest that it is really painful to sit & watch it & the Music to my Ears has but little real music to it. Even when I am delighted by Theatrical performances thoughts of regret & melancholy steal upon me that so many of my own sex must have such degraded minds as to bring themselves thus to make an Exhibition of their persons for hire. I never shall forget the effect that my first visit to the Opera in London had upon me. I was so shocked that I felt as if I would be glad to have a trap door open at my feet to let me down.

March 10th. Visited the celebrated manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry which I cannot but regard as one of the most wonderful works of the ingenuity of Man . . . we passed to the work-rooms where we found them engaged in a variety of different pieces most of which our conductor told us required 5 or 6 years to finish. They are doing the two





likenesses of Charles 10th.; one on horseback & the other in his Coronation robes. . .

We then passed to the Manufactory of Carpets which is almost as beautiful & then to rooms where they were making the Tapestry with silks for the delicate colours instead of worsted. These manufactories are entirely belonging to the King of France. He sometimes makes presents of these products to sovereigns, but they never come into the possession of Individuals. Everything is arranged for the comfort of workmen. . .

Dined at Mr. Willes, a complete French dinner, except the company who were all Americans. It is usual in France for the Master of the Feast to arrange beforehand where all the company are to sit & each person's name is placed where he is to sit, it being supposed that the Gentleman who invites the company knows what persons are most agreeable to each other. . . I was really delighted with Mrs. Willes, and she is so charming that I could wish for the sake of human nature to find that she is sincere as I am rather fond of studying the human mind. I mean to observe her very narrowly.

March 11th. Sunday. Went to the French Reformed Church . . . afterwards we took a ride into the Bois de Boulogne, passed through the Champs Elysées. We saw numbers of Equipages from those of noblemen down to Fiacres and Cabriolets. Many Ladies & Gentlemen left their Carriages to walk in the Avenue & we followed their example. . .

March 12th. Visited the Church of Notre Dame of very great antiquity; said to have been commenced by the Childeric son of Clovis the 1st. King of France in the year 522. It is a most beautiful structure very much decorated with paintings. At the time we went in there was a funeral going forward. There were here & there in all parts of the Church miserable looking old men & women who were telling their beads, the first time I ever saw anything of the kind and also the first time I ever saw a Confessional. . . There are in this Church the Imperial Robes of Napoleon made into Priests' Garments. . .



From thence we went to the Church of St. Genevieve which is one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen . . . when We ascended the dome to the top 4004 steps & had a most interesting and extensive view of Paris & its Environs, very different from that which you have of London from the top of St. Paul's, everything being obscured by the coal smoke. . . In the time of the Revolution the name of this Edifice was changed to the French Pantheon. . . Thence we went to the Jardin de Plantes where we walked for some time looking at the variety of foreign animals which are there enclosed.

March 13th. . . . Passed thro' the Gallery Vivienne and the Palais Royal which are full of shops of every description, it would furnish amusement for several days merely to look at the shop windows, there you can see fully dis[played] the beautiful ingenuity of the French in every device that you could imagine or rather I should say could not. The Palais Royal belongs to the Duke of Orleans who has improved it very much, he makes himself very popular by living there rather than in one of his Hotels in a more fashionable part of the Town. We visited the Gallery of the Luxembourg, where we saw many beautiful Paintings, there is a most admirable painting of the execution of Brutus' sons. . . We took a short walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg which are laid out rather stiffly but must be pretty in Summer. Went to the Sorbonne, the famous University of France rebuilt by Cardinal Richelieu . . . went to the Theatre Français where we were delighted most exceedingly with Madme. Mais. . .

March 14th. Shopped a little in the Palais Royal & then went to Pere la Chaise, so called from having been the residence of Pere la Chaise Confessor to Louis 14th. It is a most solemn scene, around you upwards of 20 thousand monuments erected to the memory of those whose period of trial is past & are condoned either to Eternal Happiness or Misery, you see of every age, infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, old age. . . The first Monument to which we directed our steps was that of Abelard and Eloise, from thence we proceeded to the Tomb of Mr. Butler's daughter





who was at Miss Corries. . . Anne Louise Butler is laid here far from her native country the United States. Many of the tombs belonging to Roman Catholic families of distinction have a small apartment with an Altar with a cross upon it, some two, some four tall Wax Candles & Chairs and other decorations. I almost think I could like those I loved to be buried in a similar way. . . We saw the tomb of Moliere, Lafontaine, General Massena, Marshall Ney, Volney the first visitor of the Pyramids has a monument of Pyramidal form. . .

March 16th. Went to the Louvre again with Mr. Moncure Robinson & Mr. Cunliffe. The first painting that strikes you on entering is one 300 years old of the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, containing Portraits of Charles 5th his Queen Francis 1st & his Queen & many other distinguished characters of the time in which it was painted. The next that detained us some time was by David the famous French Painter of the Sabines. The scene is of the Battle between the Romans & Sabines when the wives of the former run out to separate the combatants, the wife of Romulus is between him and one of the Sabines with her hands stretched out on each side, several children on the ground are exquisitely painted . . . there is nothing wanting in this painting except more clothing for the figures. . . A painting of Brutus in his own mansion when the dead bodies of his sons are brought in, the figure of Brutus is that of stern agony, every feature, every limb portrays it. . . The Deluge by Poupin, an awful picture all is dark the waters have not yet entirely covered the face of the earth. . . A little Dutch painting of a father bestowing his daughter upon a young farmer it possesses all the minuteness which is the great property of Dutch painters . . . she is looking quite modest and abashed and has hold of her mother. . . Several landscapes by Claude Lorraine of evening scenes with the sky a little hazy—his *chef d'ouvres* are said to have been in painting atmospheres. . . There are a series of Pictures painted by Rubens of scenes in the life of Mary de Medicis, unworthy of his great name. Two heads by Raphael with





most lovely expression of countenance. A wild' calabrian scene by Salvator Rosa. . .

From thence we went to the Quai des Fleurs to see the house in which Eloise resided & where Abelard used to visit her to teach her Philosophy & love. . . Walked through the Gardens of the Tuilleries, left our Cards upon General LaFayette and returned home. Dined at Mr. Brown's with Madame Toussard. . . In the evening came Lord & Lady Barrymore, Duke of Castra, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, General Robertson & several others.

March 17th. . . . drank tea with Mr. Marx in the Evening.

March 20th. Visited the Manufactory at SEVRES. Went all through the different departments saw a most beautiful table representing several different scenes of the Coronation of Charles 10th, & heads of all the French Monarchs up to the present time, not however, giving a place to Napoleon. We saw copies in China of many of the fine pictures in the Louvre & Luxembourg. From thence we went to Bonaparte's favorite Palace of St. Cloud. The situation is delightful and the furnishing is all in the most admirable taste. In one of the apartments is a window in one single pane, it is in a frame, to look like a mirror and a fire-place and chimney piece underneath: when I first saw out and looked through. I thought it was a mirror and looked to see where the reflection came from. There is a beautiful painting of Marie Antoinette with her three children, Duchess d'Angoulême, Louis 17th & an infant on her knee. After we were satisfied with beholding the splendour within we walked into the Garden accompanied by an elderly man who was wrapped up in the Bourbons; a new garden is called Les trois Cadéreau after a fort taken by the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain to preserve the memory of so illustrious an achievement. It was really delightful to hear the old man expatiating upon the perfections of the Royal Family. There was such simplicity & sincerity in all he uttered. We then returned to Paris and dined at Gregnons, our party consisted of, in addition to ourselves, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Green & sister, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Wilkins. Dressed with all expedition & proceeded





to General LaFayettes. Mr. Cooper was there & Baron Humboldt & some others.

March 24th. Visited the Manufactory of looking Glasses. The Glass is cast in Picardy and transported in its rude state to Paris, in the first work shop we entered they were rubbing the glass which was in immense pieces on a stone table with sand & water upon the glass & using a smaller piece of Glass with a considerable weight upon it to rub with. When the glass is made as even as this process can make it, it is taken to another department where they rub the large plates of glass against each other, putting water & soft sand between, this process is continued until the two plates meet or touch each other in every part and on both sides. It is then polished with soft brushes and a sort of red soft earth which appeared to me like *Crocus Mactus*, & when perfectly polished and smooth on each side they are removed to the Magazine. We passed afterward to the department where they put on the foil & Quick Silver and one of the workmen did a small glass to let us see the mode of doing it which was not unlike the plan we used to adopt when we were children. There is nothing like seeing—one may hear a thing explained a hundred times but without seeing it the idea formed is generally imperfect. Mrs. Shaw & Miss M. LaFayette, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Cunliffe accompanied us upon this expedition. In the Evening we went to the Italian Opera to the debut of Madlle Albini, when she made her appearance I felt exceedingly sorry for her. I never saw a person appear more frightened than she did. I really feared that she would not have been able to sing and her voice did tremble when she commenced. She sings well I think & would be a pretty actress if she were taller but a person who is stout and short never can have any grace, or I should say, much grace in their movements. One or two duets she sung very well and was considerably applauded.

The 25th. Sunday. I wished much to go to Church this morning, but my brother and Miss Marx would not go. I should be sorry to live in Paris, for I fear if I did that I should have very little religion left, indeed, I think I should lose all stability of character & become a votary of pleasure. . .





March 26th. Went to the Jardin des Plantes where we again saw a number of animals . . . we saw an immense number of Skeletons . . . the largest there which I must say astonished me very much was the skeleton of a whale. . . I was made so sick that I thought I must have quitted the scene by the sight of a Female figure in wax with the ribs sawed off & the lungs, heart, liver & bowels & all the internal parts exposed to view, however I recovered myself by a considerable effort and looked again that I might remember where all these parts were situated. . . We next visited the Museum of Natural History. . .

I should think on the road we passed at least 10 or 12 Exhibitions of one kind or another for the lower classes, Puppet shows, plays, conjurers, one man amidst drums and fifes was eating fire . . . whirligigs with chairs and horses upon which the children were riding. One of the most curious things was gambling on the lowest scale. A table with a stick the length of the table's diameter with a ball at each end; this stick was placed upon an axis in the middle of the table upon which it turned something like a compass. On the table were cakes in heaps from a dozen down to a single one or two. The child who ventured in the Cake Lottery paid his money, the spindle was set in action and whatever it stopped at became the property of the youthful gambler. . .

27th. Visited the Library of the King, one of the most extensive collections in the world said to contain 800,000 volumes . . . there is also a very large collection of Manuscripts, the largest in the world. It was greatly enlarged during the Revolution, when so many convents & monasteries were put down. . . [Of a bronze statue of Voltaire in the library Ann said,] . . . I could hardly bear to look at the profile, it has such a horrid malicious grin.

The next apartment we traversed was the Cabinet de Medailles, 12 small cameos having the heads of the 12 Cæsars upon them which were Henry 4th.'s buttons for his Doublet.

The next apartment we traversed was the Cabinet de Medailles where we saw specimens of the first money—some





coins, a bracelet and signet & other rude trinkets which were found in the tomb of Childeric, the armour of Francis 1st. the sword of Henry 4th., arm chair of Clovis, a silver shield said to have been that of Scipio & another said to have been Hannibal's, many beautiful Cameos and Intaglios, one particularly the largest Cameo in the world with the Apotheosis of Augustus upon it—some curious old vases, and gigantic Chess men. . . We next went to the Cabinet d'Estampes full of large portfolios of prints but we did nothing more than pass through it as we had not much time to spare. The next apartment contained antiques broken pieces of old men Mummy cases, Roman tombs & altars, a Phoenician remain, a Mummy of a female of distinction which has not yet been opened, it is known to be so from its size & the face having guilt which was only done for distinguished individuals. An immense piece of stone which formed the roof of a house in Egypt & was cut out with the signs of the Zodiac, the four seasons & other hieroglyphic signs upon it, an old fragment of a statue said to have been the work of Phidias. . . Spent the evening at General Lafayette's where we saw Mr. Ben. Constant again & no other distinguished unless I were to name the nephew of the man who invented the Guillotin. . .

28th. . . . visited the Hospital des Invalides a most extensive and interesting building containing at the present time 3000 disabled soldiers, the greatest comfort & cleanliness reigned throughout the whole building. As we approached through the avenues which pertain to it we met a number of disabled Soldiers, many of them short of limb, walking gently in the sun. We went into the refectories where they sit down to dinner 400 every day at 12 o'clock precisely, each table holds 12 persons and has upon it 12 soup plates of pewter, a Jug and spoons of the same material. The refectory for the officers is on the same plan only they eat off silver. The walls of the Refectories are decorated with paintings of the victories of Louis 14th who was the founder of this most excellent institution. There is a library in this building for the use of these aged veterans containing 20,000 volumes; we saw several of them reading & they take Newspapers for them daily. There are arcades both on the 1st. &





2nd. floor in which those who are very lame can take the air with comfort. We met in the arcade one aged man of the old school for though he was so lame that he was supported on both sides, he stopped to bow to us. The Chapel is very handsome indeed and the dome is splendid both within and without. The entrance to the dome is never opened except for the Royal Family. The monument of Marshall Turenne is there to be seen. The kitchens are spacious, they were preparing soup in a boiler which must have held many gallons and our conductor told us that they consumed 1200 pounds of meat in soup every day. In the war he told us, there had been as many as 11,000 Individuals sheltered in this establishment. Rode around the Champ de Mars past the military academy, crossed the bridge of Jena, through the Champs Elysées and home again. . .

29th. . . . visited the palace of the Elysée Bourbon which has been the residence of a variety of remarkable characters, of Madame Pompadour, Murat, Bonaparte; it was there that he returned after the Battle of Waterloo & received the Deputation sent to inform him that he must resign. After the return of the Royal Family it became the residence of the Duc & Duchess de Berri & since his assassination it has not been occupied at all but is considered as belonging to the Duc de Bordeaux who comes there occasionally to hear a musical Time Piece which plays fifty different tunes. In one room there is a large Table completely covered with a Pack of Artillery in miniature which was presented to his Royal Highness by an Engineer. There are some pretty pictures chiefly in the Flemish style. I was surprised at one being suffered to remain which was painted on one of the panels in the Dining Room—a view of Murat's country seat on the Rhine with his Carriage passing along containing his wife & children. Some fine specimens of Gobbelin Tapestry, on the whole a very neat comfortable little palace, that one would not have any guest dislike to occupy. Shopped a little, dined with Mrs. Willes and so closed the day.

30th. Notre Dame occupied our attention this day for the second time, on alighting we were told we could not see the treasures for 10 minutes that they were at service but we





went in & found a great crowd of persons there of all ranks apparently and the priests were singing. With the priests were 8 or 10 boys of different ages, some I should think as young as 10 years old dressed in cowls who were destined for the Priest Hood. Before we had waited long the Arch Bishop came out of one of the apartments at the upper end of the church in a long robe of purple silk lined with fur the train of which was held up by a man behind. We now mounted up to see the treasures which consisted of the coronation robes of Charles 10th. most elegant light blue and silver; those of Napoleon & Josephine, crimson velvet & Cloth of Gold which were worn by the Archbishop of Paris at Charles 10th. Coronation, & Napoleon's canopy which we saw was also used at that time; the robes of the Pope at Napoleon's coronation are most splendid the most beautiful rich Brocade I ever saw. We saw 2 cups which were used at the Coronation of Charlemagne, cups of the 5th, 11th, & 13th Century, others which were made for Napoleon's coronation & a most superb Golden Case made by Napoleon's order to inclose the fragments of the crown of thorns & the true cross. . . We visited the Mazarine Library where we examined some of the books of Genealogies and I made some extracts from them. . .

April 1st. Went to the Palace at Versailles. . . Versailles was intended for a large town & it has in it most magnificent hotels built for the Nobility which are now deserted & going to decay. After we were satisfied with surveying the cold & dreary splendour of the Palace we went to the great Trianon which was built by Louis 15th. in the forest to retire to . . . really an elegant little place. From thence we went to the Little Trianon which is very small indeed and was built by Louis 15th. for one of his Mistresses. [Marie Antoinette's] bedroom is all that is worth seeing . . . it is hung round with blue silk & the ceiling also is hung with silk a little in the style of a Canopy. The bed is really elegant; drapery of muslin with gold sprigs and supported at each side by a female figure gilt. Reached Paris . . . much gratified by the days excursion.

It was a grief to me not to shake hands at parting with





our kind friend Mr. Robinson, but he is so Frenchified that a profound Bow was all the leavetaking he thought fit.

April 5th. [Ann and Will left Paris for Compiégne,] . . . took a look at the Royal Palace and Gardens . . . the gardens are beautifully laid out, a mixture of the English and the French styles; the broad walks and lengthened prospects of the French garden combined with the ease and variety of the English one.

April 6th. Rose at 5 o'clock & at 10 minutes before six set off. One of the loveliest mornings I ever beheld. . . Rebecourt was the first stage. At Neyon the second, we were assailed by the largest troop of Beggars I ever saw. . . St. Quentin: Here we breakfasted at 12 o'clock with keen appetites after a ride of about 40 Miles. At this place there are the largest cotton Manufactories in France. It has been called the Manchester of France. . . I could have fancied myself in England from the number of Steam Engines & Windmills. The Cathedral & the Hotel de Ville are both pieces of ancient architecture. After riding 7 or 8 miles from St. Quentin we walked down a steep descent to look at one of the Grand Works of Napoleon, his superb Tunnel six miles in extent begun in 1806 & ready for use in 1810. We went up a dark Stair Case at the side of the Tunnel to look at the Machinery for closing the gate of the tunnel. . . Cambray the next place of any importance we passed through is a strongly fortified town, in approaching it we went through four gates & over two drawbridges . . . arrived at Valenciennes at 8 o'clock after a real hard days journey—about 90 Miles.

April 7: Rose early in order to see the fortifications of Valenciennes which appear to my inexperienced eye to be so strong that I should think the town might stand as long a siege as Troy but for famine. Our Guide who had been at the battle of Waterloo shewed us many places where Bombs had struck when it was besieged by the Allies. . . At Quecosaine . . . our passports were looked over by the French Authorities and before we had proceeded many yards further we were stopped by the Servants of the King of the Netherlands to have our Baggage examined . . . our Portmanteaus





were opened out in the Street in the presence of anybody who chose to look. . . . Our next stage was Boussu. Mons was the first that appeared at all like a change of country. The cleanliness of the houses, the dark round faces, &c., &c., shewed us that we had left the French behind . . . we entered Brussels a little after seven. . . .

April 8, Sunday. Rode out to see the field of Waterloo through the forest of Soigne—the first forest I have ever seen in my life. As soon as we entered the village of Waterloo a native came up to offer his services to point out the different Sites of the Battle. He told us that he was living in the village at the time and that the English army furnished them with provisions for eighteen days previous to the Battle. At this place I saw Lord Wellington for the sign of a public house, a thing which I never saw in England, and very remarkable it is when we recollect to what victories he led his troops. There is a monument upon the field to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon, a monument to the officers who were slain belonging to the German & English Legions & one recently erected by the Dutch upon the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound; excepting these there is nothing to remind one of the dreadful scene & on the whole I may say I was disappointed. After we returned to Brussels we took a walk in the town which pleased me much. It is really a beautiful cleanly comfortable town and I think I should not have any great objections to reside there. It has a pretty small Park round which are the houses of most of the Grandees.

April 9. Set off at seven o'clock in the midst of a heavy fog for Antwerp. Breakfasted at Malines where there is a fine old church. At Antwerp we saw a small collection of Pictures belonging to a private Gentleman. Then went to see the Cathedral which is very handsome both within and without. It contains several paintings by Rubens. The Altar piece the Crucifix even was taken to France in Bonaparte's time. The silver Candlesticks were melted into five-franc pieces. The marble railing taken away and the Cathedral itself used as a Depot for Carts & Horses. We mounted to the top of the Steeple or at least as far as was safe. 425





steps & had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. We saw the sea, Ghent, Bergen . . . and Malines, the fortification Citadel & Docks. The person who accompanied us pointed out the house which was occupied by Carnot during the French reign and also the one in which Jerome Bonaparte resided & the one in which Rubens lived. The next place we visited was the church of St. Calvary, an exact imitation from the Church of the same name at Jerusalem. The Church of St. Jacques we also visited which contains the tomb of Rubens, his father & mother & daughter & some of his finest religious pieces. At Antwerp I saw more of the religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholics than I had ever seen before. The procession of carrying the host to be administered to a dying person I also saw for the first time.

April 10th. Went into two more churches, that of St. Augustin and St. Andrew. We saw an original painting of Mary Queen of Scots, which was one of the decorations of the Louvre in Bonaparte's time. A fine painting of the Baptism of St. Augustin, one of St. Appollonia, a Protestant who was converted to Catholicism; her father was so enraged that as a punishment he had all her teeth drawn out & that is the scene represented.

A beautiful piece of sculpture of St. Peter. Thirty-six relics of distinguished Saints & Martyrs, the most prominent of which was the Shin Bone of Moses. Went to the museum where we saw the celebrated Picture of the fallen Angels by Frans Flore, not celebrated for the excellence of the painting but from a circumstance connected with it. A young man, a blacksmith by trade, fell in love with his daughter & he refused to bestow her upon him for no other reason than that he was determined to have a painter for his son-in-law; the young man, by no means discouraged, began to study the art & for ten years laboured at it without informing the father of his well beloved. At the end of that period & when Frans Flore had just finished this picture the young man entered his painting-room during his absence & painted a Bee upon one of the figures; when the artist entered he took up his handkerchief to flirt off the Bee, which completed the triumph of the young man & the couple were speedily





married. He laid aside his trade of Blacksmith & reached considerable eminence in the art he had been so singularly led to cultivate.

There are three pictures of his in this collection, all very fine. One of John in the Cauldron of boiling oil. His countenance has a perfect expression of pain & resignation. Two men who are stirring the fire below it are so well done that they appear quite raised from the Canvas—One of the descent from the Cross. This collection contains most of the choice pieces of Rubens & Van Dyk. In the court is a monument erected to the memory of Rubens. This building was a church before the revolution but its destination was altered with 37 more—for prior to that Period there were in Antwerp 42 churches & now there are only seven. Many of them were sold for private houses & it was no uncommon thing to purchase a church for 3000 florins. A florin is about 2/6 English or rather less.

At 10 o'clock we got into the Diligence to go to Breda. We found the conveyance infinitely more agreeable than we had anticipated & our pleasure was greatly added to by having for a companion until within 2 or 3 miles of Breda a very agreeable gentlemanly man who from his conversation must be a General in the Army of this country. He told us that he had served many years in the English army was in Ireland during the Rebellion. . . He said that in the first fever it was often impossible for the Officer to save the lives of innocent persons the soldiers were so infuriated. He served 3 years in Antigua, was at Trinidad & finally sold his Colonels commission to Sir Robert Wilson in 1802. He married an English Lady & has a large family, the circumstance of his wife being an English woman caused him to be placed under surveillance for some time, after that he was frequently asked if he would accept of any office which offer he invariably declined, but at last they sent to order him to be Burgomaster of a little insignificant village near his Country Seat; though he felt the indignity of having such an office made to him he accepted it, because it put it in his power to render assistance to many.

At the period of Napoleon's return to France from Elba





he was called upon to take a principal command in the army of his Sovereign which he did not much like on account of his family. He was at the Battle of Waterloo & lost out of his division 1200 & odd Officers & a few days before he lost 800 men. He shook hands with Genl. Picton only half an hour before he was killed. He was taken off the field to Brussels with wounds at seven o'clock in the afternoon. He told us that he saw Napoleon within a very short distance, riding full speed to reconnoitre unattended by his Guard. In about a fortnight he was well enough to proceed to Paris, where he remained 9 months quartered in the valley of Montmorenci. He recommended it to us not to sleep at Breda but to proceed to Utrecht if possible. At Breda we went to look at the Monument executed by the celebrated Michel Angelo. The two figures are laid on a black marble slab dead and over them a slab is supported by 4 Figures & on the top is the armour of the Count in alabaster. Two of the supporting figures are intended one for Regulus & the other for Julius Cæsar. The right arm of Regulus is thought so exquisite a piece of workmanship that its weight in gold has been offered for it. The Church was built in the time of the Spaniards, of course for the Roman Catholics but it is now a Protestant church. It contains an immense brazen font which has been there since the time of the Spaniards. It is so heavy that it requires a crane to raise the lid.

We took Diligence to go on to Utrecht at 7 o'clock & had the most miserable Journey I ever took in my life, the conveyance was filthy & rumbling and three times during the night we had to get out & cross rivers & leave all the Baggage. I got my feet quite wet the first time & of course they continued so. We did not reach the end of our Journey though said only to be 30 miles till 5 o'clock in the morning.

April 11th. . . . At 1 o'clock we set off in the Canal Boat & had a delightful sail through a very pretty interesting Country. The only inconvenience we were subjected to was not being able to have the least conversation with the Captain or any one on board for they could speak nothing but Dutch. The efforts made on each side to explain to the other were highly amusing. I have come to the Resolution





when I am going to travel in any foreign country again to study the language before I leave home. Though you meet with many persons who understand your language they are not in that class from whom you not infrequently learn the most of National character. Arrived at Amsterdam at 8 o'clock, really tired and knocked out.

April 12th. . . . Though suffering from fatigue and a very bad head ache I turned out to see what was worthy of observation in this far-famed city. We first visited the Royal Museum where there are numbers of Paintings all by the first Dutch Masters, with that minuteness of detail which bears the closest examination. One called the Repast was particularly pointed out to us as so excellent a performance that Sir Joshua Reynolds took a copy of it. . . . From thence we went to the Royal Palace formerly the Stadt House which stands upon 13,695 piles . . . like most palaces, hung with silk & damask &c., but the Ball Room is without any exception the most beautiful Room I ever saw, the walls are entirely of veined Italian Marble & the most perfect proportions.

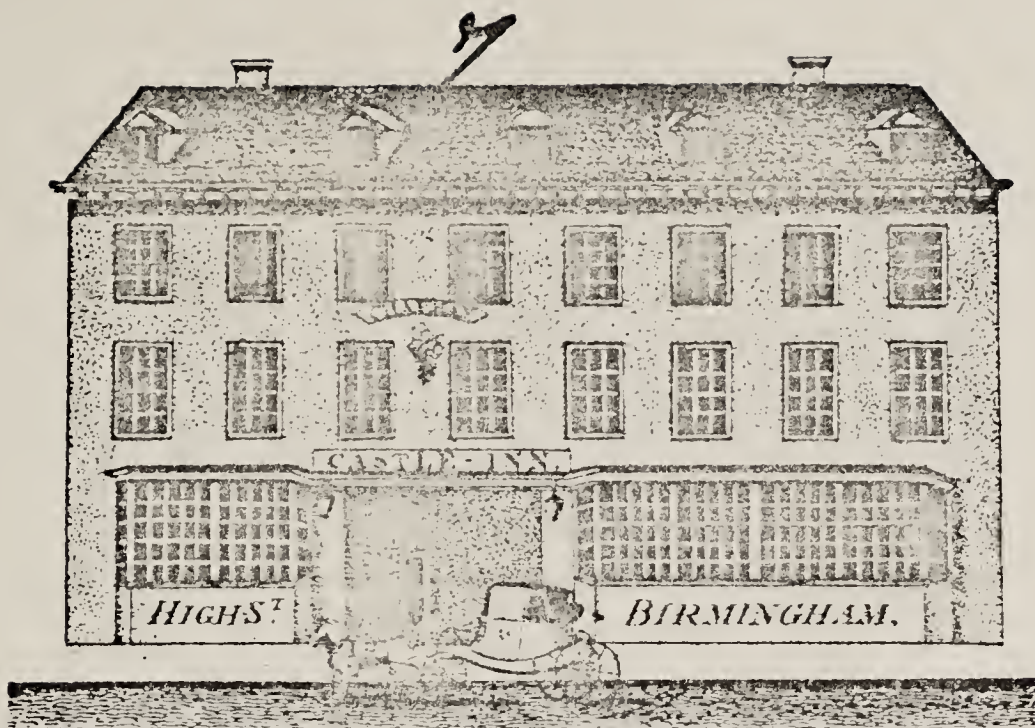
The town of Amsterdam is intersected with canals, forming 90 islands & 290 bridges & which though convenient & almost essential render the town very unhealthy in warm weather.

April 13th. Went to see the little village of Broch, a specimen of what all the Dutch villages were formerly. We crossed a short distance in a small Boat from Amsterdam & landed just by the entrance to the great Ship Canal which is so large that a 74 went down it a short time ago with her guns on board. We got a Carriage there & rode along one of the Dykes to Broch through that part of the country that was inundated in 1825. We alighted at the Inn to walk through the village for no Carriage, Dog, Cat, Horse or Cow is allowed to go in the Streets. They are all paved with small tiles beautifully variegated. The front doors of the houses are never opened but upon a Marriage or a Death. . .

We then went into a Dairy where I was much amused. For every cow had her tail tied up to prevent dirt. . . . We afterwards went to see the Kitchen in one of the largest







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A BILL TO CONSUL JAMES MAURY

"The Castle is one of the vilest inns."

THE CASTLE INN, BIRMINGHAM (old bill head)

*The year 1817 finds "The Old Consul" in a bad humor.*

James Maury took the bill head pictured above and one from York House, Bath, and sealed them firmly together with red sealing wax. He wrote on the back: "The difference in the expences of one nights entertainment in the best hotel in Europe & the worst Inn in England . . . York House, if not the best, is, at least equal to any Inn, where I paid 8/10 for a night's entertainment. At the Castle Birmingham I paid for the same 8/5. So the difference betw en the best & the worst inn in England is no more than 5d a night. . . J.M."

[J.M. probably drove up to the Castle Inn in a chaise similar to the one pictured before the door.]



houses. . . The floor was entirely of veined white Marble . . . "so clean that you might eat of it," the Cranes at the fire place, the Coppers, Pans & all the paraphernalia were in the highest state of polish possible.

From Broch we rode to Zaandam, chiefly remarkable for having once been the residence of Peter the Great, we visited the Hut in which he used to work as a Shipwright. This place though exceedingly small contains upwards of 2,000 windmills, paper, tobacco, flour, sawing mills, &c. We returned in the Steam Boat. . . At sun set we went to the Jews' Synagogue but were only there a few minutes, for it is customary for the Males & females to separate & I could not go up stairs alone.

April 14th. Went in a carriage to Haarlem. As soon as we arrived we set off to a florist's & there saw the most beautiful Collection of Hyacinths possible. We took the names of many of them in order to send for them on our return to Liverpool. We then went to hear the celebrated Organ & it does indeed deserve all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. The *vox humana* is so exactly like the human voice that you can hardly persuade yourself that there are not several persons singing. It has 8000 pipes . . . you felt a vibration through the Church . . . it is universally allowed to be the finest Organ in the world. We took Canal Boat to Leyden where we slept.

April 15th. Went to Hague, being Sunday could not see the Paintings but we took a walk in the woods which are beautifully laid out & proceeded in the evening to Rotterdam.

Here Ann's Diary abruptly ceases.

. . . August 2nd. 1827: Mr. Williams, Papa and I set off in the mail for Kendal on our road to Scotland. . . From Kendal we proceeded in a Post Chaise to Low Wood, where we were detained a considerable time for the want of horses . . . we went through Ambleside to Keswick. . .

August 5th. . . . Penrith is an uncommonly neat & clean town. . . On entering Penrith you pass the ruins of an old castle. From Penrith to Carlisle. Called on our way at





Barrock Lodge [home of the James family] which we found a snug, comfortable gentleman's residence. . .

August 6th. Started at 7 o'clock in the Mail Coach for Edinburgh; the second Stage I rode outside, the road winds along the banks of the Esk which it crosses no less than four times in 12 miles. I never rode through a more lovely country . . . after we passed Laugholme, the country was altogether bleak Mountains covered with sheep until we reached Edinburgh. . .

August 7th. Took a walk upon the Colton Hill of which I have heard so much. The view of the town is fine indeed, all that is wanting is the inhabitants to burn wood instead of coal that the atmosphere might be clearer. Edinburgh is decidedly the handsomest town I have ever seen. . . Moray place in particular, and one side of Charlotte Square is very handsome with St. George's Church in the centre.

In St. Andrew's Square is a monument to Lord Melville, recently finished. It is an imitation of Trajan's column at Rome. . . We visited the Castle of Edg. . . The Scottish Regalia lately discovered is here exhibited. The crown is supposed to have been worn by Robert Bruce. We also saw the huge strong chest in which it had been shut up so many years. . .

We then took a ride to see a Dairy conducted by an incorporated company; we drove to a handsome Edifice, walked up some stairs, passed through a door and at once found ourselves looking down 150 Cows all in one apartment.

Dined at Mr. Cowan's in real Scotch style, the greatest hospitality & abundance unaccompanied with refinement. . . The house he occupies is curious from having been the residence of the Regent Murray, half brother of Queen Mary. In the garden is a bath in which that unfortunate used to dip—and a summer house in which the Union was signed. It is in Cannongate.

August 8th. Rode to Leith which contains two very fine Docks & a patent Slip for building Vessels upon. . .

August 10th. Walked to see the Experimental Garden . . . took a walk round the Salisbury Craigs from whence we had a delightful view of the surrounding country. . . Went







A SKETCH MADE BY ANN ON HER TRAVELS



through Hollywood House. The apartments of Queen Mary are interesting . . . the old paintings . . . are said to have been much injured by Cromwell's soldiers. In the Chapel are two singular inscriptions upon tomb stones: "Hier lyes an honest man" and on another "Hier lyes an honest woman".

August 11th. Sunday This day is most scrupulously observed in Scotland, every body seems to be travelling in one direction towards the house of God. We went to St. George's. . .

August 12th. Left Edinburgh before breakfast for South Queensferry where we crossed the Forth to North Queensferry, a small town principally inhabited by boatmen, this ferry is upon the regular Mail Road to the Highlands . . . 14 miles farther is Kinross upon Loch Leven, a pretty lake . . . upon which are four islands upon one of which stands the ruins of Lochleven Castle well known from having been the place of confinement of the unfortunate Mary. The keys which were thrown into the lake by Douglas were found in the year 1805, the lake being extremely low at the time a boy bathing trod upon them and picked them up . . . through the romantic little valley of Glen Fary . . . we soon entered the ancient and handsome town of Perth. We took a little tour through the town while the horses were putting in . . . Dunkeld . . . is very romantically seated in the very heart of the Grampian hills. The ruins of the Old Abbey, the windings of the river Tay and the finely wooded mountains render it altogether one of the most enchanting picturesque spots I have ever seen. . . Mr. W. and I walked many miles through the Duke of Athol's domain.

August 14th. Rode in an open carriage to Blair Athol another seat of the Duke of Athol. The ride was through a charming country and now we were fairly on the Highlands. The Pass of Killicrankie had for us none of the horrors which the guide book had prepared us to expect, we descended from the road to see the waterfall from a bridge over the Tunnel and we could then see that before a road was made it must have been terrific; the water rolling below amidst perpendicular rocks worn into a deep channel by the





wintry floods of ages and the mountains rising directly from the edge of the river! . . . At Blair we found ourselves in a winter climate . . . we were thankful to seat ourselves close to a peat fire.

August 15th. Walked to see the grounds of the Duke, very prettily laid out along the banks of the Tilt, many waterfalls in the glen . . . add much to the beauty & variety of the Scene. I drove Papa in a Gig for two or three miles up the Glen. . . I forgot to name our seeing at Dunkeld the two first Larches that were brought into Britain in flower pots and nurtured in a green house . . . they are now to be seen growing in every part of these Islands. . . Just before we left Blair our host, Dr. Stewart invited us to look at a Deer which had just been shot by his Grace; it was a fine animal, but I should have had much more pleasure in seeing it bounding through the woods than to see it bound upon a horse. The huntsman was a stout highlander in real Highland attire, bare knees &c. . . The remainder of the way was through perfectly barren mountains, here and there the miserable habitation of one of these hardy mountainers was to be seen, much of the same description as in Dr. Johnson's time; only one flat with light admitted only through the door and so full of peat smoke that you not unfrequently see it pouring through the open door in a considerable volume. The children all seem healthy and strong, perhaps those who are of weakly frames die from the hardy treatment they receive. . .

[At the Bridge of Tammel Inn,] it seems strange to see presented to you regularly at the Teatable in these out of the way places Marmalade which we are accustomed to consider as an expensive luxury.

We saw a huge book containing a history of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland; upon looking into it we found an enumeration of persons who had been banished to Virginia for their religious opinions. Many names my father recollected to have met with when he was young. Among the rest William Murdock, probably the ancestor of Billy Murdock in London.

August 16th: Through a bleak desolate region similar







A BILL TO A MAURY TRAVELER



to the one we had slept in we travelled for some miles, Mr. W. & I walked up Ferrogen, a mountain from which we had an extended barren view. . . . At Kenmore a pretty neat town at the foot of Loch Tay we breakfasted. Killin at the head of the lake is a most romantic village. . . . In one view you beheld the village, bridge, and a succession of waterfalls over rugged rocks. . . . While standing at the Inn window I saw one of those sudden squalls upon the Lake that I have often heard spoken of as so dangerous. The winds appeared to rush through a break in the mountains & swept right across the lake raising a high surf just in one line while all the rest of the lake remained untroubled. . . .

August 17th. At six o'clock took our seats in a comfortable four inside coach for Stirling. We passed by the seat of Sir Evan Murray William McGregor the head of the ancient clan of that name. . . . We took a walk to the castle from which being a clear day we had a most delightful view. . . . At Stirling we met Mr. John Gladstone & his eldest son on their road to look at an estate.

Between Stirling and Glasgow we saw nothing of interest except the field of Bannockburn. . . .

August 18th. At six o'clock in the morning we embarked in the Steam boat Ben Lomond for Dunbarton Castle on our road to Loch Lomond, there are handsome houses the whole distance along the Clyde which makes the sail very interesting. Dunbarton Castle is a very fine object & interested me much from the account of it in the Scottish Chiefs. From Dunbarton we proceeded in a coach to Balloch where the lake empties itself into the Leven. We then got into the Lady of the Lake steam boat & paddled away up the Lake. The first island we passed was Inch Murrin the deer park of the Earl of Montrose, a small island which was the burial place of the clan MacGregor . . . we beheld Ben Lomond towering above us & presently took in two young gentlemen who had been ascending to its summit & I believe they had thought themselves compensated for their labors; they had kept up their spirits & strength by frequent sipping of Mountain Dew. At length we landed at Tarbet just opposite to the Fort of Inversnaid & went in a cart across to Lock





Long. . . At the Inn at Arrocker we dined. I took a sketch from the Inn window. Loch Long is not properly a Loch but an arm of the sea, but having high mountains on each side it has every appearance of a loch.

With this account of a cart ride, Ann breaks off.

The following year Ann started off again for another trip in the British Isles; escorted this time by her brother Matt.

August 9th. 1828: Left home with high anticipations of pleasure for Sedgwick. . .

August 12th. Was the day fixed for our ascending Helvellyn & at 5 o'clock though the morning was certainly not the most auspicious we started in the close carriage. . . At Ings it began to rain & soon poured in torrents. I was the only member of the female department who kept up her spirits, & during all their evil anticipations, I kept prognosticating a fine view & thus fulfilling the opinion Mr. Deville (the phrenologist) gave of my head. . . We were in the clouds some time before we reached the summit . . . in about half an hour the clouds opened . . . & our view was grand and magnificent. Ullswater forms one of the most prominent features. We also saw Coniston, Windermere, Bassenthwaits and some smaller lakes, among the latter was Red Tarn, immediately below the mountain descends to it almost perpendicularly; it was from here that Mr. Gough was supposed to have fallen. When his body lay three months undiscovered, his starving & attached dog alone keeping watch over the remains of his Master. We were so bitterly cold that we did not remain so long on the top. . . Two hours within five minutes was the time we took in ascending & one hour in descending. The latter presented much greater difficulty to me & my knees were in a most trembling condition before I reached the foot. After a hearty dinner we got into the carriage & proceeded to Mr. Barber's cottage Arne at Grosmere. . .

August 15th. We set off for a picnic excursion to Arnside Knot & took our refreshment on the top of it, from where there is a grand panoramic view three-fourths of a





circle of mountains, including Skiddaw, Helvellyn, the Pikes etc. & the remainder occupied by the sea. Matthew & I thought we descried the Welsh mountains but the rest of the party either couldn't or wouldn't see them. The whole day was beautifully fine . . . and to enjoy the day to the utmost we got out & walked through Levens Park on our return. . .

August 25th. Under the escort of a servant of Mr. James I proceeded to Penrith, without the semblance of an adventure. . .

August 26th. Rode to Carlisle, met endless droves of cattle, it being Fair day. From the same cause the market place was crowded with me & women eager to be hired for the shearing as they here call what I have been accustomed to term reaping.

. . . Nothing further worthy of mention took place till 2nd. of September when we went to spend a few days at Corby Castle, the residence of Philip Howard, one of the Norfolk family, in fact of Mr. Henry Howard the present owner of Greystocks, the seat of the old Duke of Norfolk should die without heirs, the property is bequeathed to this branch. The situation of Corby is one of the most beautiful I ever saw; from the front of the house you look up the river Eden, beautifully wooded on each side & a sort of long peninsula stretches up also covered with woods; the trees are very fine, particularly the oaks.

Continuing on with Ann in her travels, one is struck with her ability to paint little word pictures, not only of the mountains to whose summits she so laboriously climbed, but brilliant if brief sketches of the people she met—she goes on now with the house party at Corby Castle:

Our party consisted of Mr. Howard, said to be a clever man. I should certainly call him a very polite gentlemanly person of the old school. He has been married twice, by his first wife he had no children & he grieved so exceedingly at her death, that it seemed unlikely he would ever again enter the holy state; his mother urged him so much to do so that at length he consented, but told the lady whom he requested



to be his wife, that he never could love her, but he would be as kind as possible & she should have everything to make her comfortable; this lady did not choose to marry under those conditions but told him of a friend of hers, who she had no doubt would be willing . . . that lady is the present Mrs. Howard, a weak frivolous woman who values her friends in a great measure by their proximity to the Peerage. The Miss Howards are very Frenchified fly away sort of personages . . . running & mincing about like little children. . . Phillip Howard is a very good natured obliging young man, but so completely feminine in his manners as to excite ones laughter . . . we were shown our apartments by Mrs. Howard herself who received us with the utmost politeness. Mine was in the old part of the house, the walls nine feet thick. Dinner was served completely in French style, & a variety of wines that was absolutely perplexing. In the evening Lady Petre sang for us. Her voice is very fine, but she does not open her mouth; after that we played at a species of Hazard with dice, a very gambling, merry game.

September 3rd. . . . the family do not meet before ten. . . The Miss Howards took me through the grounds which are most beautiful. Lady Petre sang for us in a cell cut out of the solid rock at the edge of the river. I was very much delighted. . . This evening we danced reels & what, I should say, amounted to romping. The gentlemen then went upon the river blazing as it is called, with torches to throw out a great light, the fish are attracted, come to see what is the matter, & when within a short distance from the boat, someone spears them with a sort of harpoon. One was struck, but not sufficiently to take it, but it was found in the salmon trap next morning.

September 4th. Energetic traveler that she was, Ann continued:

Bid adieu to Corby, we sent the carriage round to meet us at Wetherall, and we walked on the opposite side of the river . . . we rowed upon the river awhile & then proceeded in the carriage. . . In the evening\* I walked to the top of

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\*This mention of "evening" obviously refers to "afternoon". Possibly this use of the word evening in a similar way in Virginia was borrowed from England.





Great Barrock, from which there is a very fine panoramic view. A rich circular valley animated by reapers in all directions, & surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, Saddleback is the most important.

September 7th. Another house party—this time at the James' at Barrock. Ann depicted some of the party:

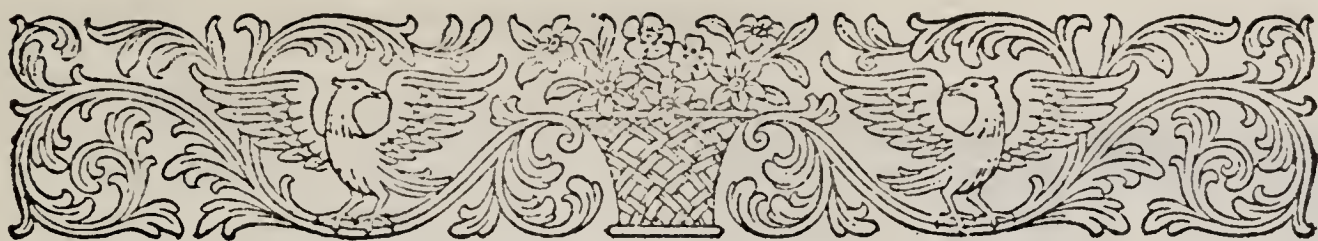
Our guests arrived—Mr. Hibbart, a very good humoured lively young man. Mr. Hawkes, a coxcombical little absurd looking creature, but much better than his appearance would lend one to expect. I think he is an imitation of Pelham, disdaining shooting & other manly sports. Captain & Mrs. Palliper, a new married couple. . . Lord and Lady Petre & Phillip Howard completed the party.

Ann neglected to tell what went on at this house party, merely mentioning on the 8th and 9th that the guests departed; "except Mr. Hibbart & the little Whiskerando, Mr. H. is, I find, the son of the Chairman of the West India Association in London." One wonders if "the coxcombical Mr. Hibbart" or "the little Whiskerando" might have become enamoured of Ann; to have remained after the house party! But to go on with Ann's Diary:

September 10th. On this evening a party of quite a different description was entertained. The Harvest Home, not less than forty persons partook of supper, tea, etc. accompanied by plenty of ale & punch, a fiddle was procured & we were much amused for a short time watching the reels. Singing closed the festivities.







## CHAPTER IX

### A NEW WORLD

**A**NN MAURY and her father, James Maury, set sail for America in the *Caledonia*. This was one of the Black Ball fleet of packet ships. Portions of Ann's Journal of the voyage follow:

April 1st. 1831. Good Friday. Papa, Rutson & myself set sail in the ship *Caledonia*, Captain Graham for New York to make our long projected visit to the United States. I anticipated feeling much on setting out but this reality far outstripped the anticipation; for several hours before we left home I could scarcely give the most trifling necessary directions without tears, & I wished to give some clothes to the servants, but I really was quite incapable of doing it; when we did finally leave the house, the meeting with the most indifferent persons agitated me. . .

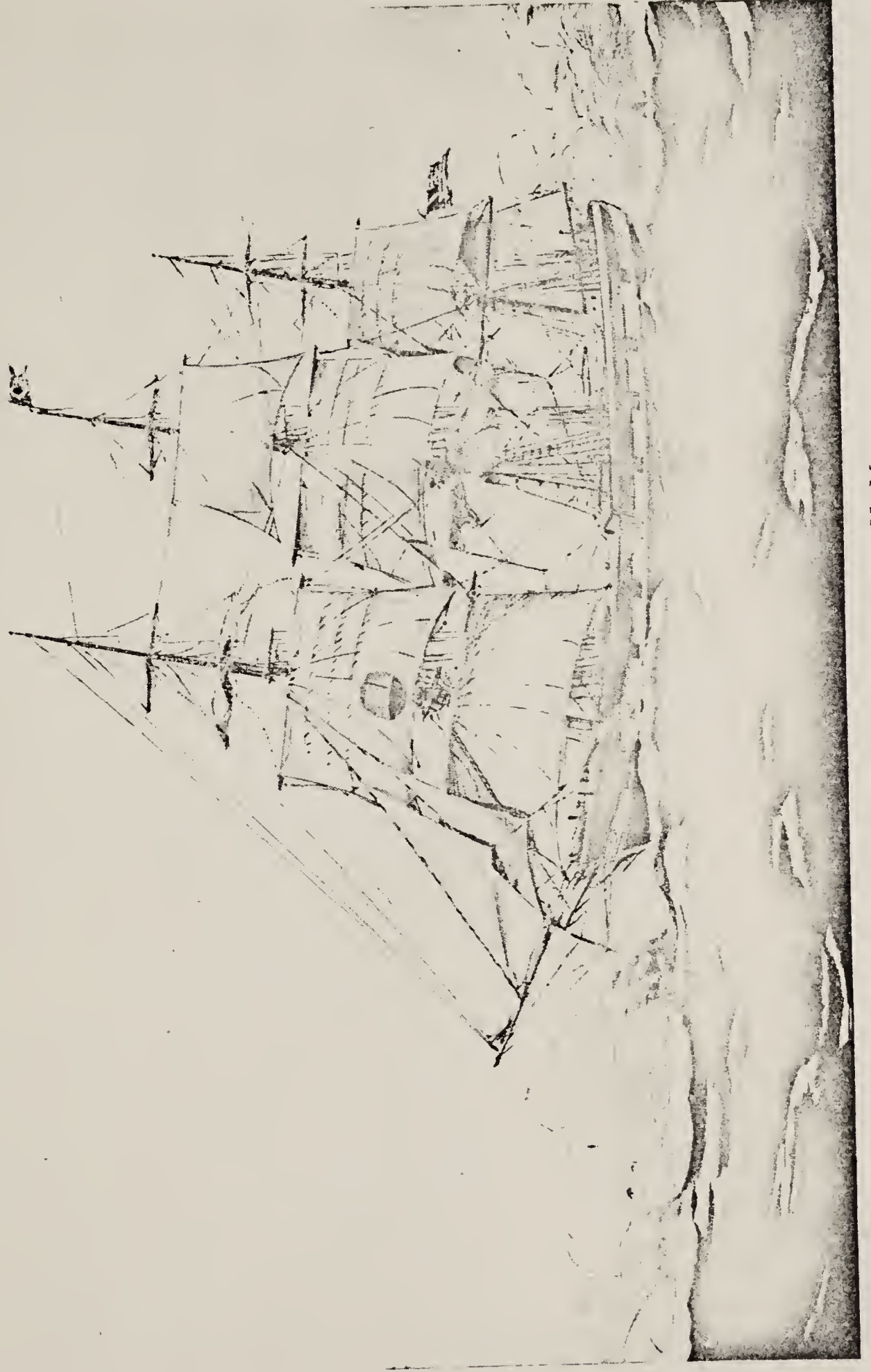
The fairest wind that could blow wafted us quickly out of sight. I had often heard the noises on board ship described, but I had no idea until I went to bed of their being anything like so great & yet every passenger who had been at sea before pronounces this an uncommonly easy ship & a very quiet one. I retired early with a bad headache, expecting a delightful nights rest, but instead of that, the incessant noise kept me awake the whole night. . .

Easter Sunday. Papa much disappointed to find no service performed, which he had quite expected, & it is also a disappointment that the Captain says no Grace at meals.

Monday 4th. Fair wind still continues. . .

Tuesday, April 5th. . . . I will now, after four days trial, write my impression of our passengers. . . 1st in our own Cabin the two Mr. Van Rensselaers of Albany, who have been travelling for some years in Europe—I like them much, they both seem to me to be gentlemanly & well in-





PACKET SHIP *Caledonia*, BY RICHARD H. MAURY





formed. . . Nine of the passengers are on their way to Canada. . . Mr. Rodier a Canadian French man, well meaning, civil but far from a gentleman. Levey, a Jew, with enormous whiskers & great pretension, but very disagreeable in his department & I think tells fibs. Syms, a vulgar civil person. . . Mr. Currie, OHara & Ryan all Irishmen, & very polite, easy mannered persons. . . Captain Graham I do not like. . . His countenance is very bad but he is a good seaman & commands a good vessel.

April 6th. A violent contrary wind, most annoying to everyone. . .

April 7th. Last night so tremendous that the dead lights were put in, and every passenger on board complaining of a sleepless night. . .

April 8th. One week today since we sailed & the experience of it is sufficient to make me agree with the majority of persons who have made sea voyages that it is a most tedious & monotonous way of passing time. I think it must be quite dreadful to make a voyage to the East Indies. . .

April 10th. Sunday. . . . Rutson performed the part of Chaplain on Deck, much to the satisfaction of a few of the Cabin Passengers & apparently all the Steerage Passengers. . . Some of the Canadians were so riotous this evening that Captain Graham went to call them to order . . . but they were very angry & declare they will publish him in New York & that he never will have any more Canadian passengers. . . A most beautiful sunset, and an unruffled calm.

April 11th. Rose early this morning to see the Sun rise, having scarcely seen it in my life. . . I cannot help thinking frequently how strange it is, that one should thus be sailing over the trackless deep, cut off from all mankind except the few who are in the same Bark, & yet one has a feeling of security as in a well built house upon Land—even when it blew so hard the other night I had not the slightest feeling of danger. . .

April 12th. Noon Longi 40° 6. Lat. 44° 10. . . . a light breeze . . . & I began to find that it is much more advantageous to proceed slowly in our direct path than ever so quickly out of it: though to a person of our ardent tempera-





ment there is something very exhilarating in cutting through the water at a great speed—after so fine & smooth a day, the night became very stormy & I was awakened out of a sound sleep by the falling of Brushes & Comb boxes. . .

April 14th. A very fine but cold day, owing to our being upon the Banks. Not a breath of wind, the Sails actually flapping against the Masts. . .

April 16th. . . . the dampness of the air was so great, that though it did not rain, the water actually fell upon the deck in large drops from the sails. . .

April 18th. . . We now want only 48 hours of fair wind to carry us into New York.

April 19th. A perfect calm which is very trying to one's spirits when so near the end of the journey—one benefit however from it has been the taking of some fresh fish . . . at least 5 cod fish & one halibut taken. . .

April 22nd. Copied Captain Graham's Journal, weather so cold that I have dismal chilblains both on hands & feet. . .

April 24th. Wind so light that though we are within 25 miles of New York it seems doubtful whether we shall get in tonight. About 2 o'clock a Steam Boat was descried in the distance & all was hustle preparing for going up to New York & about 4 o'clock we were decanted into the Steam Boat. . . The Steam Boat appeared quite American, Totally unlike our English boats having all the Machinery upon deck—the next object that struck us was the little village built at the quarantine ground, which looked so clean, fresh & bright, most of the houses built of wood, & all fresh painted. The fresh green of the willows & other early trees & the peach bloom was quite refreshing to the sight after looking so long upon sky & water alone. We were only 2 hours & 32 minutes from the Ship to New York, a distance of about 25 miles & we were detained some little time at

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\*Concerning the packet ship, *Caledonia* of the Liverpool Black Ball Line, Mr. Albion says, in his *Square-Riggers on Schedule*, that this ship, the previous year, 1830, had rivaled the *Columbia* in making the fastest trip across the Atlantic on record. The *Caledonia* made the trip at that time in sixteen days and some hours. This trip which Ann describes took twenty-four days, and was, as she says, "very trying to one's spirits."



the Quarantine ground. The bay of New York quite deserves the commendation bestowed upon it. For it is indeed magnificent. . .

On landing at the wharf, I looked in vain for a face that I had ever seen in my life before. A person was hired to bring up our commodities to Mrs. Street's where all seemed to be expecting us & glad to see us. . .

Mr. Albion says, "strange as it may sound, a sailing vessel going from Liverpool to New York traveled on the average nearly five hundred miles farther than a vessel going from New York to Liverpool. This was because of the prevailing westerly winds on the North Atlantic." Mr. Albion quotes Matthew Fontaine Maury\*, nephew of the Old Consul, James Maury, and his experiments with thousands of trips and their data on sailing conditions.†

Among the first great packet ships were the *Amity*, *Courier*, *Pacific* and *James Monroe*; whose trips from New York to Liverpool began in 1818. These ships are often mentioned by the Maurys in their letters. Speaking of the difference between a packet and a clipper ship Mr. Albion says, "a vessel could be a packet and a clipper. The clippers were more stream-lined . . . the packet was a vessel of sturdier and more burthensome build. The celebrated catchall of old packets was the whaling fleet, but the *Caledonia* was sold as a transient after a collision in the English Channel."

April 25th. Took a ride with Mr. [James G] King the whole length of Broadway, which is indeed a fine Street & very gay both with shops and Pedestrians. The City Hall is a very beautiful building of White Marble but one who has been accustomed to Portland Stone that the pure white of the marble looks like paint . . . the houses generally are handsome in the exterior, more like houses in London than Liverpool. The brick very small & compact, mostly painted that it looks rather like Baby houses. The Carriages very

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\*Matthew Fontaine Maury (1806-1873), son of Richard Maury and Diana Minor.

†*Square-Riggers on Schedule*, Robert Greenhalgh Albion. Princeton University Press. 1938. Pages 9, 14, 30, 102, 277.





clean, that is the Hacks, for you can hardly distinguish between private & public ones except that the horses are better in a gentleman's carriage. . . . The servants are very badly dressed, & the absence of Livery strikes one very much as also the hanging of the Carriages. They look so high & awkward. Gentlemen's dress is as inferior to the dress of an Englishman as a lady's is superior—the feet most particularly strike one. A constant succession of callers. . . .

April 28th. Cold N. E. wind continued rain so that we did not stir out until we were obliged to go and dine at Mr. McEvers. . . . Our party consisted of two Mr. Hones, Mr. E. Livingston, the new Secretary of State, a man not altogether unlike Mr. Randolph in his appearance, said to be 73 years of age; he is extremely cheerful & animated. Mr. Peter Livingston, a very dry humourous man apparently in declining health. Mr. Bourn, [?] the Mayor, a wet Quaker—Dr. Hosack whom I like much—Mr. White, Mr. and Mrs. Bache, Mr. Evers, she is an extremely pretty interesting woman. . . .

The style of serving dinner was something between French & English, every thing excellent & most elegant French China & beautiful gilt candelabras & candlesticks. Much of the furniture superior to Liverpool. . . .

May 1st. Sunday. Went to church & heard Dr. Wainwright, the perpetual correction of the Grammatical errors of the English Liturgy which occur in the alteration for the American church distract ones attention at first though the change is certainly for the better. The Music was very good. In the evening we went again to Grace Church to hear a Mr. Hopkins from Pittsburgh—very celebrated for his attainments in various ways. . . .

We walked up Broadway in the Evening with Mrs. King & were much amused by the gayety in the attire of the Black Population—I forgot to name accompanying Mrs. King on Saturday evening to a furniture warehouse belonging to a Mr. Fyfe. I think I never saw more beautiful furniture in my life, nor a greater variety of ingenious contrivances. We also went to a large Store, as they are here called, of Haber-





dashery, & all kinds of female attire, which is on a more extensive scale than anything of the sort in Liverpool.

May 2nd. Walked with Miss Delafield to return some visits and I never saw anything to equal the bustle throughout the whole city—almost every person removes to a different house on the 1st May, a remnant, they say, of an old Dutch custom, it seemed to me that three-fourths of the population were in motion changing their abode, & Irishmen in every direction giving assistance. Indeed every description of vehicle cart, carriage, Jersey waggon, gig seems in requisition even to some carts drawn by oxen. . .

May 3rd. Called upon a Mrs. Cobb who I think was more delighted to see us than any one we have yet visited. Went to the City Hall where the Mayor exhibited to us Portraits of all who had held the distinguished station he now occupies. The Mayor in this city has quite an idle time compared with ours in Liverpool, not being required to set upon the bench.

May 4th. Went to see Captain Cobb's\* new ship, the *Sampson*, launched & a beautiful sight it was. . . Miss Gore & I took the opportunity of inspecting one of the large Steam Boats of this country, the *President*, and the arrangements are most beautiful, very superior to any I have seen in Liverpool, tho' not so well calculated for Sea Boats—the Engines being upon Deck give the whole length of the boat below for the accomodation of passengers. We went upon the Battery & into the Castle garden to watch it round. . .

May th. . . . Rutson and I went to an Evening party at Mrs. Jay's given to Mrs. Henry Ludlow, a Bride—Miss Jay, having been one of her Bridesmaids & it is usual here to have a large number of Bridesmaids & every one gives a party so a great deal more gayety ensues from a wedding than with us. . . The ladies were elegantly dressed & many of them very lovely. . . Their figures very fine, & complexions,

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\*Captain Cobb: In *Square-Riggers on Schedule* we learn (page 215, 281 and 333) that Captain Nathaniel Cobb of Stonington, Connecticut, was part owner of the Black Ball Line of packets. On his retirement he lived at Tarrytown, New York. The *Samson*, of the Red Swallowtail Line of which he once was captain, struck a rock off Nova Scotia, and was lost in May, 1841. The *President* was also wrecked in 1841.





I think as good as in England. The gentlemen are not so good looking, the climate gives them a weather beaten appearance.

May 6th. Took a ride out of town with Mr. & Mrs. P. Hone. Our first direction was along the North River of which the occasional glimpses were very pleasing—we passed the House of Refuge, a very valuable institution for juvenile delinquents who not unfrequently from the pains taken with them are returned to society completely reformed. They never place them in towns, thinking the temptation to sin again would there be irresistible, but generally bind them to some farmer in the country, or to the Sea.

May 10th. Made the acquaintance of General Van Rensselaer & I was glad, on that account, we had remained another day. . .

May 11th. Left New York in the *Swan* Steam Boat on our road to Philadelphia at 7 o'clock in the morning, we passed along the Raritan between New Jersey & Staten Island, very flat banks but prettily wooded, & in all the beauty of the fresh green of spring which made the sail very interesting, particularly when we approached Brunswick; the river became very winding & broken cliffs, with every variety of foliage in the natural woods above, & occasionally a romantic ravine, the river so narrow that the Steam Boat raised the water quite over the vegetation in many places. We had been informed by a friend in New York of the expediency of speaking to the Captain soon after getting on board to be placed in the 1st. Stage so as not to be incommoded by dust. . . Shortly before landing at Brunswick the Captain informed each person the number of the Stage in which they were to be forwarded, & the baggage was then all placed ready upon barrows chalked with the number of the Stage in which it was to be placed & it was really astonishing in how short a time & with what little confusion about 60 persons with their baggage were safely removed from the Boat & arranged in the carriages. . . The road was rough & the Stage uneasy, & those behind suffered from the additional annoyance of dust. We passed through Princeton, famed, for its college which existed as the name indicates long before





the Revolution. It used to be the resort of young men from every part of the Colonies. The horses were very good to all appearance, but the progress they made would be called very slow in England; 26 miles in 4 hours, precisely. I was curious to observe how long a time was employed in removing all the Passengers & their Baggage from the 6 Stages to the Steam Boat at Trenton, we were exactly 8 minutes from the time our Stage (which was No. 1) stopped until we actually began to cut thro' the water in the Steam Boat. . . The commencement of the sail was flat & uninteresting, but after a short distance improved much, & many gentlemen's seats added to the interest—passed the town of Bristol on the Penna. side of the Delaware, & shortly afterwards Burlington on the New Jersey side, famed for its Hams. We were furnished with very good breakfast & dinner on board the Steam Boats upon paying  $\frac{1}{2}$  dollar for each. Every one at table drank water only.

About  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 o'clock we reached Philadelphia & could not find accomodation for ourselves at the Hotel we expected & the United States Hotel, to which we then went, appeared so extremely uncomfortable & dirty. . . I was thoroughly unhappy for the first time since we left home & had a sort of sensation like wishing that we had never left it.

May 12th. . . The appearance of Philadelphia, I like much. The regularity of the Streets, I think very beautiful, & the trees growing most luxuriantly at the edge of the footways forms an agreeable shade and very refreshing to the sight. Visited the Museum where there is a tolerable collection of stuffed Birds, Beasts &c., but the greatest curiosity to be seen there is the perfect skeleton of a mammoth. . . One would not, perhaps, be aware of the size of this creature but for the skeleton of a full-sized Elephant being placed along side of it. Walked in the evening in Washington Square, which is a great resort of children. . .

May 13th. Rode out to the Penitentiary which seems to be admirably conducted. It is altogether on the plan of solitary confinement. Each cell is airy, & well lighted from the top & has a small yard in which the criminal is allowed to exercise for an hour in the day. They are kept employed. Those





who have already learnt a trade are kept to it, & those who have not are taught. We conversed with two of the prisoners. The first a black man who was sentenced to 2 years confinement for theft, of which 19 months have elapsed. He had learnt to make shoes, while in prison & on the floor were several pairs very stoutly & well made by him. He answered our questions very readily as to the length of his confinement, where he was born, his state of health, resolutions of future good conduct &c. He appeared subdued, but by no means disordered in mind, as Mr. Roscoe supposes inevitable from solitary confinement. In each cell is a Bible & some religious Tracts. The next cell we entered was occupied by a man from Lancashire, Eng., who was put in for forgery, his sentence was also for 2 years, & he had been 11 months. His trade was that of a Carver & some very well executed pieces lay in the cell. He also seemed to think he would take care not to commit any crime, which would make him amenable to the laws when once restored to mankind, we saw several others engaged in weaving. This plan seems to me the perfection of prison discipline. The constant employment prevents the extreme effect upon the mind, which Mr. Roscoe anticipated, & yet the complete separation from the world must naturally induce reflection & tame the most turbulent spirits. Particular attention is paid to cleanliness, water is conveyed into every cell & carried off. An iron bedstead & mattress which turns up against the wall in the day time & let down at night. A clean sheet is allowed once a week. In the small iron door which is used for putting in provisions is an opening about an inch square & the sides radiating from it, an eye applied there can see the prisoner at any time in any part of his cell. We ascended to the top of the building whence the view is very beautiful & extensive, & gives you a perfect knowledge of the situation of Philadelphia between the Delaware & the Schuylkill. The roof is made of sheets of copper, a thing I never recollect to have seen before. After this we proceeded to the water works upon the Schuylkill—a most magnificent undertaking for the supply of the City with water. The whole is accomplished by water power. The river is damned across in a bending





direction about 1200 feet, & the water power thus procured turns 4 immense wheels which work two forcing pumps on so large a scale as to raise 5 millions & a half gallons of water into the reservoir in 24 hours. From the reservoir water is conveyed into every part of the city & suburbs. These are 102 feet above the level of low tide & 56 higher than any part of the city, which of course, is of the greatest utility for the supply to upper stories in the houses & also for extinguishing fires.

There is a very handsome wooden bridge across the Schuylkill near the water works, a single arch of 340 feet. The navigation of the river being interrupted by the water works, the corporation were under the necessity of forming a canal for a short distance on the side about 900 feet & furnished with locks. Between the locks is a very ingenious contrivance for weighing the Boats with. They pass in between two locks & rest on a sort of cradle. The water is then let off & the boat weighted, after which the water is let in again & the boat passes through the lock. I neglected to name, in speaking of the Prison arrangements, a contrivance to prevent the prisoners finding their way out. They are taken into an apartment where all their clothes are stripped off, they then pass into another where there is a Bath in which they are thoroughly cleansed & in a third they are dressed in Prison garments, blindfolds & thus conveyed to the cell. Drank tea with Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Warder, whose kindness to us has been very great. He brought his Carriage for us & sent us home in it likewise. We met, there, Mr. & Mrs. Bacon, (she was a Miss Warder) & 2 daughters, one of them married to a person named Horatio Woods. Dining so early, Tea appeared quite a Meal. Hot oysters, Ham, Cheese Corn Bread, Cake &c. all excellent.

May 14th. Rose at 6 o'clock to visit the Market, which was very neat & clean & well furnished, but I prefer the plan of the market in Liverpool. Visited the Mint, and mounted the State House celebrated as the building in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. The bad taste of the Corporation induced them some years ago to alter & as





they thought to beautify this edifice & now they are endeavouring to restore it to what it was originally.

May 16th. Left Philadelphia at 6 o'clock in the morning in the Steam Boat for Delaware City. The first 20 miles we performed in one hour & 8 minutes. We stopped to let out & take in passengers at several places, yet completed the 47 miles &  $\frac{1}{2}$  in 3 hours. We passed Newcastle, formerly a place of considerable trade, but now at a standstill. Wm. Penn bequeathed to that town some lands in its neighbourhood whose rental now pays all the expences of the town. Before reaching Delaware City, arrangements were made as usual for the baggage & all that was intended for Baltimore was put into a large Car & wheeled out of the Steam Boat into the Canal Boat & again untouched from the Canal Boat into the Steam Boat at Bohemia. The Canal which unites the waters of the Delaware & the Chesapeake has been finished about a year at very great expense, part being through morass, where as far as you can see there seems no firm ground except the towing path, & from the rapidity with which the boats move, drawn by 5 horses the banks already begin to want repair. There is also a very deep cutting about 90 feet chiefly through sand & gravel upon which the rains have so much effect in causing the banks to slide down that they are now at work increasing the slope & in some places thatching it. The main road crosses the Canal in the deepest part of the cutting & there is a most curious looking Bridge thrown across.\* The above prevents something of the appearance of this Bridge which like most of those I have seen in this country has a roof upon it. We left the Canal for a Steam Boat at the head of Elk River, which flows into the Chesapeake, passed Fort Mifflin, Pooles Island, Turkey Point, saw Point Bodkin at some distance with a Light House upon it, & were very glad about half past 4 to see distinctly the Spires, Domes, Monuments & Shot Tower of Baltimore & before 5 we were safely lodged in Mrs. West's Boarding House on Gay Street.

The first view of Baltimore strikes me as bearing more

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\*This is sketched in Diary.





resemblance to Liverpool than either of the other large Cities we have visited. The bustling about the wharf & the warehouses in the vicinity all brought Liverpool forcibly into my mind.

May 17th. Papa & Rutson went to see old Mr. Carroll now in his 95th. year & the only surviving singer of the Declaration of Independence. They found him in health & strength beyond what they had been led to expect & in memory likewise. Drank tea with Papa's old friend Billy Lorman.

May 18th. Visited the commencement of the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, to see its carriages, cars, &c, also rode through Mr. John Carroll's Park to see the Carrollton Viaduct, which is a very beautiful piece of Masonry, the arch over which the Rail Road passes is 70 feet above the usual level of the Stream & built of beautiful Granite. Went into the Cathedral to see two paintings presented by Louis 18th. & Charles 10th. The subjects are the Descent from the Cross, and the interment of a Roman Soldier at the Crusades. The New Unitarian church is a handsome structure, near to it a Dr. Howard is building himself a most inconsistent house, with a beautiful Ionic Portico of white marble, 4 columns costing each \$1200, & the remainder of the house of painted brick.

Dined with Mrs. Johnston & in the evening Mr. [William?] Wirt came in to see Papa & much agreeable conversation they had with each other . . . amongst other subjects, he was speaking of the remains of a water-spout he saw many years ago in the mountains of Virginia. A substantial frame house with brick chimneys had been entirely carried away. The inmates heard a rumbling noise something like distant thunder & about 10 minutes afterwards the rush of water came down the hill so rapidly that they had barely time to run out of the house ere it was carried bodily away. A black woman in the kitchen who had run out on the first alarm & returned for her child was caught in the stream of water & carried child & all down the hill at an amazing speed & finally lodged on the top of a Haystack. On the



same day there were no less than twenty-three water spouts burst in the neighbourhood within the short space of five miles.

May 19th. Left Baltimore in the stage for Washington & passed thro a country which is here considered very poor, but from the number of fine trees we should value it in England and so many beautiful wild flowers. Rhododendrons, azaleas, beautiful tall blue lupins, arbutus & Andromeda. . .

May 20th. First, we went to the Capitol, a splendid building without, but for its being painted, they say the Stone is bad, but any sort of Stone would look better than a painted building. The paintings inside are the signing of the Declaration of Independence from which the engravings have been taken, & the Surrender at York, the affair at Saratoga, and General Washington delivering up his Commission as Commander in Chief. The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620 is sculptured in bas-relief in one of the niches. Pocohontas begging the life of Captain Smith is another. William Penn's Treaty with the Indians in 1685 is a 3rd., and a conflict between Daniel Boon & the Indians forms the 4th. The Senate Chamber & the Chamber for the Representatives both seem very comfortable, but I am told badly adapted for hearing. From thence we went to the Patent Office where there are two rooms filled with models of all the Machines &c, for which Patents have been taken out by American Citizens, for a foreigner is not allowed the privilege, of course, we had not time for inspection sufficient to enter into the merits of the different contrivances, but it is sufficiently astonishing to behold the vast inventions & ingenuity of this people, in merely walking from one end to the other. The Department of State we next visited, chiefly for the purpose of inspecting the original Declaration of Independence; we also saw some Treaties, & I never before was aware of the pompous & magnificent way in which they are sent in superb velvet embroidered port folios with the Seals in Gilt boxes with the arms of the party embossed therein. The War Department we also inspected. Many portraits of Indians, their weapons & attire, among the rest, the skin of a





wild Cat made into a dress for an Infant, all the parts of the animal intended to fit the corresponding ones of the child. From thence we went to Gen'l. Van Ness's & spent the remainder of the day. With Matilda's beauty, I am disappointed, but not at all with her in other respects. Mrs. Van Ness pleased me very much. I should have liked to spend more time with her and shall hope to see her in the winter if we go to Washington.

May 21st. At noon we embarked in the Steam Boat upon the Potomac & about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 o'clock with the most beautiful Sunset we entered the Creek. I never saw a more delicious evening, the water perfectly calm & every leaf reflected in the water which varied from the lighted yellow tint up to the brightest orange reflected from the Sunset. It almost seemed as if the Heavens were smiling upon Papa's return to Virginia after so many years absence. At a little after 7 Mr. Vass shook hands with us at the landing place, & in a suitable length of time we were deposited in a very roomy stage for Fredericksburgh. As usual, I was entertained at the style in which the driver conducted us, going occasionally at a tremendous pace along roads which would not be considered practicable for a carriage in England. . .

May 23. Papa went to the church to see the Monument to his first wife therein.

May 21st. Took a ride to Falmouth & through the neighbouring country for 6 or 7 Miles—the most striking feature was the black people working in the fields. Dined at Mrs. Gregorys.

May 27th. Dined at Mr. Goodwin's, the first difference apparently from English manners is in the separation of Ladies from Gentlemen at the dinner table—the ladies sitting all together at the head of the table & the gentlemen at the foot.

May 28th. Drank tea at Mr. Dunbars at Falmouth, a lively & pleasant party, walked in the Garden & entertained ourselves with conversation.

May 29th. Went to Church, heard a Mr. Taliaferro preach his first Sermon which promised well.

May 30th. Dined at James F. Maury's—much pleased





with his wife, a cousin of John Randolph, with the true Indian black eye. in the cool of the evening we proceeded to Uncle Herndon's, where we were received with the most affectionate kindness. The brother & sister so long separated wept on each others shoulder. We remained there until the 11th. June when we went to Fredericksburg again in order to go to Church on the following day, Sunday, 12th. June, which we did & heard Mr. McGuire preach from the Text: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

June 15th. The anniversary of my dear mother's birth, & a day of the greatest happiness it was always made to us during our early years.

June 16th. Left *Laurel Hill* in a hack for *Montpelier*. We dined comfortably at a place called Verdinsville on the road. Our first view of the Mountains was quite exhilarating to both of us after being so long upon the plains, the air, too was very reviving, being considerably cooler than in the lower country. We very nearly had a very bad accident on the route. One of the horses became unruly while ascending a steep hill, plunged very much & finally refusing to draw, we rolled backwards down the hill much quicker than we had ascended and I believe should have been overturned in a very dangerous place had not a small tree checked our career, & Caesar jumped down & we were able to get out & walk up the hill. On our arrival at Mr. [James] Madison's he & his step son, Mr. Todd; came out to hand us from the carriage. Papa was much affected at the meeting. Mrs. Madison joined us presently & expressed great pleasure in seeing us. Mr. Madison, I think decidedly one of the most agreeable gentlemen I have ever known, & I think myself fortunate in having had the opportunity of making his acquaintance. His fund of anecdote & conversation & his agreeable talent for imparting information conspire to render him, I may say, a fascinating man, though one generally considers a man of 80 years to be past the age of fascination.

Mrs. Madison is likewise, a very agreeable person, but in a different style altogether—very kind & hospitable & cheerful. She gave us many interesting details of the war. She was left at Washington alone & she had so strong a feeling that





the British would never be suffered to reach the seat of government, that she would not leave it until about 2 hours before the arrival of the troops, which obliged her to leave almost everything behind. Mr. Madison's papers & the plate belonging to the President's house were all that she took away with her, so that their losses as individuals were very considerable. Many valuable books & prints, curiosities of various kinds & about \$80,000 worth of wine. She related a curious incident of a British naval officer, who came to several of her parties as a spy, & was a very agreeable man, he afterwards came to her disguised as a female, stated himself to be in so much distress that she gave him money, which circumstance he afterwards named & said he would keep the money for her sake. In this disguise he offered to her as a housekeeper & asked to look thru the President's house, appeared much disappointed at not seeing Mr. Madison's cabinet—while inspecting the house a troop of American Horse rode up & thinking he was in danger, he instantly darted out of the house, ran as if for his life & was seen no more. Mr. Tucker, his wife & two daughters by a former marriage stayed at *Montpellier* while we were there. Mr. T. is Professor of Moral Philosophy & Political Economy at the Charlottesville University—we found them all agreeable. It is a little remarkable that though young people, Mr. Tucker has been married 3 times & Mrs. Tucker 4 times. I have been much struck with the number of second marriages in this country which inclines me to imagine that it cannot be nearly so healthy. A couple reaching the age of 50 or 60 together is quite common with us, & certainly not so here. A most delightful visit we had at *Montpellier*, & we left it with regret on June 22nd.

July 5th. Went to dine with Thos. Jefferson Randolph in order to meet his mother. *Edge Hill*, the place of his residence is a more comfortable house than most I have seen in the country in Virginia. The windows open with weights & pulleys, which is decidedly a luxury in this part of the country. The family consisted of Mrs. Randolph, the daughter of Mr. Jefferson. A very agreeable, & well educated & fine looking woman, very tall & straighter in her carriage





than the ladies of this country commonly are. Two of her daughters, Cornelia & Mary, both seemingly unaffected, amiable girls—Jeff., himself seems quite well qualified to shine in social life, & it seems a pity he should desire to be a politician. He is an excellent farmer & kind to his people, a very affectionate parent & lively good hearted man, but a thorough going democrat & Jacksonian. His wife was very kind in her manners but in no way striking. Gen'l. Gordon, who is married to a daughter of Col. Lindsey, dined with us. Col., Carr, one of the family of Papa's early friend, Dabney Carr—Peachy Gillmer also.

We spent quite a pleasant day & were invited to visit the families of all we saw there.

July 7th. Dined at Mr. [Alexander] Garratt's in Charlottesville, a very worthy excellent man of moderate education, & consequently strong prejudices. Mrs. G. is a descendant of the famed Indian Princess Pocahontas. . .

July 11th. Visited *Monticello* on horse back calling at Mr. Merriwether's by the way. The view from the top of the mountain is very fine indeed. Somewhat similar to the view from Stirling Castle, ranges of Mountains forming a semi-circle on one side, on the other is presented a plain apparently grown all over with Pine, having once been cultivated & now deserted for better lands. A solitary mountain visible about 40 miles distant in Buckingham county. The house is interesting from having been the residence of Mr. Jefferson, otherwise there is little worthy of observation in any of its arrangements. The two rooms, one would have wished most to see, the bed chamber & library are locked up.

July 12th. . . . went to a conversazion at Mrs. Tucker's in the evening.

July 13th. Dined at Dr. Dunglison's, Professor of the Theory & Practice of Medicine at the Charlottesville University.

July 14th. Rose at 3 a. m. to be ready to meet the stage opposite to the University at 4. We reached the appointed place at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 4 waited & waited for upwards of an hour & at last were informed that the Stage passed a little after three, full of vexation, we returned to Piedmont. To make





sure of seats for the next morning, we went to take our rest at the Inn at Charlottesville for the night.

July 15th. At 4 o'clock in the morning we took our Seats in a full stage for the White Sulphur Springs i. e. Papa, Matthew & myself. . . The road we found tolerably good, particularly where nature presented the greatest difficulties—as for example, over the Blue Ridge, the Warm Spring Mountain, & the Allegany, which certainly are the best parts of the road, but very dangerous, from the narrowness of the road, or the steep precipices at the edge. Stanton seems a flourishing little town & contains a handsome Brick edifice appropriated for a Lunatic Asylum for the State of Virginia. We dined at the Augusta Springs & were detained some time by an accident having happened to the Stage which required to be repaired before we could proceed, which gave us an opportunity of tasting the water. This delay retarded us so much that we did not reach Clover Dale, our sleeping place till 10 minutes before 10. . .

July 16th. At half past one a. m. the Coachman wakened with the cracking of his whip & calls that the Stage was ready. Very reluctantly we got up & a little before three we were housed in the stage & traversed for several hours, a miserable road, until we reached the Warm Spring Mountain, mentioned above. The view from the top of it is beautiful, every variety of Mountain Scenery wanting only a fine Lake or River to render it perfect. At the Warm Springs kept by a third cousin of ours, Mr. Fry, we breakfasted. . . Five miles from the Warm Springs we passed the Hot Springs. While passing through the Cowpasture, a piece of iron for preventing the body of the Carriage from striking against the wheel was broken off by a tremendous jolt & some distance farther on when we were about 7 miles from Callahan's, our dining place, another jolt broke the pole that it was obliged to be spliced with some of the leather straps from the trunks. From 5 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, we were engaged in crossing the great backbone of the U. S. the Allegany Mts. At 7 we reached the White Sulphur & were dismayed by the information that we could not be accommodated. In the course of an hour or two, Papa & Matthew





were deposited in a sort of Hog Sty in company with a third person & Mrs. Norris of Baltimore kindly took compassion upon me & lodged me in her Cabin. . .

July 17th. . . . we were removed to a comfortable Cabin with two rooms in it. The arrangements in one particular I like very much here, namely having separate little habitations all round the Green, and a House containing a large room which serves for Drawing Room Ball Room & Church. Another detached building contains an Eating Room, where all assemble for Breakfast, Dinner & Supper. The want of cleanliness, which produces Fleas & Bugs in abundance is an excessive annoyance. The situation is a delightful one & admits of very great improvement.

July 18th. Made acquaintance with the Preston family & find them quite an acquisition.

July 22nd. Currie Duncan & his wife arrived from New Orleans. It was quite pleasant to me to see a Liverpool face. We remained at the White Sulphur Springs until 12th. August & I was quite sorry to quit, we had made so many agreeable acquaintances there. Particularly Mr. Wirt's family & Judge Cabbell's but Rutson had written us word that Mr. Gwathmey on the authority of an eminent Physician recommended Papa to visit the Sweet Springs as being the best in the world for an old man, of course, we resolved to give them a trial & on

Augst 12th. at 5 o'clock in the morning we took our Seats in the Stage crowded as usual, for the Sweet Springs. The first 6 miles we retraced our steps on the road to Callahan's, we then turned to the south & recrossed the Alleghany by a lower Gap, but much steeper ascent & descent & very rough road. At Crow's we breakfasted & were pleased to meet old acquaintances, Mr. & Mrs. Potts, whom we had known at the White Sulphur Springs. She was a niece of Billy Murdock. We passed through very beautiful scenery, the road crossing Dunlop's creek no less than 7 times, but without the ceremony of a bridge on any occasion. As we approached the Sweet Springs it was agreeable to see more cultivation, something more like good farming. Our friends, the Prestons met us & gave us the pleasant information that they had secured for





us a good Cabin, which we found to be a palace compared with the one we had left in the morning.

August 13th. Went to see a great curiosity of the neighbourhood, an old Beaver Dam, through which a petrifying spring has been dripping until it is almost all petrified. . . The beavers must formerly have been numerous in this neighbourhood for there are many remains of their houses. . .

August 14th. Had a Sermon from an itinerant Methodist, a plain discourse evincing want of education certainly but of a nature to be useful to the majority of his auditors, & I liked him the better from his having none of the ranting frequently to be found among his kind. He gave notice of preaching in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, & added as if he supposed that would not be understood by all his hearers, that in 3 hours by sun, meaning 3 hours before sunset.

August 16th. . . The temperature [of the baths] is about 75 degrees Fahrenheit, which is quite a shock on going in but feels pleasant to remain in about 5 or 10 minutes. It is slightly chalybeate, & contains a small portion of carbonic acid gas, salt of some kind in solution. . .

We remained at the Sweet Springs until the last day of August & in many respects had a disagreeable time of it, for the weather was miserable, heavy rains every day, so that we were almost confined to our cabin, the pathway to the tavern being in many places under water. . .

August 31st. The hack we had engaged to convey us to the Warm Springs arriving about noon we were soon in readiness to depart, but to our dismay found our trunks could not be accomodated, & we were obliged to leave one behind with Phil to take care of it. We had not proceeded far before we found that we had a balking horse, & the first hill we ascended he so entirely refused to pull that we really were alarmed & Matthew jumped out of the carriage & went to the horse's head while Isaac pushed behind. We dined at Crow's & then proceeded to Callahan's with numberless annoyances from our wicked horse. It was quite dark night before we arrived, & I was amused with Isaac addressing himself to the horse as though it had been a reasonable creature. I thought he had spoken to us & asked him . . .





he said "I was only telling this bad horse how foolish he is to be kicking capers in the dark, when nobody can see to help themselves & could do nothing to take care of him either." At Callahan's we were pleased to meet with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne, & passed a cheerful evening. I slept in a room with no sort of fastening to the door—only protected myself by placing a chair against it & putting the feet of the chair into my shoes that it might fall over & make a noise instead of quietly sliding if any one should attempt to enter. I had no water jug or bason in my room, & upon asking for something of the kind in the morning, a little tub was produced.

September 1st. After a hearty breakfast we again set forward & found the road so bad & hilly that Matthew & I walked a great part of the way. We had one fright, when walking a little in advance of the carriage. An enormous Bull came roaring towards us & turning up the ground with his horns, we were so alarmed that we retraced our steps to the Carriage & got Isaac to help to drive it away. We had a heavy shower in descending Morris' hill that we were obliged to remain in the carriage instead of walking down. The descent is frightfully precipitous & so rough as scarcely to deserve the name of road. We rested for two hours at the foot of the hill at a comfortable tavern, kept by a man named Paris. The rest was quite necessary for both man & beast, though we had only travelled 11 miles. Immediately on leaving we had to ford Jackson's river, & our balking horse absolutely refused to stir a step, seeming bent upon remaining in the middle of the river. Isaac, at length induced him to proceed & without any accident we reached our destination a little before 7 o'clock.

September 2nd. A day of heavy rain like the Sweet Springs, but having a very comfortable Cabin & very close to the Eating Room we did not mind it so much.

September 5th. Genl. Preston brought over his carriage to take us to the Hot Springs which I did not fancy nearly so well as this place, & the water does not look so pure in any of the Baths as it is here. The hottest Bath usually called the Boiler, is 106. After bathing in that, the patient





is placed between blankets to excite perspiration. The next in degree called the Spout Bath is 102 degrees in the Bath & 104 at the Spout where it runs in & you can let it run down your back, or any part that particularly requires the application. There is still a different degree of heat in the temperate Bath, which is about the same as this 96 degree. The water has never been correctly analysed at any of these springs which is much to be regretted, but it is evident to the most common observer that the Hot & Warm Springs are essentially different. The most obvious impregnation of the former being Iron, from its Red Deposit, & the latter evidently sulphureous. One would naturally imagine that a Bath so very hot as the boiler would be very relaxing, but on the contrary it is found very tonic & particularly valuable in cases of debility. The bath here is of an Octagon form ——— feet in diameter, & varies from 4 &  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 feet in depth) 96° temperature & so buoyant that it is very difficult to keep the feet. A delightful place for learning to swim.

September 6th. Walked up the Warm Spring Mountain & had a most beautiful view from the Turnpike Gate, the fog rested entirely in the valleys, & the mountains being beautifully clear, it had quite the appearance of a magnificent inlet of the sea with Mountains, Islands & Rocks jutting out. We bade adieu after Breakfast to our friends, the Prestons who passed through on their road to Lexington.

September 7th. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Triplett, Mr. and Mrs. Washington, Isabella Scott, Charlotte Carter, Mr. Armistead Carter, Matthew, Rutson & Mr. Jones & myself. Ascended the Warm Spring Mountain to its summit, from which the view though much more extended than from the Turnpike is not so beautiful. You see around you every mountain from the Alleghany to the Blue Ridge. A fine river would add much to the scene, the only water to be seen being a very small particle of the Cow Pasture River. On this ramble we were accompanied by Mr. & Mrs. Washington, the present proprietor of *Mount Vernon*. She is a charming woman & must have been a beauty when young. I have had much interesting conversation with her upon the subject of slavery. She is an ardent promoter of the Coloni-





zation Society, & she & her sister sent out 12 Negroes belonging to themselves last autumn. One of them a particularly clever female who they instructed to qualify her for keeping school in Liberia, & they purchased her husband to send with her. . .

September 8th. A negro brought a Rattle Snake for sale which he had caught in the Mountains. It was shut up in a Box with some glass in the top to look at it through. At first we laughed at the idea of any one purchasing it, but after a little more talk, we thought it would be the best to buy it from him & turn it out of the box that we all might have a good look at it and then kill it. The price was one dollar. We had rather a laughable scene, the starts that were given when it moved. . .

September 9th. Made acquaintance with Mr. & Mrs. Washington. He the great great nephew of the truly great man, General Washington, & the present owner of *Mount Vernon*, at which place they have kindly invited us to visit them. Mrs. Washington is a beautiful woman, even now at the age of forty-five & a most pleasing one. They live in Jefferson County in the summer near Mr. Yates, the brother of Major Oglivby, about whom we had much conversation. Rode over with Mr. W. to the Hot Springs & immersed myself in the Boiler, as it is called, & did not find in uncomfortably hot for a few minutes. . .

September 12th. Left the Warm Springs in a sort of rude stage drawn by 2 horses & constructed by a Cobler well calculated for jolting even on a smooth road, our destination was the Natural Bridge. The first object to be seen was a Blowing Cave remarkable for the stream of air constantly rushing from its mouth during warm weather, sufficiently to lay the grass & weeds prostrate for some distance; & in the winter the draught is within. I know not upon what physiological principles it can be accounted for. It has been penetrated for about 150 yards which is as far as a man can go upon his hands & knees—& when about 20 yards within all current of air ceases, & there is a little farther a spring of good water. . .





September 13th. We passed through some very beautiful scenery, extremely wild a great part of the way, latterly highly cultivated, but we could not enjoy it very much from the horrible state of the roads, we crossed the bed of a rough mountain stream I should think about 100 times in 3 miles. We gathered some very good wild grapes in the woods. We accomplished 22 miles in 7 hours and a half. . .

September 14th. A day to be remembered as the one on which we visited the Natural Bridge, certainly one of the most sublime indeed I may say the most sublime natural scene I have ever beheld. I will not attempt its description for I should fail. I will only say its height is 212 feet. The Cedar Creek runs below. I was so presumptuous as to attempt a sketch of it. . .

September 16th. At 2 o'clock in the morning we were seated in a crowded Stage to travel over a road towards Staunton, which we were told, we should find more rocky than any we had yet traversed. The first 8 miles we accomplished so smoothly from being very heavily laden that we were congratulating ourselves on the advantages of stage travelling over bad roads, all at once we came to a standstill & the driver jumping from his box called out now we are done for! the wheel is broken—upon examination we found that one-half of the fore wheel was broken off entirely . . . the first plan suggested was to borrow a waggon wheel to supply the place of the broken one—after a detention of near half an hour, one was procured . . . all the passengers were ordered to alight, except Papa & me. The rain was falling in torrents, & not the least appearance of daybreak. The experiment failed & our next resource was to fasten on the broken fore wheel with the drag chain & in that way we were able to proceed slowly, all walking but Papa & me. I do not know which was the worse situation, the pedestrians whose bodies were wet through & fatigued by a walk of 4 miles, or ours, expecting every instant to be upset. At Fairfield we pulled up to repair the wheel, the mail having been previously forwarded on horseback. Can anything be much more miserable in its way than to be pent up in a despicable public house for 7 or 8 hours during a pourdown rain which





was our fate. Not a book to read. Luckily I thought of having my writing case brought in. . . . At 3 o'clock we pursued our journey, & in passing through Greenville we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Washington again. They had been weather bound all day. We reached Staunton soon after dark & found Mr. & Mrs. Cole & Miss Anne from Williamsburg. They had had their share of distress. Their coachman thrown from the box, horses running away with them, carriage broken & they frightened out of their senses. . . .

October 17th. Reuben [Maury] accompanied us to dine with Peachy Gilmer, whom we found in a Log Cabin surrounded by so choice a library that would have astonished an Englishman when contrasted with the house &c. We were most hospitably entertained. The inconsistencies daily observable in the mode of living in this state seem to me to be very much owing to Slavery. Slave labour is decidedly very expensive & this causes the owner to employ them almost universally in what is to be profitable to the neglect of what would add much to the comfort of himself & family. For example, in approaching Mr. Gilmer's house, we made a circuit of 2 or 3 miles, because he had not yet had time to make a more direct road though he had been living there near a year, & the road laid out through his plantation by which we came was so little of a road that we had to stop & take down the fence rails & build them up again, instead of having a gate to open & shut, & this was the only outlet by which his family could communicate with Charlottesville. Apparently he made no calculation of the loss of time in taking down & replacing the fence & the still greater loss in going round nearly three miles which would make 6 miles additional every time any member of his family visited town, at least an hour & a half. He waits to make these improvements until from frost or some other cause he cannot profitably employ his negroes & then he will set them to work to cut down the trees along a path wide enough for a carriage to pass & that probably will be as much of a road as he will ever make. The ramifications which spread from Slavery strike me with its evils at every step.





October 19th. Walked over to the University. . . Dr. Dunglison accompanied us to the Rotunda to show us the lecture rooms & the library. I was much pleased with all the arrangement, the library is a beautiful room, & I believe one of the most complete in its selection in the United States, though not nearly so numerous as some others. In the lecture rooms, were many beautiful models for illustration to the pupils—the Pile instrument, Hydraulic press, pulley's, Maelzets metronome, a beautiful little Steam Engine, an Orrery etc., etc., & some of Mr. Jefferson's collections of curiosities, Indian utensils & dresses & weapons & a part of a mammoth's skeleton. . .

October 24th. Bade adieu to *Ridgemont*. . .

October 25th. Captain & Mrs. Lindsay met us at *Belvoir* to know how soon we were to call upon them for quarters, & Mr. and Mrs. Tyrel [Terrell] dined there. I was greatly pleased with Mrs. Nelson & all the family & should have liked much to stay there longer than we did. The house was most comfortable & everything well arranged in the establishment. The oak trees upon the lawn are the finest I have seen in this country. Having been so much of late in houses where books were but little seen, I felt quite happy to see them in several large cases in the hall & parlours at *Belvoir*. It looked like meeting old friends, even if I did not look at one. Charlotte Nelson & her cousin, Miss Page, were unwearying in the questions they put to me about England, its scenery, old castles, manners &c. &c. all which I answered to the best of my abilities. I was much amused with many of their questions. Mr. Nelson calls his family together night & morning, first they sing a hymn, he then reads a chapter in the Bible, & prays, & on Sunday, when no clergyman officiates at Walker's church (the church which was built for my grandfather close to *Belvoir* gate) he reads the service of the church & a plain sermon to as many of the neighbours as are disposed to attend.

October 27th. We had intended to make the Glebe our next resting place, but hearing the family were in confusion from sickness & other causes, we went to *Glen Owen*, the seat of Captain Lindsay, where we were most comfortable &





felt at home instantly. Genl. Gordon & his two daughters & Lewis Walker dined with us. The latter pronounced to be a facsimile of his grandfather, old Dr. Walker. . .

October 28th. Rode over early in order that I might make a sketch of the Glebe. Papa rode over to the Rock Spring, inspected his father's [Reverend James Maury's] old study. . . I sought in vain for a sound acorn at the Rock Spring to send to Liverpool, but I found one sprouted, which I have packed in Soil from the old garden & hope it may live. One old cherry tree & a pear tree remain of the old stock. . . At *Glen Owen* . . . when old Liddy found that I was Master James' daughter, she seized me round the waist, took me on her knee & kissed my hand, hugging me for some minutes. I submitted with the best grace I could, but I would rather have been excused. She was the very largest, fattest, & one of the ugliest black women I ever have seen. . .

October 31st. Proceeded to Mr. Michie. . . They were hospitable & kind & affectionate as could be, but everything so ill arranged that I cannot say I was comfortable there. I slept in a room about 10 feet square with four other persons in it. Mrs. Michie's daughter, two granddaughters & a hired weaving girl & while I undressed four black girls in addition to the four white ones crowded in at the door to watch & inspect me as narrowly as the Africans did Mungo Parke. . .

November 1st. . . At *Green Springs*. . . Dr. & Mrs. Morris received us most warmly & made us very comfortable, so much so, that we were induced to stay there until the 9th. Novr, passing our time agreeably walking & riding about in all directions, the Doctor dwelling with much interest on the beauties of his well cultivated farm. He prides himself upon all his stock being fat, & it really is so, beginning with himself & his wife. We made acquaintance while there with Col. Quarles, Mr. Dunkin Quarles, Richard Overton, Joseph Morris, Mr. Terrill, Miss Harriet Morris, Louisa Dabney. . .

November 25th. [Arrived at Richmond, Ann wrote on the Separation of the Sexes and Richmond Hospitality.] . . . the lady of the house carries off all the ladies to her Bed chamber as soon as they arrive to sit till dinner, in order to





ensure their having no interruption from the gentlemen—when dinner appears & one would think sociability would certainly commence the same, non-intercourse is kept up—all the ladies sitting at the head of the table & all the gentlemen at the foot. As soon as dinner is concluded, the ladies return to their hiding place & the gentlemen resume politics in the porch. But, I certainly did not expect to find in a large city like Richmond such a state of affairs as exists in this boarding house a separate sitting room for ladies & for gentlemen & now upon the 14 Jan. 1832, having been two months in this house, I am not at all acquainted with several of the Inmates. It has been an amusement to me in the absence of better to try to brush up the old Bachelors, & I have made sundry attempts to induce sociability by opening the doors which separate the two rooms. Some have relaxed a little, but with the majority it has been a vain attempt. It appears to me that the greatest evil in the Democratic form of government is the making politics so much the business & employment of every man in his individual capacity, & that subject all engrossing to gentlemen having but little interest for ladies, is in my mind the chief exciting cause of the separation I have noticed above. . . I deplore such a state of things. The result must inevitably be so injurious to both. The gentlemen lose all refinement & courtesy, & the ladies become frivolous. No doubt, numerous exceptions may be made to this rule, but I feel certain that such must be the tendency. The hospitality of Richmond towards us has been very great, for the first 3 or 4 weeks we had a continued round of visiting & I have no doubt it would have continued but for the extreme unhealthiness of the place, which has caused death in so many families as to put a stop to gayety. Our own landlord, Mr. Richardson, was snatched off after 3 days illness. . . The Funeral is very differently conducted from such things in England. A large company meet in the house, the Coffin is placed upon the table & the Clergyman delivers a funeral sermon to those assembled before proceeding to the scene of Interment. Mrs. Gamble, the mother of Mrs. Wirt & Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Chief Justice, two of the oldest Inhabitants fell victims to pleurisy occasioned





by the extreme severity of the winter. Many children have died of scarlet fever, & in no case have I sympathised more sincerely with the bereaved than with Dr. & Mrs. Cabell, whose only child, a most promising girl of 9 years old has been taken from them. These circumstances all together contributed to render Christmas most melancholy. It was all I could do to keep from crying as I walked to church alone on Xmas day & thought on all the preceding Christmas Days I had spent.

January 14th. 1832. I have been greatly interested in the last few days attending to the debates in the Capitol on the subject of slavery. It is one I have heard so much discussed in England, & generally very harsh views taken of the people in the country that I was most anxious to hear what would be said upon it. Mr. T. J. Randolph made a motion that all children born of Female Slaves on or after the 4th. day of July, 1840, should become the property of the State, on their reaching the age, males of 21 years & females 18 years, that they should then be hired out until the money produced thereby should be sufficient to pay the expense of removals to Africa unless they should be taken out of the state before. Mr. Gholson opposed this plan, stating distinctly that it would be a flagrant violation of the right of property. He deplored as every one must do the existence of the evil, yet he proposed no remedy in lieu of J. R.'s plan. He thought it would be impracticable as well as unjust.

Mr. Brodnax recommended that at present no steps should be taken as regarded Slaves—but that an appropriation should be made for the deportation of Free Negroes, whom he considered as decidedly the worst part of the colored population, that they tempt the Slaves to defraud their masters, & live in idleness upon what they are thus supplied with \$200,000 pr annum he thought would not impose too heavy a burden upon the state, & that sum in the course of 10 years would be sufficient to send every free person of color—& to look beyond it might be advantageously employed afterwards to cooperate with the Colonization Society, for the removal of Slaves whom their Masters might choose





to emancipate. He ended with a beautiful idea of thus repairing the wrongs done to Africa by returning her Sons to her the Bearers of Civilization & of Christianity.

Mr Preston eloquently advanced the broad doctrine of Emancipation on every principle of Justice & expediency with as much vehemence as old Jimmy Cropper, himself would have used. Mr. Summers, the brother of our fellow traveller from Kenawha made the ablest speech in favor of Abolition, & evinced more temper than Mr. Preston. Mr. Shell made a very witty & humorous speech against abolition which excited great laughter, but I could not approve of the mode in which he ridiculed the Insurrection at Southampton & the idea of Insurrection in general.

Mr. Brown, our fellow boarder, made a beautiful & temperate speech on what I certainly must consider the wrong side of the question, tho' I admire the man & his speech. Many others spoke, but the weather became so bad that I was obliged to give up attending the debates. All ended in smoke however, for it was decided to be now inexpedient to frame any laws upon the subject of slaves—the whole attention was to be bestowed on the Free Negroes.

I have been exercising my talent for Doctoring or Quacking here. My first effort was crowned with success & gained me thanks from Dr. Nelson for the assistance I gave him in curing his patient, Mrs. Taylor. She was suffering from a species of *Tic douloureux*. I recommended Sulphate of Quinine. . . My next efforts were in this house for colds, but I have been much discouraged by ridicule. I thought one day that my conduct had appeared rude to Mr. Carter without intention & that I would make up for it by giving him some Balsam of Anniseed for his Cough. It was of great service to him, so I again sent him a dose to his room the following day I was sitting in the small sitting room & heard my name pronounced in the next room accompanied by uproarious bursts of laughter. I presently heard the subject to be my practice upon Mr. Carter, & any one would have supposed that I had been in love with him & sent him a potion to produce in him a similar feeling. Mr. Mason, of Frederick, was the head & front of it. I determined in my





own mind that he might cough & cough away, but I would not try to cure him. The next night I believe he wondered that he was not administered to, & on the following day he told me with much gravity that he was not so well owing to the want of my remedy. Upon that, I told him that I should have continued to send it, if I had not found out that what was done purely with an intention to oblige had been made the theme of illnatured sarcasm & ridicule. He & Mr. Mason looked amazed, but both protested innocence & who could have told me ? & even when I informed them I had heard it myself they tried to make me doubt the evidence of my own senses. The best part of it was that when alone with Mr. Carter, he acknowledged Mr. Mason to have been a delinquent & asserted his own innocence. Mr. Mason did the same. I have forgiven them notwithstanding. I like some of the Inmates of the house better than I did at first, tho' they certainly are wanting in attention to ladies. Mr. Ralston, I like so much, that I have actually netted a purse for him, which I say is the *Reward of Merit*, for he has been so kind in coming to play at Whist with Papa. Mr. Wm. Randolph I disliked without knowing him at all. . . Dr. Cocke, I think, very agreeable & intelligent & the most perfect pattern of a husband I ever saw in my life. His wife is constantly pecking at him, but he never flies at her, which I am sure I should do in his place. . . Mr. Nielson has brought his Bride here since we came, & a charming person she is. I am astonished how she could make up her mind to marry him. He is so entirely commonplace & insipid. As insipid as milk & water flavored with smoke to use a simile of John Randolphs. After all tho', Col. Mason & Mr. Carter have treated me worse than any one in the house, I must say I like them about the best. Mr. C. Warwick is quiet & unobtrusive. Abraham is polite and amusing, but rather conceited. He has somewhat of the selfish attention to personal ease & comfort which is one of the almost universal results of travelling much. Mr. Stewart is a very polite old Bachelor. Mr. Walker, his nephew, is striking in no way, but from having a very red face.





A slight snow at the end of January gave me an opportunity of partaking of the seasonable amusement of sleighing, so common in the North. Mr. & Mrs. Neilson, Mr. A. Warwick & myself, well wrapped up in cloaks traversed Richmond in every direction in a bright new sleigh drawn by four horses. I was delighted—so much so that I longed for more snow that we might sleigh again. The snow prevents the sleigh being heard & therefore a bell is hung to the head of each horse, & the tinkling thereof brings everyone to the windows & doors, black & white. By the bye, Mr. Crozet, the engineer, when he was here the other day mentioned a remarkable fact which I was not before aware of, that snow lying upon the ground prevents the transmission of sounds, for instance, the striking of a clock will not be heard nearly so far when snow is on the ground. He mentioned seeing a Battle once during the snow, & the effect he said was most awful—the cannons all sounded muffled as it were. Mr. C. is a great chess player. He beat Mr. Carter easily, who has some reputation in that way. . .

February. The city begins to be more healthy & people are recovering their spirit sufficiently to give parties again. We have had gay parties at Dr. Brockenbrough's, Mr. Ritchie's, Mr. Robertson's, Mr. Daniel's & others are in prospect. . .

February 12th. I cannot help noticing an Incident that occurred today, as showing how much more the Slaves are indulged than we supposed in England that they are—Venus, who was married about 10 days ago, was to have a party given to her at Mr. Chevallie's. The rain fell in torrents all evening & I, of course, concluded that the party would be suspended. I was entirely mistaken, for soon after eight, three hacks came to the door for Venus & her friends & after setting them down, one returned & went to Mr. J. P. Taylor's for their servants. . .

February 21st. Called at the Governor's, upon Mrs. Wickham & Mrs. Pollard & had three pleasant visits. . .

February 22nd. This being the Centennial anniversary of Genl. Washington's birth, was to be celebrated with more pomp than usual. The day was ushered in by the firing of





Cannon, which wakened us all. About ten or eleven o'clock the procession began to form at the Court House. The Governor walked first with the Council—then the Judges & Senate. House of Delegates, Civil authorities, Boys' Schools, then followed the Military, chiefly volunteer companies. All seemed in fine spirits & heartily to concur in thus honoring the day. The procession advanced to the Baptist Church which being the largest & best adapted for hearing in the City was selected. The Bishop gave a suitable prayer, then General Cabell, of the Senate read Washington's Farewell Address & Mr. Ker, the Baptist Minister, closed the meeting likewise with prayer. What would they say in England to an Episcopal Bishop & Baptist Minister both officiating in a Schism on the same day. I approve of it, thinking it indicative of the true spirit of Christian Charity. It was originally intended to have an oration but Mr. Watkins Leigh, who was applied to, declined it as did Mr. Chapman Johnson, on the plea of short notice. Judge Tucker declined it because it was the anniversary of the death of his oldest son & he thought his feelings would incapacitate him. It was well, I think as it was, for the spirit of the times tends so observably to disunion that I should hope some little check might be put to it, by being reminded of the sentiments of that great & good man on the expediency of Union. Instead of delivering orations, I think it might have been serviceable to read that address publicly in every large town & at every County Court in these States. The Military were afterwards reviewed in the Capitol Square by the Governor. A Grand Ball closed the day to which Papa & I went as invited guests. The Ball Room had a Transparency of Washington at one end & the names of Washington, Marshall, Gibbon & Brooke in laurel at the other. The room was very well lighted & decorated with flags. Every one was gay & in spirits & the endeavour to make the best appearance was so universal as to descend even to the Mulatto fiddler, whose hair was so well powdered as to make him almost look like a white inhabitant of a Southern Clime with rather a sallow complexion. The supper room was opened at 11 o'clock & I must say it was one of the most abundant I ever saw, every thing good of its





kind, & beautifully ornamented. Papa pronounced the wine to be the best he ever tasted at a public Ball—In spite of the faults, I find in society here as regards the separation of ladies & gentlemen, I am frank to acknowledge that in some of their attentions they are more considerate to the sex. For instance, in a Stage Coach, the gentlemen always give choice of seats to the ladies, & apparently would themselves submit to any inconvenience rather than the ladies should be uncomfortable in any way. Again, in a Ball Room, the gentlemen all rise to give room for the ladies to sit, when a dance closes. They seem to me greatly to respect the ladies, if I may use such a term for their weakness, but not to give them credit for as much mind as I think commonly falls to our lot. . . . We remained at the ball till near 2 o'clock.

February 24th. . . . I should be sorry to furnish any handle to those who are already disposed to view with an Evil Eye this country & all its belongings. . . . At the request of Dr. Cocke, I here record that I locked him & his wife in their bed-room when taking their siesta, just for mischief. What a liberty to take with a Virginia Senator & his wife! . . .

February 25th. . . . Took the benefit of the bad day to read Sir Walter Scott's last novel, *Robert of Paris*. It is affecting to see the decaying powers of so great a man, thus blazoned forth to the world, in a work which will be read & criticized by all, & which is so decidedly inferior in every respect to its predecessors.

February 26th. Mr. C. Shirley Carter, having requested some days ago, to write a few lines in my book, I this day brought it down for him & his remarks appear in a following page sufficiently indicated by change of hand & style, & I must enter my protest against the sentiments, for they are not mine. As to the Ministers of the Gospel in this country, I should say they are almost uniformly men of zeal & devotion, who may conscientiously declare that they have been called to the office by the Holy Spirit, for there is no bounty held out here to those who embrace the profession as in England, in the form of rich Rectories, Deaneries etc., in the gift of individuals who thus not unfrequently induce their sons & other relations to enter the Church merely to obtain





a living. On the contrary, being entirely dependent on their congregations for support, they are not unfrequently, I believe, insufficiently provided for, which is as great a failing almost as the other, but the consequence certainly must be the exclusion from the Holy Office of all those who wanting true piety would enter upon it with worldly views. The Bishop of Virginia, a most venerable & interesting old gentleman, is the regularly officiating Minister at the Monumental Church, which occupies the site of the Theatre that was burnt. He just appears as a Parish Rector would do in England, without any pomp or parade, & in truth it is more consistent with the instructions contained in the Gospel.

February 26th. The day being rather gloomy, and as I am only a fair weather Christian, I forebore to go to Church, and lest the time should be lost, after having read half the lessons of the day, I began to exercise myself in the art of pen-making. I do not consider that in absenting myself from Church, I have to regret the loss of much improvement. For in America the preachers can boast of no extraordinary intelligence, and are always without genius. This is particularly the case in Virginia, where those are usually selected to the ministry: in the true spirit of Christian Charity, who have not the capacity to succeed at any other profession. . .

February 28th. Richmond. . . It is to be observed that not one half of the streets in this city are paved, & they are consequently very impracticable in bad weather for Pedestrians, & a stranger is likewise struck by the absence of light in the streets at night. Employed myself in playing on the Piano, copying Music, & mending Stockings. In the evening a meeting was held at the Capitol for the purpose of discussing the propriety of nominating a vice-President of the U. S. A. The meeting separated without coming to any conclusion. This description of Political meeting is called in this country a *caucus*—the word, I believe, to be purely American and not be found in any English Dictionary. Mr. C. Shirley Carter supposes it to be from a Latin word signifying fire, & given to these meetings from the heat commonly exhibited at them. Our friend, Mrs. Neilson, has been confined to her room for several days with slight scarlet





fever, & really I think she would be less sick if her husband would refrain from urging her to eat & drink. . . .

February 29th. Took advantage of the fine day to commence paying farewell visits, but I cannot get through so many as most people being accustomed to make them considerably longer in Liverpool & certainly more friendly. I found Elizabeth Cabell at home, & Mrs. Robertson & daughter of Philadelphia, they I found were well acquainted with the Gilpins of Wilmington which of course furnished a mutual theme for conversation. Mrs. Daniel & Mrs. & Miss Robinsons. In the evening Mrs. Temple & Mrs. Brooke Gwathmey came in to take tea with us & we passed a very merry evening. Frances [(Lewis) Gwathmey] is beautiful & apparently good humoured & amiable, has an enviable flow of spirits, but I think her a little too thoughtless for a married woman, & William would have thought so too, but she is so lovely even now with a son ten years old, that when I imagine what she must have been ten years ago I do not wonder at William being desperately in love.

March 1st. I thought much of home, recollecting the procession of Welshmen decorated with Onions who would on that day parade the streets of Liverpool in honor of their patron, St. David. . . Mrs. Pickett invited me to tea & I went under the protection of Mr. Carter, whom I pitied most sincerely in the course of the evening. Miss Ella Wickham, who is said to have refused him several times, was there & danced opposite to him, & she manifested her dislike to him by refusing his hand in the dance in a way that appeared most painful to him & drew the attention of every one towards them. I know nothing of any circumstances in his conduct to excuse such behaviour, but it did appear to me to be uncalled for, & he had much of my compassion. Spanish dances & waltzes were danced alternately with cotillons, & evidently gain ground here.

March 2nd. A delightful spring day which I used for visiting Mrs. T. Gwathmey, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Chubb, Mrs. W. Robertson, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Peyton & Mrs. Triplett. . .

March 3rd. . . . This Evening I played for Mr. Barrot for





the first time & he was apparently enraptured. I may say I never before produced such effect with my music. I am afraid it will make me vain, at least of my playing, of which I have certainly never been vain before. . .

March 6th. Copied pattern of the border round my Work Box for Mrs. Myers. . . Walked out to Mr. Gwathmey & took a ride with Miss Agnes Nicholson & Mary Anne; we first visited the reservoir of the Water works which has only recently been constructed & is not yet, I believe, fully in operation. . . From there we rode through the city to the Church hill & alighted from the Carriage to walk to the brink from which the view was very beautiful & extensive. We saw the falls on one side & the serpentine windings on the other with the whole of the City of Richmond surmounted by the Capitol which at that distance looks beautiful, the defects in the stucco not being visible. The town of Manchester was taken in at the same sweep. I have never inspected it more nearly & I am told it is so dirty & neglected that it is best seen at a distance. In Mr. Gwathmey's garden I had the delight of recognizing the first flowers of spring, the exquisitely sweet little violet, & the hyacinth. Mary Anne gave me some, & I felt rich indeed.

March 7th. . . . went to church & heard an excellent sermon from the good old Bishop so strongly recommending abstinence from amusements as the proper mode of fasting in Lent that I really felt smote to think I should be going to a gay party in the evening. . .

Spent the evening at Mr. Temple Gwathmey's where we were regaled with most exquisite music I have rarely heard any public singer who gave me as much pleasure as Mr. Oates & Mr. Nicholas. The former is a native of Sheffield in England & has travelled much. I suppose him to be a man of business but I know not. Mr. Nicholas belongs to this place & has I believe that most bitter of all misfortunes an ill assorted Mate. He is a jovial man, fond of company of most prepossessing manners & who lives all the days of his life. They first sung for us "Ye Banks & Braes" as a duet which was sweet indeed. Mr. Oates then sung "Come o'er the Water Charlie" a fine song & finely sung but not





quite a drawing room song. "Black Eyed Susan" they sang together & I was as much delighted as Dr. Cocke. Mr. Oates gave us an exquisite little song "She Never Blamed Him"—it was quite touching, a history of love without marriage. "Oh no we never mention her" with Miss Harriet Heaths accompaniment on the Piano. Mr. Nicholas sung a beautiful one of Moores. I think "Ever True to my Mary" must be the name of it. Seasons may roll is part of it often repeated, & The Girl whose love neither gold nor wit could gain but who gave her love for the Poets song. . . Mr. Oates then sang "Toujours le Meme" a beautiful air & words. "All's Well" they sang together most admirably & closed with "All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border" from Mr. Oates, & he sang it so inspiringly that it quite thrilled through me. On the whole I may say that I spent one of the most delightful evenings since I left home & it is now Thursday 8th. for I felt so excited that I have written the notes of the day instead of going to bed. Mr. Kenner, of the U. S. Navy was in ecstasies with "Black Eyed Susan" & he was enlarging upon the beauty of Dibdin's songs & he said he had no doubt Dibdin was of equal service to the British Navy with Lord Nelson by the inspiring sea songs, which he wrote working upon the minds of youth. I never heard the remark before, but it really strikes me as one of considerable force.

March 9th. . . . my friends complain that I have never explicitly told them what I think of this country. . . I told Mary Wakefield that taking Slavery out of the question, for on that subject there could be no comparison, I was of the opinion that the whole mass of the white population enjoy here decidedly more comfort than in England. It is a glorious country for persons of industrious habits and moderate means. As to the very wealthy *c'est tout autre chose*, luxuries, elegancies & refinements being attainable in England which no money can procure in this country—those who have never known such are undoubtedly as happy without. In the language of the Poet "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Nevertheless those who have been accustomed to English comforts cannot but feel the want of them. . . Education is distributed here more equally as





money & every other comfort is the result so that such persons as Mechanics, Tradesmen, Farmers &c. are better educated than the same class in England & certainly they claim & are entitled to a higher station in society here, but there are few very few indeed who receive that high education which is given to so many at the English universities. Some attribute to that cause the appearance of so little American literature, but I think there is another reason for that, namely the cheapness with which books written in England can be published here. The publisher has only to purchase a copy to print from & all he wants is a moderate profit upon the paper & printing. He has nothing to pay the Author—but when an American Author applies to the Bookseller, he expects to receive some remuneration for *his* labours in addition to the publishers profit spoken of above. . . . Is the picture in favor of England or America? I think an impartial person would say it was on the whole in favor of the latter, always making an exception as regards Slavery & the general condition of the colored population. Nothing is to be seen here of that squalid poverty, & wretchedness, which disgusts & distresses one almost daily in the old country. No, it is not even to be seen among the negroes, free or slaves. Papa insists upon it there is more sobriety in this country, but I have my doubts on that subject. . . .

March 19. . . . Cousin Dick from Norfolk is what is here called a Professor of religion. He abstains from all gay parties & is a member of the Temperance Society to the exclusion of *Brandy Peaches*. He only remained here two days, but in that time he made so agreeable an impression that I had no hesitation in giving him a kiss when he took his departure. . . .

A ridiculous sketch of me was put in the window seat in the Ladies Sitting-room [at Mrs. Richardson's] some days ago. I was of course curious to discover the person to whom I was indebted for such a mark of distinction. Circumstantial evidence made me think Mr. W. B. Randolph guilty. He denied it but with so much laughing that I scarcely considered it a denial. So I determined to return the compliment in a similar way & drew a figure in his favorite attitude



looking into the small Sitting Room as he passed, & with his favorite attire, a white Great Coat—I addressed it to him & placed it on the Chimney Piece while the inmates of the great Room were absent at the caucus. . .

The Caucus again sat for 3 nights & was decidedly in favor of Gen'l. Jackson for President & any one of the same party who could get a majority of the votes of the other states for Vice President. I asked Mr. Carter for his derivation again & it is from the Greek & not the Latin—Caso, Causo, to burn. It is an ingenious idea, & he is really, I think, a young man of fine talents, temper & disposition, alloyed by conceit, & an inclination for dissipation. I like him much. . .

Mrs. Cocke evinces great curiosity to know how I have handled her and the Doctor in my Journal. I decline gratifying her but I here observe that I think much more favorably of her than I did when I named her before. I think she has a good heart & that most of her faults proceed from physical causes. She is often of so very nervous temperament. . .

March 24th. Called upon the bride, Mrs. Anderson. Her husband has seven children & she six. However well they may agree together I fear the children will not. . .

March 25th. Mr. Carter went away & I scarcely like to acknowledge to myself how very sorry I felt, & more particularly at his not shaking hands with us before he left. He certainly did gain upon me very much for I really like him more than any of the other Boarders. . .

March 26th. Today being fixed for our starting, rain came according to custom to prevent it, but we determined not to be disappointed & meeting with a close comfortable hack we took our seats in it & had to give Phill\* a Seat

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\*The following letter is pasted in Ann's scrap-book: "Dear Sir, If you can spare my man Phil without inconvenience to yourself, I wished him to return home, having occasion for his services as a groom. I must beg you to make your own convenience the sole rate of your determination in this matter, his services would be very unacceptable to me if they are attained by any curtailment of your comfort. I congratulate you on the prospect of peace and harmony being again restored to our happy land. With great respect, Your obednt servant, Th. J. Randolph." Richmond, March 1, 1833.





within, there being no room with the Driver, a disagreeable thing with a white servant & certainly more so with a black one.

We passed through the dirty town of Manchester. The road would have been tolerably good, but for the heavy rains of the preceeding night. Chiefly through an uninteresting country, the greatest part of the land having been exhausted by a continued succession of crops, & then deserted for new lands, a vigorous growth of pines covers the whole surface. We spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Brown & Mr. Wilcox very agreeably. . .

March 28th. Mrs. Brown brought her father's carriage at 11 o'clock to take us a drive round Petersburg. The limits of the Corporation are I suppose fully three miles, but as yet it is not one quarter built up, however, the houses are nearer together than in Richmond which gives an air of comfort & enables them to make the streets better, not being so extensive. Petersburg was formerly a most unhealthy place. No child could live in it, but the effect of several very destructive fires has been to increase its salubrity to a level with most of the towns in the lower part of this state. The population is 8,000 & it appears to me more wealthy than Richmond. Adjoining Petersburg is the village of Blandford the former in Dinwiddie, the latter in Prince George. On the top of an eminence in Blandford is a ruin of an old church, probably more than a century old. The 10 commandments & the Lord's Prayer still remain over the Alter. The enclosure around is large & is the general Burying Ground for the Town. General Philip, a British officer in the Revolutionary war was interred there. Peach trees in bloom in a Church yard look out of character. The weeping willows & cedar which also grow, seem more in accordance with the gloom inseparable from our last earthly home. Spent the evening at Mr. Wilcox, after dining with Col. Butts, a relation of ours. . .

[Petersburg]

March 29th. Mrs. Brown & I with Mr. Wilcox & Mr. Mordecai went to see the cotton factory with which I was





much pleased, the Machinery is turned by water, & the operatives being well paid & not overworked have an appearance of health & cheerfulness not usually seen in a manufactory in England. They are most comfortably clad. We then visited a Mill for the expression of oil from cotton seed. The first process is to take off the hull, the seed is then ground with large stone wheels revolving like the wheels in the Powder Mills & the cotton meal looks something like Mustard. It passed between rollers the oil is expressed. A bag of Cotton Seed yields about 12 Gallons of Oil & sells for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  \$. I neglected to name that the seed is roasted over a fire in a large cylinder something like our Coffee roaster at home. The view of the River both up & down from the Bridge at the mill is very beautiful, having fine cascades, bold rocks & tree. I wish I had had time to attempt a sketch. After landing the gentlemen, Mrs. B. & I went to call at *Battersea* upon Mrs. Mays. The situation is very fine & the establishment seems one of great comfort, I had almost said unusual comfort for Virginia. Papa dined with Mr. Steinbach, Mr. Wilcox & Mr. Brown were of the party, & I went self invited to spend the remainder of the day with Mrs. Brown. We dined alone & the more I see of her, the more I like her. I shall always remember with gratitude the very great kindness & hospitality shewn to us by that family, & one day perhaps I may be proud of it, for I cannot help thinking if Mr. Brown lives & his health is good, he will rise to eminence in this country. . . Farewell to Petersburg!

March 30th. Left Petersburg in the Stage & our return to Richmond was really somewhat like an arrival at a home, for we had been there so long that they were glad to see us & we on our part very much pleased to be so received. . .

The remainder of our Stay in Richmond was employed almost entirely in packing up. . .

April 4th. With feelings partaking much of heaviness I bade adieu to Richmond feeling that it was probably a final one. But I tried to put the best face upon it & I believe I retained a smiling face to the last, although a very bad head ache was added to the mental disturbance. At Hanover Court House we stopped to refresh the servants & horses &





there met with Mr. [William] Roane the late representative for that county in the House of Delegates. He told us his constituents were so much displeased with the part he had taken in the late discussions upon the Abolition of Slavery that he found it necessary to make a round of visits in which he hoped to be able to convince them he had taken the best ground. Mr. R. is a grandson of the illustrious Patrick Henry. We reached the White Chimney kept by Young at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. The Landlord as is usual here gave us his company at the Supper table & I had much conversation with him on the subject of Fruit trees injured by Frost, difficulty of procuring good butter in the winter season & such like interesting topics.

April 5th. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 a. m. we were in the Carriage, but the road was so heavy & sandy that it took us little short of 2 hours to reach Todds Tavern a distance of only 6 miles where we breakfasted, & then proceeded to the house of our cousin William Grimes Maury, the son of Uncle Walker. We remained with them till after dinner & were particularly pleased with the whole family. I do not know that I have ever seen a more orderly well managed set of children than theirs. . . We did not reach Fredericksburg till nine o'clock at night. . . Mrs. Vass received us with open arms. . .

April 10th. . . . Mrs. Brooks, the wife of our friend the Judge, called to see us & made a very agreeable impression. She is a woman of fine manners & I should think of a cultivated mind. Mrs. S. Gordon, the Aunt & Sister of Mrs. G. in Liverpool also called. . .

April 14th. . . . Spent the day at Judge Brooks' most pleasantly. Our party consisted of the Judge himself who is a great favorite of mine, his wife, a most polished gentlewoman, Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of Carter Littlepage Stevenson, who is to represent Spottsylvania in the next Legislature, his countenance is prepossessing & those who know her well, think her a charming woman. Miss Florida Troup & her sister, Oralie, nieces of Mrs. B. & daughters of Governor Troup of Georgia. . .

April 15th. Heard Mr. McGuire preach in the morning. . . In the evening I accompanied Mrs. Vass to the





Schism Shop & heard Dr. Hill of Winchester preach a very eloquent & impressive sermon from the text "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him adore."

April 18th. Drank tea at Mr. S. Gordon's in the house [*Kenmore*] formerly occupied by Genl. Washington's sister, Mrs. Fielding Lewis. It was thought magnificent in those days, & still retains an air of grandeur. We had much conversation on the respective merits of England & America. . . I was surprised on our return home to find a letter from Cousin Shirley & Mr. Vass sitting up for the purpose of having his curiosity gratified in ascertaining who it *could be from*. He said he could not imagine who it was from, it was mailed 30 miles up the country. . .

April 21st. Rode to *Mansfield* to call upon Mrs. Bernard, an ancient looking Stone Edifice of a description nearly extinct in this country. There are so few persons who are able to leave their Family Mansion to one child with sufficient property to support it, so that it is generally sold & an equal division of the produce is made. The Garden is in the old style—broad & strait walks. . .

April 22nd. Easter Sunday. Went to church & staid the Sacrament with about 180 communicants. The number was greatly increased by the Presbyterian church being closed this day & it is usual here for Christians of different denominations to join together in the same communion which I approve of, but yet I do not think on the whole that there is more true Christian Charity here than in England.

April 23rd. I am like the old fable of blowing hot & cold in the same breath. I have only just been praising the Christian Charity I saw yesterday & now I am going to complain of the want of it. A fair was held today under the superintendence of the Episcopalians & I observed with sorrow that none of the other denominations gave it support. Mrs. Stevenson & Mrs. Crump dined with us for the pleasure of Aunt Herndon's company.

April 24th. Went out to *Laurel Hill*, & Mrs. Vass permitted Frances Fry to be of the party which I was very glad of, for I am really sorry for her she is so submissive to her Uncle & Aunt, that she has none of the elasticity belonging





to her years. One year this day since we landed in New York. How busy a part of my existence it has been, & perhaps what has transpired in this year may influence the remainder of my days. Let me put this serious question to myself. Are my expectations of this country realised? Not entirely, I think. I have been sometimes annoyed by the want of refinement in those with whom I have associated, & the absence of English comfort has occasionally disordered me a little, but on the whole I have enjoyed myself & see no cause to regret having made the journey. If we return to England I have no doubt I shall forget all the disagreeables, & retain only pleasurable remembrances.

April 25th. . . . Edward Hall & Charles Thomas rode over here on their way to the Militia muster in which they are both Privates. . . .

April 29th. Too wet & damp a day to adventure as far as the old Rattle Trap in the woods to hear a Methodist who officiates once a month. It is really a scandal upon the neighborhood to suffer the Church to fall so entirely out of repair. Not a pane of glass in the windows, or a door upon its hinges. Thus I believe have fallen most of the Episcopal churches throughout the country in Virginia when they lost the fostering support of the State. . . .

May 5th. [*Laurel Hill*] . . . Perhaps I may as well make a remark here upon the character of the Virginia ladies which I believe I have hitherto not named. Their unceasing care of their children surpasses any thing I have ever seen elsewhere. I have not known the most delicate female shrink from the care of her Infant at night, & generally they have more than one in their chamber at night. They suckle their children much longer than is usual in England, never less than 12 months & frequently as long as 18—but the tenderness which is so judiciously shown them in infancy takes a faulty direction afterwards for they pamper the appetites, & indulge their children in many respects much more than in England. . . .

May 7th. Gave M. W. the following description of Virginia country life. The house is generally built upon the highest spot in the whole estate in order to have an extensive





view & also to be very airy in the heat of summer. All the houses are built with a reference to avoiding heat, they never think of providing against winter & consequently have suffered much in the two last winters which have been unusually cold.

The multitude of doors & windows produce currents of air in every direction which are extremely inconvenient in cool weather. An enclosure of about 90 or 100 yards by 60 or 70 with a neat wooden paling around in which the house stands is universally called the yard. It is covered with fine smooth short grass, & has in it a few fruit trees & 6 or 7 tall Lombardy poplars. I find every where that mankind attach a fictitious value to things coming from a distance, & troublesome to procure, while that which is infinitely more beautiful is undervalued from the ease with which it is obtained. It is only thus I can account for the preference which is here shown for the Poplar around most of the houses to the utter exclusion of the magnificent Oak, Ash, Tulip tree & other children of the Native Forest which are unquestionably so superior to the stiff & tall Foreigner. The houses have 2 or 3 Porches which are neither more nor less than verandahs of great breadth to shade the sun from the house & also to furnish a shady seat in the open air. The Kitchen is always a detached building, distant from the house 20 to 40 yds, in order to avoid the smell of cooking, & adjoining to the Kitchen is commonly a weaving room—domestic manufactures being very general, which I attribute to the rapid increase of their Slaves, & the difficulty of finding employment for them, for the dislike to selling them for any cause but misconduct is so great that the owner frequently impoverishes himself by feeding & clothing far more than he has any use for rather than dispose of them, & the law of the State does not permit any one to free a Slave without sending him out of the State. Under these circumstances it is found to be an advantageous way of employing the labor of females in spinning Cotton & Wool both grown on the estate & then weaving clothing of various kinds for the Negroes use, & some also for their masters, many of whom dress in homespun when at home. Sheets, Table





Linen, Counterpanes & Towels, Curtains, & even Carpets are not unfrequently wholly of home Manufacture.

The wool is from the backs of their own sheep, it is washed, picked, greased, carded, spun, twisted & dyed & then finally woven. The whole process given at home. I have seen in many houses very pretty Carpets of the kind called Venetian of this domestic manufacture. In addition to the weaving house there are 2 or 3 small houses belonging to the negroes who are employed about the house—nobody has more than one servant to sleep in the house & all the rest live in their own little tenements, where they have a small garden which they cultivate for their own benefit, & they are allowed to keep Poultry, & in many ways carry on a petty trade. The great body of the Negroes have their houses at some distance from the mansion & being in a cluster they frequently form rather a picturesque village. The name such a village goes by here is Quarters. I forgot to name an Ice House as an invariable adjacent, which with a Garden, an Apple & Peach orchard complete the arrangements immediately in the vicinity of the house.

May 12th. . . . we returned to Fredericksburg. . .

May 13th. Heard a sermon in the morning from a Mr. Stewart in Fredericksburg, & in the evening walked over to Falmouth to hear him a second time. His accent proclaimed him at once an Irishman. In Falmouth a small church has been built of brick for which the citizens are entirely indebted to the ladies. In the first instance some ladies went round to collect subscriptions & promptly succeeded in collecting a sum to authorise a commencement. This they placed in the hands of gentlemen to make arrangements for the plans, building etc., & then the ladies set to work with the needle & many works of ingenuity which they sold at a moderate profit—and all the profit was added to the Church fund. I never met with any ladies so indefatigable in my life as those in this neighbourhood, constantly at work for one society or another.

The ladies belonging to the Presbyterian church in this town have contributed no less a sum than \$1,000 towards the building of a new church which has been entirely raised by





their own works of Industry. A lady of great energy & in whom all the members of the church place an implicit & well grounded confidence has the office of manager. She purchases the materials for making articles of various descriptions useful & ornamental & gives directions to some of the members who are skilled in cutting out, & it is then sent out to all the ladies who are willing to work & she\*

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\*At this point the Diary breaks off, with the last page. A book containing the continuation of Ann's Journal must exist somewhere. Perhaps some other member of the family has it.





## CHAPTER X

### THE SPINSTER MOTHER

**B**ECAUSE she had the courage of her convictions, and because she genuinely loved her family and her friends, everyone looked up to and leaned on Ann. She had a sort of internal fortitude that enabled her to rise above physical discomforts, bodily ills, even actual dangers on those stage-coach trips. Of each of the above there were many instances. Perhaps this mind over matter attitude was owing to a sort of resistance worked up in Ann's early youth, to combat her devoted mother's love for prescribing potent home remedies for every ill.

Ann's was no one track mind! Much as she gave of herself to those who loved and depended on her; she refused to be swamped by this flood of emotion. She went right on pursuing her hobbies; copying *The Memoirs of a Huguenot Family* and compiling the Family Tree. If she wanted to go to New Orleans or to Liverpool, she got on a boat and off she went, this was of course after her father's death, March 23, 1840.

There is no use trying to tell how much Ann meant to those who knew her; of how cheerfully she gave of time, energy, and above all sympathetic interest. In this most active period of her life, from September 1833 through March 1855, we find her pursuing her chosen career of Maiden Aunt. For proof of her success we have only to read a few of the letters which she had so carefully cherished in her Little Black Trunk.

Ann "carried on" in her own way. 28th. February 1833, she wrote from Fourth Street, on prescriptions and pens:

My dear Aunt,

I must in the first place give you a cough prescription to which Papa alludes as having been so beneficial to himself. . .  
Take a compound squill Pill one drachm; Ipecacuan in







"GREAT-GREAT AUNT ANN"—ANN MAURY





powder fifteen (15) grains. Mix them well together in a little syrup and divide the mass into 24 Pills. . .

. . . it will give me much pleasure if I can procure you anything that will add to your comfort. One thing I certainly shall bring you—namely—a stout Pen. There have been great improvements in the manufacturing of them and the whole of this letter is written with one. Papa finds a great convenience in thus saving the mending of Pens. . .  
Love to you and yours from

Your affectionate niece.

With regard to these same stout pens, Dolly Madison wrote charmingly from *Montpellier*, July 2, 1833:

My dear Miss Maury

After dividing the choice pens with my Husband according to your request, I employ mine to thank you for us both. This should sooner have been done but for a violent, tho' short illness brought on myself by indulging a fancy for Raspberries and milk. To you, who are so prudent in all things, I need not advise forbearance on this subject, especially now, that such fruit is on the wane. . .

Be assured my dear Miss Maury that your friendship and that of your father, is highly appreciated by us and that your visits have been a gratification of which we hope for a continuance during your sojourn in this country.

With affectionate remembrance

ever yours

D. P. Madison

Quoting from Ann's Diary of 1831:

April 6th. Eliza [Maury] came to spend the day with us. I found her though smaller than myself fully taller than I had expected. She seems an amiable gentle creature of frail body and weak spirits. Her son, Dabney, a fine spirited boy, very good-looking and animated.

"Cousin Eliza" [Maury] addressed the following to Ann, care of M. & R. Maury, New York:



Washington Sept 21st 1835

My Dear Cousin

I know in the kindness of your heart, you are anxious to hear where, and how "*the little lady*" is, what is left of her was safely landed here last evening. . . . We got to Baltimore at half past four o'clock after a most disastrous and unpleasant voyage . . . you know I got up on Friday, and went on board the boat with "*my head splitting*"; and if I was ever sicker in my life (*all the way*) I do not remember when it was. We reached Philadelphia before two . . . at half past four much refreshed and better prepared for the journey than the day before. We had quite a fresh breeze all day, but the first sail was not otherwise than pleasant, and all went on very snug until we arrived within three or four hundred yards of French Town, when such a outcry and panic as seized every one in the Cars I never heard, in consequence of several of them getting off the railway . . . the breeze blew up, and the rain descended and we had such a time as I never witnessed. I think there were 3 hundred passengers, one third, or more, women and children, and the screams, of the one, and cries, lamentations, and sickness of the whole (except your humble servant, who was at least quiet and still) exceeded anything I ever heard. Imagine if you can, the pleasure manifested by all, when we were told, Baltimore was in sight. If I ever felt my trust and confidence in God, I did on this day, and felt as if we could not receive help from any other source. . .

Eliza [Maury] on Oct. 5th, 1839 wrote from *Piedmont*:

As soon as your request was made known I took from the library two volumes, for you to choose from. The one is "Select Sermons of Practical Subjects Preached before the Queen and on other Occasions." The other, "The relative Duties of Parents and Children, Husbands and Wives, Masters and Servants." . .

From *Green Springs*, Virginia, June 22nd, 1839, A. C. Morris sent a note of thanks for a present of a piano; and from Washington another "thank you":





My dear friend, How much I do thank you for your kind satisfactory letter and the good news of E the baby and my mother. It is so cheering that it can only be compared to *sunshine in my mind*. . .

Ann must have considered the following account of her trip to New Orleans quite important, for she included it in her brown paper folder labeled "Manuscripts". No year is given, but this Journal seems to fit in chronologically here, after her father's death in March, 1840.

16th. May. Went on board the Steamer *Peytona* at 5 o'clock P. M. It was crowded with persons. Many more were in attendance to take leave of their friends than intending to ascend, but still I saw so many that I could not help feeling apprehension as to having a companion in my State room. We left the wharf about  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 7 & made good way for a time, but about midnight a dense fog arose, & our prudent captain remained under shelter of the bank almost all night. I had my little apartment all to myself, & enjoyed the privacy of it.

17th. May. Rose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 after a very tolerable night upon a most comfortable spring matrass.

We saw plantations on the edge of the river all way, & as we ascended they became less & less below the level of the river. At Bayou the entrance of Lara at the little town of St. Francisville we took in a Mrs. Perry who was apportioned to me to occupy the upper berth in my state room, & so I found myself doubled at last after a singular career of good fortune having always hitherto had a state room to myself. We passed Natchez after dark & took in more passengers.

18th. May. While we were stopping at a wooding place I wrote a letter to Rutson ready to send to Memphis when we should get there. We this day passed Vicksburg, which I found to be a much better looking place than I had supposed. It is on the side of a hill rising abruptly from the river. We could see well paved streets, well built houses, pretty gardens, churches &c &c. Falls of water too were visible of a deeper mud color than the Mississippi itself. . .

19th. May. I finished knitting a little shirt for Mary





today, & I also finished the memoirs of Mrs. Godolphin. We did not stop for wood today but took scows full of wood in tow, one on each side & supplied ourselves. . . . We pass most of the important places at night. I do not find the River so monotonous as I expected. Tho' there is scarcely any variety in the elevation, all flat alike, there is variety in the vegetation, & the foliage is in perfect beauty. The little green islands are some of them very pretty. Memphis was passed about midnight.

20th. May. This day I spent in reading *Jane Eyre* which engrossed me so much that the day passed off rapidly. About midnight we got to the mouth of the Ohio River.

21st. May. An entire change had come over the scene during the night. The Ohio has much more of beauty of variety than the Mississippi, pretty little hills wooded up to the summit & occasionally a comfortable looking homestead on any elevation & sometimes the village spire added to the interest of the ever changing landscape. I spent much of the day sitting out on the guards or in front admiring the beauty. We stopped a short time at Evansville apparently a very thriving town in Indiana upon the top of a bluff. We stopped on the Kentucky side to land an elderly woman at a farm. She had been with us all the way, & her appearance was not attractive; but she was beloved where she was going if the warmth with which she was greeted could be considered any criterion. She was embraced & actually hugged by those who met her of both sexes. We retired with the expectation of being in Louisville in time for the mail boat at 10 or 11 o'clock.

May 22nd. We had many of us been uneasy during the night, the boat stopped & there was a groaning of the machinery & hammering & tinkering going on that made us fear something much amiss, but we found it was nothing more than fog & our prudent captain spent the chief part of the night under shelter of the bank. As we expected to arrive about dinner time, it was thought best to give no dinner but a handsome lunch at an earlier hour. The table was spread about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12 & it was really a handsome collation, cold meats, chicken salad, cakes, sweetmeats, pastry,





claret, champagne & lastly, I was going to say Ice cream, but it was the day before Sunday, on which we had so great an abundance of Ice Cream. We reached the wharf at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1 o'clock, i. e. the wharf about 2 or 3 miles from the City. Our boat was so long that it could not pass through the locks of the canal by which smaller boats approached the City. We got into a hack & made straight for the Galt House, a very large Hotel said to be the best. . . The day was hot, the parlor full of passengers like ourselves waiting with the hope of getting accommodation. One party after another was ushered up stairs, but we were not encouraged to hope that there was anything comfortable to be had. . .

May 23rd. . . . We bought some trashy novels to help to pass away the time on our route. Mrs. L[eech] bought a very pretty gold pencil case & pen for a little tender memorial to give to her husband on parting. I found some exceedingly fine yarn which I was glad to get to employ myself in knitting under garments for the children. In the evening, I went again to our Cousin's & there spent a very pleasant time with the two Mrs. Conways. It was quite an entertainment. Supper at the same time with tea. Varieties of bread cold & hot, Beef steak, fish & last but not least a fine large dish of strawberries. I should have liked very well to stay a day or two longer in Louisville to have called upon Prathers, Popes & Vernons, all cousins of the Huguenot blood.

May 23rd. Mrs. Conway (Fanny Scott) & Frances Fry came to see me & brought me some fine flowers to take on board. Cousin Pike met us on board. It was the *Pike* in which we were to steam away. The boat was smaller & less convenient than the one we had left, & the passengers generally of a less refined stamp.

May 25th. We reached Cincinnati very early in the morning & went immediately on board the *Monongahela*, the Steamer for Pittsburg. We had a good breakfast soon after 6 o'clock, arranged our effects in our stateroom and then sallied forth to see the place, the boat not starting before 10 o'clock. We were charmed with it. Fine streets of handsomely built houses formed a striking contrast to New Orleans, where the conveyance sheds & grog shops were so





intermingled with the best houses that nobody seemed to live in a good neighbourhood. The style of building in Cincinnati struck us as being in very good taste, many of the houses were of two stories with rooms on each side the entrance, & a little court in front with flowering shrubs. We saw some fine strawberries in a window & at 8 o'clock in the morning we walked into the back saloon seated ourselves & called for strawberries & cream. I think the fruit was decidedly the finest of the sort I ever saw in this country. We bought a basket & filled it with strawberries to eat in the Steamer. We also bought some cocoa for use in the Canal boat & some gimblets to use as hooks in our further travels. At about half past 8 we hired a carriage & took a drive round the city, & from an elevated position we had a view of the whole. We saw so many pretty situations that we really thought we should not dislike to reside in such a place if those who inhabited the houses were at all equal to the outward appearance of their dwellings. We saw the Observatory on its hill & other handsome edifices crowning other heights. We returned in time for the boat, very much revived by the change from river to land, & most favorably impressed with all we had seen of Cincinnati. The Ohio River we found very beautiful, I think it is almost equal to the Hudson. Many of the turns reminded me of English Lake Scenery.

May 26th. Still paddling onwards, working hard & make good progress against the stream, stopping frequently to land single passengers at their own door. There is always something gratifying in watching the joyful meeting of friends who have been absent which we had frequent opportunities of seeing. Sometimes the greeting was warmth itself, a hearty embrace & kisses. Others gave a hearty shake of the hand. As much variety to be observed in that respect as any other. We sat at the front of the boat, enjoying the fine scenery until it became too dark to see it & then we went back into the heat & crowd of the cabin. Mrs. Leech to read, I to knit.

May 27th. The interest of the scenery rather increased than diminished & we spent almost all our time looking at it,





sometimes with book or knitting in hand but generally doing nothing but admire. We reached Wheeling early in the day — parted with a good many of our passengers. One of the striking features of the river is the coal that is to be seen in the rocks at the side. There are many pits on each side of the river that are rather horizontal borings & the coal is in flat boats ready to supply the steamers which here use coal & not wood. We arrived so late at night that we did not attempt to land but slept on board and at 6 o'clock on Sunday morn, 28th. we got into a hack which took us through Pittsburg to a wharf on the Alleghany River where we got into a little steamboat the *Yankee* propelled by a large wheel at the stern. She was to take us 30 miles to Freeport, near which place the Aqueduct across the river was lately burnt so that the canal can be no more used in that part until the aqueduct is repaired or rather rebuilt. We left the wharf at 7 a. m. & went very slowly. The scenery was on the roof & not a breath of air. Twelve women we were & several children suffocating with heat in the ladies cabin. We were pleased to find our captain was anxious to make up for lost time. He urged the boy who rode & drove to hurry his horses. He trotted forward fast & we began to feel enlivened. We stopped at a little town to take in a basket of ice & soon afterwards as we were spinning along finely the captain called out to a man standing in the doorway of a little log cabin. "Jenny, where are the fish?" He gave some account that was not very intelligible to us & we stopped. Some of the passengers were sorry to be delayed, another said It is worth while to stop for the fish & it really proved to be so for the captain told us that it was most difficult for him to get any supplies being cut off by the burning of the Aqueduct from Pittsburg, his accustomed market. He could get no meat & was dependent upon fish. The fish we took on board were cat fish, & they kicked & floundered so that I thought the man would never be able to hold them. As the heat of the day declined we went up to sit on our trunks on the top of the boat. The scenery was much of the same character as on the Alleghany River. Steep mountains very near to us shutting up the canal in a





narrow valley. Hot as had been the day, it became so cool after sunset that a warm woolen shawl was comfortable & very soon we felt it imprudent to remain longer on the roof of the boat. Soon after 9 o'clock a colored waiter came into the ladies apartment & asked us to remove into the gentlemen's separated from us by a curtain only, while the beds were put up. The operation was soon performed, & then the captain came in with a list of passengers called out our names in order & asked us to choose our beds. The seats we sat upon were enlarged or widened for the lowest tier & above that were shelves hung up by cords like a hanging bookshelf. Luckily we were only enough for 2 tiers instead of the full compliment of three. I slept upon an upper shelf about 18 inches wide. I rolled up all my clothes except my outside garments & put them under my pillow. The night was very unpleasant, for we were constantly going through locks, & bumping against the wall which made sleep difficult if not impossible. One child had a slight return of croup, of which she had had a bad attack the night before. It was distressing to hear her oppression & cough. Another child cried almost all night, certainly at every lock.

May 29th. Day dawned at last, & I got out of my nest or rather slid off my shelf, being desirous to wash before the rest were stirring. It was about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4. The place to wash was about 2 feet wide, & one tin basin for all—the water dipped out of the Canal. One long roller towel provided for the common use of all the passengers. A common hair brush too! By the time I was half washed, there were several waiting to succeed me. I felt refreshed & comfortable when I was washed & dressed & thankful that our night was over. We went on deck & enjoyed the morning air & the beautiful scenery so much that we felt as if canal boat travelling was not so perfectly unbearable after all, at any rate, it was not through such a country as we were in without its pleasures. We breakfasted at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 upon tea, coffee, some of the before mentioned cat fish, fresh eggs & very fair bread & good butter. We resumed our seats on the trunks after breakfast & remained there until the sun became insupportably hot, which was at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8





o'clock. Once or twice when the sun was obscured we went again & always were repaid by the scenery. We dined at 12, cat fish again & ham, with a 2nd. course of pastry & custard. At about 2 o'clock we left the boat to cross the Alleghany mountains by railroad on inclined planes. We had already risen 700 feet by 58 locks upon the canal & we were now going to ascend 1400 feet. Five inclined planes with short levels between on the west side, & seven on the east side, & a tunnel upwards of 800 feet long are the means by which the crossing of the mountains is accomplished. We were about 5 hours in completing the 36 miles from Johnstown to Hollidaysburg. Great was our disappointment to find that there was no boat on the canal to convey us forward. We were obliged to go to a Hotel to stay the night. It rejoiced in the grand title of United States Hotel, but was by no means on a grand scale. Our tea & coffee was served in earthenware pitchers, & other things were equally inappropriately arranged. Mrs. Leech & I & her maid slept in a large room with 3 beds in it. We were thought to be extremely exacting people wanting such an unnecessary quantity of water for washing.

May 30th. Though much annoyed by the detention of the last night, we felt that a quiet night's rest had been a very good thing for us, & we were much more contented in the morning than we had been at night. We breakfasted about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 & very soon afterwards we discovered the canal boat approaching in which we were to proceed. It might as well not have come for any present advantage to us, for the Captain at once declared that he must wait until evening for the train with Pittsburg passengers & thus have a full load. Captain Kanes[?] was tall & thin, active in his movements & so decided in his manner, that conviction was forced upon us that it would be utterly useless to attempt to change his purpose. We wrote to our friends to announce our detention. Mr. Borie & I took a walk through the town & found some very good houses in it, various churches, a Gothic brick Roman Catholic said to be the handsomest in the state, i. e. at Hollidaysburg they say so—a methodist, a presbyterian & a baptist but no Episcopal Church. I noticed a very large brick





building that I supposed might be a Court House, but upon enquiry learnt that it was a Temperance Hall. We went into the boat soon after 5 where we found the party with whom we had travelled from Pittsburg. We waited until after 7 before the cars were heard approaching. They came down to the edge of the canal, & presently there issued from them to the boat a continuous stream of human beings, chiefly women & children. The noise was deafening. Trunks &c. were thrown at every minute on the deck of the boat just over our heads & turned this way & that to take up least room. Children were crying & mothers were making even more noise than the children striving to keep them quiet. We found that if we would be seated we must not leave our seats a minute. If any one got up an infant was probably deposited at once in the place, the mother only too glad to have a short respite from the constant nursing on the knee. The crowd appeared to be too great for it to be possible for us all to shake into places & travel together. But the time of great trial was yet to come. We had tea with substantial accompaniments about 8, & at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 the womankind were asked to walk into the gentlemen's (side) while the berths were arranged, & after a while—

Here, maddening as it is to relate, Ann breaks off! Unless some member of the family *somewhere* some day may come across the rest of this account, the "time of great trial" is not known and one can only imagine the worst!

Next the scene changes from Ann to Liscarde, England 1846. Following the Old Consul's death, Will had written Ann from Liscarde, 27 April 1840, inviting her to come over to England "& make our mansion your home as long as you please":

We shall be very glad to see you & I think you will say that from the way in which we have been brought up we do not detract or add too, except perhaps that I may be accused of some extravagance . . . a Hot House was contracted for. . . It will cost about £300 all told, but the salve I apply to my conscience is this, that the greater the attraction the more you make home to be desired by your Chil-



dren—In fact it is only necessary to look at our own case for the truth of this—Home was rendered such by our Parents & therefore it was with reluctance that we left it on any & every occasion. . .

Ann appears to have stayed with William and the children while Sarah was in Washington, collecting her material for *The Statesmen*. In her *diary* written at this time, Ann painted a charming self-portrait:

January 1st. 1846. The opening of the New Year found William and me with his ten children eating oysters. William giving instructions "en docteur" as to the best manner of opening them. I too dull or too old to learn, or perhaps too idle, my plate being well supplied with oysters. May it be a happy year for all of us, and if we live to see the opening of another may we be able to look back upon the one now commencing as well spent. Well spent I mean as regards the great end of our being. . . The children made merry again with sound games. Oysters closed the evening. . .

January 2. I went to Liverpool with Harriet and Nan to fit them with dancing shoes, sashes and mittens for a party. . . I also superintended their hair cutt. . .

Sunday, . . . the girls returned exhausted with pleasure.

January 5. Finished the fourth pair of stockings for the boys since this day week.

January 6. Spent a weary disagreeable morning with the children, buying what they would require for the half year. . .

January 12th. Cut out, or rather tore out 12 chemises for Elizth. Maury. Went out to buy flannel for a dressing gown and a new carpet bag. Also gave Whelby orders about shipping Mr. J. P. Taylor's stone china. . .

January 13th. Had a delightful morning breakfasting with the friends of Christian Union at the Dingle. Four members were clergymen of the Ch. of England, one Independent, a scotch Presbyterian, and a Baptist. The spirit of Christian Charity and forbearance that appeared to emanate there was very agreeable. . .

January 17th. Rose early to be in readiness for the  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 9 train. . . I got into the ladies carriage alone. Very





soon after starting I was joined by a Swiss lady, the Governess to Lord Stanley's daughters. She was pleasant and agreeable. Near Birmingham a portly dame got in with two dogs concealed in her attire in order to avoid paying for them. She was intolerably vulgar. She went but a short distance or we should have remonstrated. . . My companion lauded the private character of Lord Stanley to the skies. A good father, good husband, good master etc. etc. She spoke badly of the private life of the Duke of Wellington in whose family she had also lived. . .

January 19th. [Christie's Hotel, London with a great friend, Mary Wakefield.] I wrote a note to Mr. Ewart to ask him to try to get tickets for the opening of Parliament and hearing the Queen's speech.

January 20th. . . . We rode through Busby Park, and after reaching the Palace we were sorely bewildered how to get in, passing door after door before we could get admittance. We were pleased with many paintings. . . The cartoons of Raphael so celebrated are in a very unfavorable light, so we did not see them to advantage. The Hampton Court Vine, we saw, with a great many grapes on it yet. The Queen's table is supplied from it from September to February. The gardener pointed out one branch 120 feet long. . .

January 21st. . . . A letter arrived that appeared very thick and stiff as if it might have tickets in it and sure enough it proved . . . two ladies tickets for the House of Lords and one gentlemen's for the gallery approaching. We concluded as the tickets said *full dress* that we must do a little more than common and we went to bespeak a hair dresser to perform for us. I ordered a little spray of Marabout feathers and M. W. a cap. . .

On Thursday the 22 January 1846, Mary Wakefield & I dressed ourselves immediately after breakfast in our best Black Satin dresses—& Mr. Gibbins the Court hair dresser from No. 7 King Street, St. James Square, dressed our hair. I wore feathers in my head, for the first time in my life. Our tickets of admission from the Lord Chamberlain—Earl Dela-





ware had upon them that we were to go in *full dress*, & therefore we were afraid of not being sufficiently dressed for fear we should be turned away from the door. Mary Wakefield wore a cap with blond lappets & light blue velvet ribbon. We stepped into a fly as soon as our toilets were completed, & we moved rapidly onwards until we were stopped by the long line of carriages waiting. It was so long that we were fully three quarters of an hour advancing, by little & little as the carriages drove empty away, before our turn came to alight. As we approached nearer and nearer, the footwalks were crowded with spectators, & many temporary stages were erected for the accomodation of stangers—the shop windows on the way had all articles for sale removed from them & instead thereof chairs were placed for spectators. The police regulations were admirable—tho' the crowd was so great there was not the least confusion. The numbers of policemen increased as we approached Westminster so that the uniformity of their appearance & dress, added to the fact of their being so many of them, gave one an idea of a blue paling put up for the occasion. We descended in our turn, & walked through long, wide, well lighted passages, with temporary erections on each side for spectators who were admitted by Lord Chamberlain's tickets. These galleries were filled with ladies & gentlemen at the time we passed. All had to stand. We had to part company with our young beau at Gallery A for which he had a ticket. Mary & I proceeded alone thro' the remainder of the Royal Gallery to the House of Lords. The effect was striking as we entered. A large assemblage of ladies in full dress, without any gentlemen, for none are admitted except sons of peers & illustrious foreigners. We were strongly recommended to go into the gallery, which we did, & we were well satisfied with our position. We had a capitol bird's eye view of everything. We saw the Queen from head to foot, & she could not move without our seeing it. All we lost the sight of was the entrance of the Commons, they being below us outside the bar. The first Peer who made his appearance

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\*This is the full account of the event so briefly mentioned in the Diary. It was found in Ann's brown paper folder: *Manuscripts*.





was the Duke of Wellington, which is always the case when His Grace is well enough to be out. We had neither of us seen him since the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester Railway, & in the interval time has stamped its impress upon him, for he looks very old indeed. By degrees the Peers all assembled in their robes of scarlet & ermine which seem most cumbrous disagreeable garments. A few Bishops were there with their black silk aprons, only one, he of Winchester, had on his wig. The law lords all sat near together with their burly wigs & black spots on the crown of the head. The Duke of Cambridge was early in his arrival & chattered away first with one & then with another just as old George III was said to do. He gave a double quantity of gabble to the Dukes of Wellington & Devonshire. We knew but few of those whom we saw & unfortunately we had no one near to whom we could apply for information.

In about an hour & a half from the time we entered the house, we heard a discharge of cannon to intimate that the Queen was leaving Buckingham Palace. It continued until she reached Westminster, & then a flourish of trumpets gave notice that she had arrived, & a second flourish announced that she was coming out of the robing chamber. The buzz of voices ceased instantaneously & lords & ladies, all arose to receive their sovereign lady. The great big old crown worn by William 4th. was carried before her on superb crimson velvet cushion bordered with gold. The cap of maintenance (very like a liberty cap on a liberty pole) was carried by the Earl of Zetland, a rough looking red-headed youth. The Regal robe was borne behind by the ladies in waiting. Prince Albert handed the Queen up to the throne, the ladies removed the robe from her shoulders & laid it over the back of the throne. All eyes were turned towards the Queen who appeared to have been oppressed by the weight of the robe just removed, she adjusted her garments in rather an unqueenlike style, taking hold of her dress with both hands at the shoulders, & hunching it up with force gave two or three good shakes to it before she appeared to be comfortable. Perhaps as lawyers & clergyman require to adjust their gowns before speaking the Queen would not be able to give out her





speech properly. All remained standing until the Queen said, "Be seated my Lords". They bowed & seated themselves.

Prince Albert sat at the Queen's left hand much lower than the Throne, & a seat on the right hand embroidered in gold with the Prince's feathers stands vacant until the Prince of Wales completes his fifth year, when he is to occupy it on such occasions. The most perfect stillness prevailed until the Commons arrived.

Lord Lyndhurst, the Lord Chancellor, then went down on one knee & presented the Speech to the Queen. It was written in very large hand on several large folio sheets, which looked like parchment. The Queen read it most beautifully, her voice clear, her enunciation so distinct that every syllable was heard throughout the house, & yet not the slightest apparent effort did she make. The plainness & simplicity of her manner was beautiful. Too much cannot be said in praise of her reading. Her pronunciation was not exactly that of the south of England—she did not sound the *a* long, & she gave a trill to the *R* that resounded. She was dressed in white satin with a large stomacher resplendent with diamonds. Her own elegant little crown encircled her brow. Prince Albert & Prince George of Cambridge both wore military uniforms. When the speech was concluded, the state robe was replaced on the Queen's shoulders, & Prince Albert not being on the alert she gave him a kind of tap or intimation that she was ready & he gave her his hand.

As she had entered the house, she looked neither right nor left, but in going out she relaxed & smiled & greeted the ladies on both sides of her with whom she was acquainted.

This most imposing & splendid ceremonial over, we were all anxious to get away & the serjeant at arms tried to hurry us, calling out in a loud & authoritative tone "clear the house of strangers"—most ungallant certainly seeing that ladies were the only strangers & that they were going out as fast as they could. We were nearly two hours in getting out & in the lobbies we saw many beautiful women, & superb dresses. We had a good view of the Hon'ble. Mrs. Norton, who is certainly a lovely creature. We saw an old dowager with





dyed hair of a reddish purplish deadish color, shewing the grey close to the head, who was resplendent with diamonds necklace & cross, ear-rings, broach & girdle of diamonds round a waist not very taper.

We were a good deal fatigued when we got back to Christies, but I thought it well worth all the trouble, fatigue & expense.

January 23rd. [At Windsor] . . . We saw only the State apartments. St. George's Hall in which the Knights of the Garter hold their meetings with portraits from James 1st to George 4th in the panels. The Gobelin tapestry is beautiful, the History of Esther presented to George 4th by the King of France. The story of the Golden Fleece presented by Louis 14th. I admired a painting of the finding of Moses by Zaccarelli. The Waterloo chamber is interesting from the likeness of all the great characters who flourished in Europe at that day. The Nelson apartment ornamented with arms. Busts of Marlborough, Nelson, Wellington. Small flags hanging over the busts of the two generals, a yearly presentation of which is the tenure by which the estates of Blenheim and Strath fieldsaye are held. We went into the Royal Chapel to see the tombs of departed sovereigns and the Cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte which is very fine. . .

January 25th. . . . Went to St. George's Church. . . In the afternoon we went to Westminster Abbey. The music very fine and the general effect grand and impressive but . . . I greatly prefer the ordinary Church service to the Cathedral.

January 26th. . . . Packed up my traps and got in good time for the railway. I had no conversation with any but was amused reading Harry Bluff's address to the Memphis Convention. It rained torrents when I got to Worthing and I was well pleased to find the Byron's servant in waiting for me. I was heartily welcomed and glad to find my old friends looking so well. Mr. Corrie called and looked handsomer than ever. When I was last in England he was so far improved in beauty that I begin to think he will live to be an Adonis.

January 28th. . . . An early tea and the evening spent in



social chat and reading together. A superb, cloudless, star-light night. Oh, that I could have had a peep at the heavens through Lord Rosse's Telescope.

January 30th. . . . we set out by Railway for Brighton. We took a fly and drove to the extreme end of Brighton. . . A delightful place it appears and much resorted to by invalids. Numbers of ladies were being drawn in chairs to inhale the sea breeze and two we saw in a sort of crib upon wheels lying at full length. . . Mr. Sanctuary, a natural son of the late Mr. Coke of Norfolk, drank tea. He told of the Queen's shabbiness in making Landseer paint her dogs cheap.

February 1st. . . . An excellent sermon from Mr. Foster. . . I received the Sacrament. In the evening another excellent sermon on Love to our neighbour, pointing out the selfishness of mankind. I hope I may remember the lesson. . .

February 2nd. . . . We saw the arrival of a mackrel boat and the packing of the same in baskets to go to London. It was said the boat had brought up 8,000. . .

February 4th. . . . Dr. Posey is to preach this Sunday at Oxford before the University. His subject, Confession. . . No doubt it will cause excitement and discussion. But the Lord God omnipotent reigneth and he will overrate all for his own glory and the ultimate benefit of his Church.

February 6th. A lovely morning. Wrote to Mr. Turner to ask him for a Bencher's order for admission to the Temple Church. At 12 we set out for Arundel Castle. Everything conspired to make the day agreeable. The ruins are exquisitely beautiful. There is an owlery containing 10 owls in the keep. There are the remains of two portcullis. The old part of the Castle dating from the days of Alfred is built of flints embedded in mortar with hammered stone at the corners. We went into the chamber that had been used by the Empress Maude in which is a carved bedstead of the era of Elizabeth. We heard an excellent report of the Duke & Duchess of Norfolk. There is much architectural beauty in the new Castle where the family reside, but the old part is that of greatest interest. It was besieged by Cromwell and battered.

February 8th. London. I rose very early and went a





little before 8 to the early service. I gave the man a *douceur* to give me a place near the Duke of Wellington, which he did. The Duke repeated all the responses most audibly. Mary Wakefield and I went to St. George's Bloomsbury, and heard a sermon from Mr. Villiers in aid of the funds of the Scripture Reader's Society. He gave a lamentable account of the sufferings and spiritual destitution of the poor. I gave him 8 times as much as I intended before I heard the sermon. I felt that I ought at least to give as much as I had expended in finery for the opening of the House of Lords. After dinner we went to the Temple Church with the Bencher's order that Mr. Turner had furnished us. The decorations are very beautiful and the music very fine. . .

February 9th. A little snow fell, but we sailed forth and did some shopping. Mary made me a present of a velvet mantle and I bought myself an apron. We went to see a poor street sweeper in a miserably underground place where no ray of light ever penetrates except that produced by a half-penny candle. We went to a shop and bought him some mutton and a loaf of bread. . .

February 10th. . . . We went with Mr. H. F. Chorley and his sister to the British Gallery. Every thing looked bright and gay but no very fine paintings I should think. We then went by Covent Garden to Mr. Bohn's, a bookseller in York St. 4, 5 & 6, an immense establishment. In returning we passed through the market and Mary Wakefield bought some flowers. . .

February 11th. Mary Wakefield went on a secret expedition and bought an opera glass to use at the House of Commons where we went with Mr. James and peeked through the pigeon holes and saw the routine of business. Sr. James Graham spoke a little, so did the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We saw the routine of the House and that was all. We watched the equipages coming from the Queen's levée. . .

February 12th. I hired a cab . . . went to the Belgium Chargés to get my passport. . .

February 13th. I walked alone to Weymouth Street for my passport. Can it be mine? I am described as having





blue eyes. On returning we trudged off in nearly the same direction, but farther, to Upper Norton Street to hold a parley with a singing mistress. We tried to see Mr. Hare to interest him in improving the condition of the poor miserable woman living in a dungeon whom he has visited as a Dispensary Doctor. He was out. We went to the Polytechnic and mounting to the attic Maggie had a very good Daguerreotype likeness taken of herself. We returned home so thoroughly tired that we were not much disposed to dress after dinner to spend the evening at Mrs. Chorley's. It was what may be called a literary party. The Editor of the *Athenaeum* and his fat wife, Mr. Dogle [Doyle?] whose signature is H. B. his son who furnishes the illustrations for Dickens, Mrs. Lee who wrote the life of Curvier.

February 14th. . . When William's boys came we went to see the mammoth horse 20 hands high, the back too wide for any one to stride it. We then went to the Soho Bazaar. The boys each bought a book with money given to them. . . The boys chatted very sociably with me until I thought it was time to send them home and I then packed up my traps ready for embarkation in the morning. . .

February 15th. Sunday. I rose at half past six to ready in time. . . Mr. James succeeded in getting me on board the steamer  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour before she sailed. Captain Jackson was as kind as possible to me. I remonstrated with him upon his choice of Sunday for the day of sailing. He told me that it was found the most advantageous day, the English Aristocracy who patronize them exceedingly always giving a preference to Sunday for travelling. What a reflection upon the nobles of a Christian land! I spent my morning chiefly in quiet reading quietly in my cabin trying not to forget that it was Sunday. There were about 18 or 20 passengers. The females were all sick except me, though it was as smooth as the absence of wind could make it. I went to bed without undressing at nine o'clock or thereabouts.

February 16th. Mrs. James met me at Antwerp at half past ten. I spied her on the wharf under a dripping umbrella, but I could not get to her until my things had been overhauled by the custom house officer. And very disagree-



able it was to watch my best garments tossed about by rude hands while the rain was falling upon them. In due time it was over and I joined Mrs. James. After depositing my chattels in a safe place, we went to the Cathedral where I was rejoiced once more to look upon Ruben's celebrated picture of the "Descent from the Cross". We went to St. Paul's Church, remarkable for its beautiful carvings of wood and the Calvary which is with figures of the Spirits, the Crucifixion, the tomb of Christ and Purgatory. The Church of St. Jacques with its beautiful marble. The Museum with its fine pictures. Then we went to the Hotel and refreshed ourselves with some soap and went to the "Chemin de Fer" for Brussels and arrived at 2 Boulevard du Regent at half past five o'clock. We felt mutually pleased at being once more around the same hearth.

February 17th. . . . We passed through the square in which is the Hotel de l'Europe where we were nearly 19 years ago. I remember less of Brussels than I do of Antwerp. . . . Our evening closed with work and reading aloud.

February 19th. . . . Mrs. James and I went to the Square to see if there was any sign of the commencement of the Ball at which 3500 persons were expected to be present. There was more commotion than usual. . . .

February 21st. . . . It was difficult to keep from being washed away, all the world preparing for Sunday with brooms and buckets.

February 22nd. . . . We went to Church again in the afternoon at half past two. We took a good walk on the Boulevard as far as the Paris Railway before dinner passing by the Duke of Alva's Bastille, now used as an office for the safe keeping of the public records. Formerly it had only narrow slits. They have found it necessary to make larger air holes for the documents were perishing from damp, so there are real windows.

February 23rd. . . . All kinds of noises with tin horns &c., are making in every direction. This being a Roman Catholic place, the Carnival is kept. There are masks and mummeries of various kinds in the streets. . . .

February 24th. . . . Caroline and I went to see the pro-





cession and masks for the Carnival. A great crowd, a few vulgar low people in masks. A good many carriages in one of which we saw the sons and daughter of the King. We drank tea with Mrs. Hesse. Cards were the chief amusement. I eschewed them and began to knot an overboot for Mrs. James. As we returned at night we saw some masks in the street. Mrs. James' maid went to a masked ball.

February 25th. . . . As we walked to church we met numbers of Romanists with a Cinder Cross of the Maltese form on their foreheads, which I am told the devout endeavour to retain during Lent by avoiding any ablution in its vicinity. . .

February 26th. . . . We went through the Hotel de Ville where there are likenesses of Charles 5th. Philip 2nd. Joseph 2nd. and some others. Also tapestry of Oudenarde in tolerable preservation. The Marriage Hall is the place where Charles 5th resigned his crown into the hands of his son. The building is fine and the Grande Place in which it stands is entirely composed of handsome old buildings. Opposite to the Hotel de Ville is the window from which the Duke of Alva looked at the execution of Counts d'Egmont & Lethorne.

Shopped a little, spent the evening in working and finishing reading aloud Captain Marryat's *Settlers*.

February 27th. A lovely day, almost summer. I bought a lace pelerine. We went to Lent Prayers and took a walk on the Boulevard. . .

February 28th. . . . I commenced reading Gresley's *Church History*. I like some parts but it is too exclusive for me. In the evening I went with Mrs. Thorold to a Soirée Musicale dux Cercle des Arts. It took place in a little theatre built by De Berut, the husband of Malibran, adjoining his own house. It is now let. We had some very good instrumental music, Violins, Clarionet, Piano and Violincello. De Munk, the performer on the latter played most admirably. It was over about 10 & we then went to a soirée at Mrs. Stanley's where we found the lady herself playing on the Piano. . .

March 1st. . . . This Sunday I had a sitting in Church almost equal to the Convention. We went at 9 to the Eng-





lish service. We walked home, but did not stay. We returned immediately and sat during the German service in order to ensure good seats for the hearing of Mr. Boucher afterwards. I was exceedingly gratified with finding that I was able to follow him in his sermon. It was an excellent sermon upon Christ as the sum and substance of true religion, and Christianity as the only source of true happiness from the text "God hath given all things into his hands". I was so deeply interested that I did not think I had listened more than half an hour, and behold it was an hour and a quarter. . .

March 2nd. . . . in the evening we went to drink tea at Mr. Jenkins, the Chaplain to the British Embassy. . . I ordered 16 annes of Aix la Chapelle lace for Mary Wakefield. . .

March 5th. . . . I bought *Monte Cristo*, by Dumas to read with Mr. Ganné, and in the afternoon I took my first lesson and felt very diffident after being so many years unused to taking a pupil's place, and quite rusty in reading French.

March 7th. . . . I made up a ribbon head dress. . . Finished the evening idly listening to others read. My eyes too weak for use.

March 10th. . . . Mrs. James and I went to the Cathedral, remarkable for its very beautiful painted glass windows, its ancient carved wooden pulpit, descriptive of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and a tomb of Count —, a Belgian who was killed in the Revolution of 1830. From Adam's hand hung a pamphlet in Dutch and French saying that prayers must be said and what Fasts observed in Lent. Hastened home to take my French lesson. . .

March 11th. After Church we went to see the Duke of Aremberg's Picture Gallery. It contains many minute paintings of the Flemish school. Leviérs, Ostade, Vandervelt and Dow etc. Some very pretty sea pieces. A lovely likeness of Marie Antoinette. We went through the beautifully furnished apartments and saw an infinite number of exquisite old carved cabinets, beautiful inlaid floors. Painted satin for the walls and some worsted embroidery. Heads of the 12 Cæsars, the original head of the Laocoon, a bronze model of



the whole piece of statuary, a bronze wild boar. The riding school within the Palace with a sort of conservatory at the end of it. I went in the evening to a Soirée Dramatique, not very entertaining.

March 12th. . . . Mrs. James made me a present of a very beautiful white shawl, French Cashmere. In the evening we were at a very pleasant party at Mr. Thorold's where we met a Roman Catholic Abbé who was in his robes with a long train sweeping the ground. He played at cards with three ladies the greater part of the evening. . .

March 14th. . . . Took my French lesson and continued reading aloud until dinner, two and one-half hours. We called upon Mrs. Thorold where we met Mr. Ferrier\* who shewed us a magnificent diamond ring presented to him by the Emperor of Russia. . .

March 16th. . . . In the afternoon we took a walk and saw the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, a very pretty round edifice with a lofty Dome. We saw the little figure spouting out water so indecently and regretted that with all the fine clothes that have been presented to him from time to time he should still expose himself so improperly. This fountain is said to have existed since the 7th Century. Prince Godfrey was turned into stone for standing aside in a religious procession. The present monument is of the year 16 by Du Quesnoy. The histories are most absurd of his being seized and carried off, brought back in triumph. Allowances to a valet for him &c. &c. . .

March 18th. I received the Steamer letters with good accounts of all. After Church we took a delightful walk in the Park. Everything like Spring. There seemed to be joy in the mere feeling of existence, all looked so lovely. . .

March 19th. The first snow of the season on the 19th. It cleared up however in time to allow us to go to the Royal Palace, for which an order had been obtained for this day from the Grand Marechalle. We found it a very clean comfortably handsomely furnished Mansion, without the royal splendour of the Palaces of older sovereigns. Many pretty

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\*Ann previously mentioned this Mr. Ferrier "the Belgian Phrenologist."





pictures adorn the walls, chiefly modern. One of Pope Gregory by Raphael is said to be the best. There are likenesses of the King & Queen of Belgium, and also of Queen Victoria & Prince Albert and one of the former when Princess Victoria. A very melancholy one of Charles 1st taking leave of his family before his execution. We then went to a place where the Queen's cast off clothes were to be disposed of. There was but little to be seen it not being the season for a change. In a fortnight there would be more. . .

March 21st. . . . We went to the Verbyst's in the Rue Terre Neuve and found it one of the largest Bookseller's establishments I had ever seen. Every story full of books arranged in nooks, in short a warehouse full. I bought *L'Histoire de Port Royal*.

We went to the Place des Martyrs, the tomb of those who fell in the Revolution of 1830. A colossal figure supported by the Belgic Lion. Four weeping figures at the four corners of the pediment, and below are vaults with the remains and names. Altogether it struck me as being in good taste. We stopped in the Cathedral to hear the salute at five.

March 24th. . . . we went to see a review of the Belgium Troops in honor of the Birthday of the Count de Flandre, the second son of the King, nine years old. We saw the two little Princes and the Princess on the balcony of the Palace. Very graceful and very pretty children. They acknowledged the civility of the troops in a very interesting manner, the boys taking off their hats and bowing, the little girl bowed. . .

March 26th. . . . Mrs. James and I went to the Museum and saw the pictures, a few fine, but generally uninteresting. Several likenesses of Bloody Queen Mary. One nice looking in the days of her youth. One of Queen Elizabeth. A beautiful one of Rubens le Tombeau de Christ. . .

March 27th. Soon after breakfast Mrs. James and I went out to shop. I bought my bonnet and box for it and various other things and we just got through in time for Church (Sunday). Afterwards I bought a French dictionary and made haste to meet Mr. Ganni and take my lesson. I read aloud nearly three hours. We drank tea at Mr. Bogle's and I was very good for nothing, so tired and sleepy.





March 28th. . . . We went to a party at Mrs. Stanley's where we had very good music. Amongst other performers was a Mr. Rodier, the painter of animals. There is a large and excellent piece of his in the King's Palace, another in the Museum. He paints, sings well, plays well, is an excellent lawyer, but withal a very bad man. He killed his wife with unkindness and he now has a half sort of wife stolen from her husband. His countenance is *bad bad*.

March 29th. Sunday. As usual we went to Church at nine and again at half past two and after that Mrs. James and I went to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Jacques to the Salut. We went up the Grand Altar close to the Queen's Box. We saw her extremely well and a very sweet and interesting looking woman she is and she appeared extremely devout. I never was so close to the Romish ceremonies before. I was disgusted. Two little boys dressed in red gear and white surplices ready to carry candles and waft incense were playing pitch farthing under the roof of the Church close to the Altar. . .

March 30th. We then went out to see the beautiful Chapel in Notre Dame des Victoires with a monument to the memory of one of the Counts of Thurn and Taxis. It is very beautiful, the work of Du Quesnoy. There are very beautiful decorations in the little Chapel, particularly some sculpture figures of children. . .

April 1st. Rose at quarter past five to get ready. A very fine morning. We, i. e. Mrs. James, Carry and I went to Antwerp by quarter before eight train and by half past nine we were on board the *Princess Victoria* and found her hour of departure was changed, so we had three hours to while away in Antwerp. We went into the Cathedral where High Mass was being celebrated with great pomp. The music was very beautiful. We stayed for half an hour or so. The celebrated pictures by Rubens were covered with black for Lent. We went through the Museum and admired the pictures more than ever, being a fine day the light was very good. We went, then, into the Jesuit's Church of St. Charles, very highly decorated. We bought some Pistolets (a roll of



bread) and sat upon a Bench on the wharf to eat it and wait the embarkation. A few minutes after one we left the wharf. There were several passengers, and it was assez agréable. The weather was fine as we went down the Scheldt. Nothing to be seen except low banks and the towns of Middelburg & Flushing. At the latter place we took in a Pilot to accompany us all the way to London, and a female passenger travelling with dickey birds. I wrote to Elizabeth with great difficulty, the shaking was so horrible. About 3 o'clock a. m. being very dark at the time, we were wakened up by a dreadful crash. It was the steamer coming into collision with another vessel. The railing, boat and the flag staff were carried away. . .

April 2nd. We approached London amid showers and the wind and what with the accident of the night and the contrary wind together we were delayed and did not reach St. Katherine's wharf until half past one. I felt a little uncomfortable at having to pass through the Customs House without a gentleman, but I was very civilly treated and not charged any duty. . .

April 3rd. . . . Mr. Turner took us after lunch to hear the Ethiopian Serenaders. There is some humor and much vulgarity in their songs, but their low choruses are extremely sweet. Tom Thumb was a spectator in a stage box. . . I went to sleep at night lulled by the sound of Mr. Turner's voice singing to his own playing below me.

April 5th. Sunday. Rain, rain. We went to Church nevertheless morning and evening.

April 6th. . . . We went to see a new Washing Establishment, Baths for the poor, one penny for cold, 2 pence for warm, for which they are to have 60 gallons water and the use of a large towel. The washerwomen are to pay one penny for three hours, to have the use of a trough with a division in the middle, hot and cold water, irons heated, mangles, drying closets and wringing machine. Of course, find their own soap.

We then went to the Marylebone National school . . . the Infant School contains 300. . .

April 8th. . . . After Church Mrs. Harlowe and I went





to the Colosseum. The exhibition is wonderful. First, various beautiful pieces of sculpture, then we ascended by machinery seated in a small highly decorated apartment 100 steps, and we appeared as we walked out to be on top of St. Paul's, and viewing London therefrom, every building visible. It is really wonderful. We descended and went through conservatories with beautiful flowers in bloom, birds of the gayest plumage and fountains and pools with gold fish in. Then we descended into a stalactite cavern very beautiful the fac-simile of one at Adelsberg. . .

April 9th. . . . We had a disagreeable accident in King William Street. The horse fell down in a crowded thoroughfare and had to be unharnessed before it could be got up. Mrs. Harlowe was alarmed. Neither horse nor carriage were injured. We got to the Bexley van in good time and I had a prosperous journey. . .

April 12th. Sunday. I wore my new black satin apron. We went to Bexley Church in the morning and to the Heath in the evening. . .

April 15th. . . . The evening passed away working. knitting, playing, singing, talking, laughing and a hearty supper at 10 o'clock at night. . .

April 16th. We walked to Bexley Heath, and I got some spirits of wine to try to make a compound of Rosemary for the hair. We had early tea and went in the evening to a lecture upon Acoustics by a young man employed in a neighboring factory for the printing of Mousselines de Laine and Cashmeres. He was modest and unassuming. His pronunciation inelegant, but the lecture was worth six pence, the price we paid for tickets. We walked home with a lantern. . .

April 18th. Early in the morning the family were disturbed by the appearance of a poor girl who had literally been turned out of house and home by her mother. She came to ask for assistance and advice, both of which she obtained. . .

April 21st. We heard a nightingale tuning up said to be the first of the season. It was 11 p. m. . .

April 23rd. . . . Picked up my traps and at half past





eleven the Fly came for us to go to London and we had an exceedingly pleasant drive. . .

April 26th. Sunday. I had rather an adventurous Church going. I went in an omnibus to Holloway Church alone, expecting to be able to return in it, but it had passed before I came out of Church. Two omnibuses were in waiting and were disposed to fight for me but being sure that they did not pass Mrs. Patrick's door I would not adventure myself and walked all the way through muddy roads back to Camden town.

April 28th. . . . I went to the National Gallery, thence to Roashe and Varty's in the Strand, ordered two sets of Scriptural illustrations. . . We went shopping in the evening to Lewis and Allenby's and were caught in the rain.

April 29th. A glorious day. . . We went to Harding's where I bought a new dress and to the Pantheon. . . We went with Mr Moore to see the Conservative Club. Its decorations are superb. Painted ceilings, tessalated pavements, more like the enchanted palaces in the Arabian Nights than any thing else. All in beautiful order. The kitchen as perfect in its way as anything else. A grate for roasting larger than any I ever saw in my life. All sorts of contrivances for stewing, broiling, etc. . .

April 30th. Rose early to be ready for the journey (to Liverpool). . . My things were deposited in a carriage to secure my seat, but after a while I found some whiskerandos were quarreling in that carriage, so I called a porter and had my effects removed. I had two officers for company. One in 32nd. Regiment just going out to India. He was young, handsome, of fine clean, healthy complexion, beautiful teeth, and coral lips. As I looked at him, I could not but think how soon the Indian climate would change his appearance. He seemed full of the buoyancy of youth, anticipating nothing but promotion. I had a quiet journey, reading the chief part of the way.

May 4th. . . . After luncheon I went to buy myself a common bonnet for which trimming included I only gave 4/6. . .

May 5th. Packed up to go to Everton. I walked up about



half past one o'clock and my goods were sent after me in the carriage. . .

May 6th. . . . I finished my crochet collar and put two additional rows of crochet round Miss Houghton's slippers. . . The first time of wearing my new bonnet and shawl. I felt them rather cold. . .

May 7th. . . . I rose early and walked with James Bold to town directly after breakfast. I left my crochet slippers with Mr. Tuners to make. He was very cross about doing them. I went straight to the boat and crossed the river to Seacombe, and when I walked to Liscard. I found the cook and all the children well. I dispensed some presents amongst them, played a little with them in the garden, knitted a little. . . William brought to dine with him Mr. Steele and Mr [James] Buchanan. The health of Mrs. W. Maury was drank by all. I played a little on the best piano. I found myself obliged to sleep in an old raggy night shirt of Rutson's. The thief, Sarah Roberts, had carried off mine, and also my hair brush, tooth brush etc. etc.

May 8th. . . . We talked, knitted, dined and teased, bagatelled and so passed away the evening to bed time.

May 12th. Laura and I walked in the Necropolis. I had not been there since I was with Mama when it was first laid out. No one had then been interred, within the ground. It is now full of tombs and she with whom I surveyed it when empty is now a tenant of another world. . .

May 16th. . . . A funeral was taking place at Everton Church. A hearse, surmounted with lofty plumes and drawn by four black horses seemed a commentary upon the vanity of earthly pomp. . .

May 18th. . . . Read the *New York Courier* and *Enquirer* in the evening. . .

May 20th. I occupied myself with pasting linings into my boots, playing the piano, etc. etc. . . Hail and thunder storm. . .

May 21st. A very fine day. . . At 12 we went to see the examination of the deaf and dumb pupils. Very interesting. Then went to buy a pair of strong boots at Collinson's. . . I began to make two petticoats for myself. . .





May 26th. . . . I went to Mr. Berend who greeted me with much warmth. "It is indeed a real pleasure to see you once more." I could not respond in like manner for I was truly sorry to be obliged to come to him. However he put two fillings into a wise tooth, for which I paid him £1.1. and felt truly rejoiced after it that I had seen him. . . James Bold and I went to a lecture in the evening upon the Solar Rays. Not so interesting as Dr. Draper's.

May 28th. . . . The country generally looking very smiling, though there is some want of rain. I occupied myself much with my knitting. The *Cambria* below sent word by telegraph that there was war between the U. S. and Mexico.

May 29th. Anniversary of the Restoration of King Charles II. Having been so long absent it was stranger to me to see again the old performances. King Charles carried in the oak, represented generally by a little fat rosy cheeked child borne on the shoulders of other children. . .

June 1st. . . . James Bold and I went to the Zoological Gardens in the evening, upwards of 2000 persons there. Chiefly mechanics and shop keepers. I have never been in such an atmosphere of tobacco smoke in England or America. It was like a Belgian crowd. The display of fire works and the illumination of Edinburgh was well worth seeing. . .

June 12th. . . . In the evening I went to Dr. Scoresby's Lecture on Lord Rosse's Telescope. He gave a most interesting account of casting the specula, cooking the metal from the bottom, and the formation of the mold from the succession of iron hoops to allow the escape of the air. Also the surrounding the metal with water regulated by a thermometer so as always to be of the same temperature during the process of polishing. Not the least interesting was the account of his training the common Irishmen around him to do all the work. . . ,

June 14th. Sunday. . . . Charles Laurence preached on the duty of praying heartily for the Queen.

June 15th. Disturbed by the sweeps soon after five. I got up, cut out my chemises, washed my gold chain and a pair of cuffs before breakfast. I eased my old black silk apron, put a pocket in a petticoat. . .





June 16th. . . . We went in the evening to Dr. Scoresby's lecture. He exhibited models of both Lord Rosse's telescopes. With the large one he told us that 50 nebula had been observed and 43 out of the 50 were resolvable. . .

June 23rd. Severe thunder storm at an early hour. Showery and windy, the rain contracted the ropes so much that the pegs were drawn, and the tent blown down. There was a slight abatement of rain between two and three o'clock p. m. The school children availed themselves of it and came to partake of the promised treat for the breaking up. More than 300 assembled, and were regaled with rhubarb and gooseberry pasties and bun loaf. Prizes were given to the deserving, either of clothing or books. The children played on the green between the showers and sheltered in the tent. . .

June 30th. . . . We had much conversation upon Missionary subjects, and on the approaching visit of Prince Albert. . .

July 1st. . . . In the evening we went to the concert given by the Hutchinson family. I was exceedingly pleased with them, particularly with the modesty of Abby and the attention of the brothers. Their voices were most harmonious. Their peaceful sentiments were received with deafening applause. . .

July 8th. . . . I was caught in the rain going up to Everton and much incommoded by some strawberries I was carrying in a paper bag. . . Being the last evening with my dear friend, Anne Cropper, I could not but feel sad. We had a solemn conversation in my bedroom. I prayed and wept after she left me.

July 12th. . . . Rutson and I walked to the ferry and went over to dinner at William's. . . Some low vulgar people of a description that it is painful to associate with made me feel how dreadful it would be to fall short of heaven and be confined forever with the lost. . .

Ann's detailed account of the events of this day were expanded from her Diary in a separate paper:

29th. July 1846. We went soon after breakfast . . . the *Egremont* slip where after a good deal of waiting we were ushered on board a Steam tug Boat to convey us to the Royal



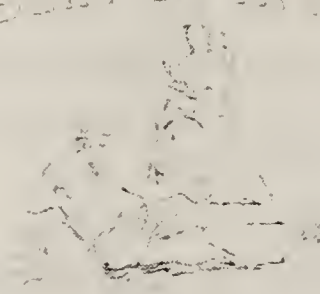
Yachts. We had to go on board in a small row boat, I suppose for fear of our steamer defacing the Royal Steamers. The *Royal Victoria & Albert* reminded me in some degree of a North River boat, the height from the water & the awning to shelter the decks from the sun gave it that air. We ascended from the little boat by a very comfortable stairway with brass hand rails as well as cords to take hold of. When we stood upon the deck we were struck with the clearness of the space for exercise. The deck being covered with oil cloth did not strike me as being in particular good taste & it was the only thing on board that could possibly be found fault with. The officer who walked round with us said that he had never known the Queen to be sea sick. The kitchen was on a scale that appeared to prepare for a healthy consumption of viands. A grate large enough to roast 11 joints of meat at once. A boiler so rapidly heated by steam as to be able to boil a quart of water in 57 seconds. An oven on a large scale also. Round the kitchen were numerous copper pans that had belonged to George 4th & were stamped with his initials.

The Drawing Room was hung with chintz fluted around it, the effect of which was very neat & pretty. The chairs & sofas were covered with the same. The bell handles were all ivory & labeled "Nursery", "Retinue", "Page" &c. There were eight I think in the apartment. I admired the stout ivory handles placed at intervals in all directions for the Queen to grasp in rough weather when there should be much motion in the vessel. The dining-room plain & handsome with green morocco chairs. A bed room for the Queen & Prince really spacious with a good large bed in it, not berths. A dressing room for the Prince & a wardrobe for the Queen lead out of the Royal Bed Chamber. The ladies & lords in waiting had their respective apartments, & a place for the pages. The Nursery was below, very comfortable with four sleeping places in it. Being satisfied with all we had seen, we got into our row boat again & were taken to the *Fairy*, a beautiful light, long, low steamer with raking masts & chimney & decorated outside with gilt hawsers running round & dolphins between the windows. She is small & not used by





ANN'S INVITATION TO OPENING OF ALBERT DOCK AND WAREHOUSES



The Hon. of  
Miss Mary  
is requested to the Luncheon  
on Monday the 20th July 1876

By the Hon. of  
ANN'S INVITATION TO OPENING OF ALBERT DOCK AND WAREHOUSES

ANN'S INVITATION TO OPENING OF ALBERT DOCK AND WAREHOUSES





the Queen for long passages. There is no sleeping arrangement for her on board. The drawing room is very handsome, the panelling white & gold, & the furniture brocaded satin, white & green. The sofas are furnished with most convenient straps to put the arm as a support in rough weather. The Queens boat cloak was hanging up in a closet, very large, of scarlet cloth lined with royal purple velvet & apparently thick enough & heavy enough to protect the Royal person from rain or spray. The *Fairy* is the boat in which the Queen crosses to the Isle of Wight. We loaded at the wharf of the Albert Dock & went into the warehouse to look at the preparations for the breakfast on the following morning. The bare or unplastered brick walls, covered with fluted calico, white, pink, blue alternately, & tastefully arranged round the windows, altogether producing a very good effect. One table raised higher than the others across the upper end of the room, & seven others at right angles from it. Fruit & various ornamental devices were ready for the morrow.

July 30th. A glorious fine day. We prepared ourselves soon after breakfast No. 1 to go to the breakfast No. 2. About 12 o'clock we went to the warehouses, & took our seats to await the opening of the Dock. Many were the recognitions that took place, for I saw those whom I had not seen for years. William Ewart Gladstone well known for years as a politician & statesman I had not seen since he was a beautiful bright black-eyed boy whispering in Miss Macadam's ear to beg a holiday. . . It was really pleasant to see so many familiar faces, all too in holiday guise, with cheerful faces & gay attire. We were an hour & a half or two hours waiting for the Prince to open the dock. Twelve thousand persons were collected around to witness his arrival. At last the bridge was drawn on one side & some row boats preceded the *Fairy*, looking very pretty from the neat costume of the boatmen & the dexterity with which they lifted their oars simultaneously in 3 or 4 boats.

The Prince was to be perceived at once from his wearing the badge & star of the order of the Garter otherwise he was dressed in plain clothes. . . Several noblemen & others were in the *Fairy*. She went all round the Dock, the Prince ac-





knowledging the warm greeting of the people with rather stiff bows . . . we were then marshalled in to the Dejeuner, & it was astonishing with how little bustle or confusion 1000 persons took their seats. The refreshments were all excellent & abundant, but not very substantial. The wine was good. We were so situated that we could see the Prince very well. He seemed to carry on a pleasant conversation with those near him. The Queen's health was first drank then the Prince's, which he acknowledged handsomely, saying that the splendid reception he had had would never be effaced from his memory, & he begged to give a toast "Prosperity to British Commerce." We returned home well pleased with the whole performance, & full of admiration at the completeness of all the arrangements of the Dock committee. We were talking it all over, & Margaret Addison was just in the act of saying how much she preferred seeing him in his carriage & four, when we observed a crowd collecting & presently as if to oblige her he passed in his carriage & four. It was four o'clock before we got home from the Dejeuner. After resting awhile Rutson & I walked out to the Dingle & there took tea with a large party under the Tent in the field. About the same time some of the gentlemen of the family went to dine with the Prince at the Town Hall. The Banquet there did not go off so well as the earlier one. When dinner was all ready to be put upon the table, there was a strike for wages amongst the waiters, & it took so long to adjust the differences between the high contending parties that it was a quarter before 9 when dinner was announced. The provisions were spoken of as being badly cooked & deficient in quantity. The Prince did not leave the table until midnight. Fire works were to be seen in great beauty as we returned from the Dingle.

31st. July 1846. Another brilliant day, the sun shining in full radiance. Rutson and I set out at 11 o'clock to go to the Sailors Home, or at least to the site for it, there to await the ceremony of laying the first stone. We walked along Berry St. & saw about 1000 children ranged on the steps of St. Luke's Church Yard, an admirable position from which to see the procession, from its gradual elevation and occupying





a corner which overlooked 2 streets. Though the shops in Bold St. & Church St. were closed yet it presented a most animated scene. The shop windows were most of them filled with pretty & well dressed young women seated on gradually rising benches so as to see well to the very back. The windows & doors tastefully ornamented with festoons & emblematical devices wreaths of flowers etc. etc. & in some instances triumphal arches stretched across the street.

The footways were occupied by men, women & children who had already taken position to see the show. At the cross streets carts were backed filled with persons paying a piece for the place. Every vacant spot of ground had its platform full of spectators. We walked slowly down admiring the varied scene by the way. As we approached the Custom House the street was kept open by policemen & a troop of soldiers were stationed near the entrance to the enclosure. We were admitted on presenting our tickets & placed ourselves very well near the scarlet cloth laid down for the Prince to stand upon. It was a wearisome business waiting so many hours basking in the hot sun without any awning. Occasionally there was a little variety from some disorderly proceeding in the crowd. A man was thrown out of the Custom House window, & tumbled over and over on the heads of the multitude apparently unhurt. When the procession arrived a small number of the Blue Coat boys were admitted & small numbers of each society. The space was limited & more were desirous of getting in than had been arranged, & quarelling followed between the police & the Reckabites & it seemed as if mischief must follow from so much anger, blows having already been given. At this moment Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence went to the excited men, & harangued them so skillfully that he restored order & good humour & was exceedingly cheered.

The Prince looked tired as well he might when he got out of his carriage. A journeyman trowel was used chiefly to spare the superb silver gilt one which was presented. The design was beautiful. The stern of a vessel with two men at the wheel & two flags out behind. The handle ornamented





with gold & enamel, the Prince's arms, the Liverpool arms & the representation of the Sailor's Home on the flat part of the trowel.

The ceremony over the Prince returned to his carriage & made the best of his way to his lodgings to pack up his traps & go home & such is the rapidity of travelling by railway that he was in London time enough to assist at the Queen's Drawing Room that night, having left London only the preceding morn. at 6 o'clock. Before he departed he sent for the head of the police & enquired whether any accident had occurred, & upon being answered, "none whatever", he said, "then my gratification is complete."

I must say I felt very tired & good for nothing after my part of the performance, & I think the Prince must be a very strong man if he did not feel the same. He was refreshed twice during his short absence with notes from the Queen.

August 11th. Walked about Leamington and went into the Church. A pleasant, bright, clean, cheerful looking town it is. After lunch we drove over to Kenilworth and rambled for an hour or so amongst the ruins of former splendor. An extensive view it is. Vulgar young people were romping there which grated painfully upon ones feelings of romance and sentiment. We drove home by Guy's Cliff and walked thence across the fields.

August 12th. . . . Drove over to Warwick, had a glorious day for it which enabled us to see all to the greatest advantage. We had a fine, clear, and very beautiful view from the top of one of the old towers. We walked into the garden to see the famed Warwick Vase. . .

August 13th. . . . Left Leamington at 10 a. m. in heavy rain, and in the same reached Stratfordon-Avon. Saw the room in which Shakespeare was born and the stone which covered his remains. The statue in the market place and the bust in the church. A Bible in black leather chained to a table. Went on to Oxford, reached it about five. Had a peep at Blenheim by the way. Walked about Oxford till dark then partook of a substantial tea, having had no dinner. Much struck with the beauty of the windows in the chapel



of New College, Fells walk, the stone roof of the hall where Charles 1st's Parliament sat.

August 14th. . . . A very fine day. We went after breakfast to Magdalen College and Chapel, Kitchen and Common Hall, to All Souls, to Queens, to the Radcliffe Library and walked on the leads whence a fine view of Oxford, through the Bodleian Library. Merton College, Wadham College. The library, Common Hall and picture gallery of Christ Church. Many fine paintings, some very old. Dr. Pusey's rooms pointed out. Walked on Magdalen Bridge. Left Oxford quarter before three, reached London 20 minutes past four, doing 53 miles in one hour. Walked to White Bear and to Rathbone Place and back to Christie's.

August 15th. Rutson and I went to look at the Royal exchange, which is very beautiful. Bought some French corn plaister at White's opposite. We went to Guild Hall to see Gog and Magog. We tried to get into the Goldsmith's Hall, unsuccessfully. We got back to St. James Street after buying some chessmen and scissors in time for a lunch before the starting of the Hitchin coach. Rutson saw me off from the White Bear. The coach then went to the Three Cups in Aldersgate, where all sorts of brown paper parcels and bundles and boxes were taken in. It was wonderful where all with the passengers were stowed away. It rained almost all the way. Reached Hitchin near eight, & got a fly for King's Walden. All safe there at nine p. m., most heartily and kindly welcomed. . .

August 16th. Sunday. A beautiful walk to church. . . The Church in King's Walden Park very prettily situated. Walden is an old Church and has as much ivy upon it as can be picturesque. Mr. Bayliff gave two good sermons. The congregation much larger in the afternoon which is usual in an agricultural neighborhood. . .

August 17th. . . . I went with Harriet Bayliff in a little poney gig. She driving a Shetland poney, to see the neighbourhood, which is very pretty. . .

August 20th. . . . A cricket match was to have come off, but it was prevented by rain. . . I finished a pair of crocheted cuffs. . . We were left in the house all day. I read a book





called *The Birthday for Children*. Very well written in parts of it. But rather Puseyitical.

August 21st. . . . Drove over to Hitchin and ordered Post horses to take me to Leighton in the morning. A bright little town with a handsome church in it. . .

August 22nd. Passed through Leiton and Dunstable. . . All the women and children in the villages were employed in plaiting straw. . . I saw an express train pass at full speed. It jarred my nerves exceedingly.

September 1st. A delightful fine day. We spent it together working. Mary Wakefield with the aid of my instruction made me a bolster after one I had seen at Brussels which I thought would be comfortable at sea. I do not know which to admire the most, Mary's skill or her kindness.

September 4th. . . . My journey [in the mail from Lancaster] would have been pleasant but that two outside passengers, vulgar drovers were placed inside with me to make room for a newly married couple who wished to see the country from the top of the coach. In due time I reached Barrock and found Mr. and Mrs. James and Carry waiting for me at the Lodge. Mrs. W. E. James made a very favorable impression upon me. A bright young creature full of happiness with her husband, and children. . .

September, 5th. . . . We walked after luncheon to Ellerton & to look at the Railway. I never saw a more indolent troop of workmen than on the Railroad. Numbers sitting down idling and talking. . . I observed that the rails rest on wooden sleepers on embankments and on stone ones on the level road. . .

September 8th. A drizzling morning. Carry James gave me a paper cutter of her own painting. She and Mrs. James accompanied me to the High Road to wait for the coach. It was long in coming. . . In walking up a passenger was left behind, and we came down the hill at such rattling speed that there was no chance of the poor man overtaking. We waited 20 minutes or more for him, and the poor horses were painfully urged forward to make good the loss of time. Fine clear view of the Valley of Kent. . .

September 22nd. . . . Embarked soon after breakfast in





the *Great Britain*,\* were propelled on the wings of the wind. Made sure of a quick passage. Went to bed early being tired, but before I got to sleep every thing was changed in its aspect. The vessel was ashore in Dundrum Bay. The sea breaking over her, the night pitch dark, our hearts failing us for fear. After a while our fears were quieted as to our lives, but the night was an awful one.

September 23rd. At five in the morning, we went ashore in boats, spent the day or the early part of it picking out our luggage. Hired two carts which took us to Dundrum where we dined. Thence we proceeded to Ballynakinish . . . we sleep there, it is a sort of Inn.

September 24th. Sent our trunks in a cart and we travelled in a fly to Belport. Tom Gilpin met us and dined with us at the Royal Hotel. We walked about the town a little and at night went on board the *Windsor*, a fine steamer for Liverpool. So sadly crowded with passengers from the *Great Britain* that we were very uncomfortable.

September 27th. Liverpool. Sunday. Went to Church again in England. A thing most unexpected last Sunday. I hope I felt due gratitude for God's mercy in saving us through the dangers of the past week.

September 28th. Rutson secured passage for us in the *Rappahannock*, soon to sail for New York. . .

September 29th. Our trunks set out in very heavy rain to go on board the ship.

September 30th. Went out in the morning to buy some stores, tea, farinaceous food, prepared barley, a tea pot and a foot pail. . .

October 1st. Packed up all in great uncertainty as to whether we should go or not. However it was well for we were summoned to be at the Egremont slip at 1 o'clock. . . A steamer towed us to the Orms Head, which we reached about 10 p. m. He received 20 guineas for the job. Multitudes on board the ship, 450 steerage.

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\*Mr. Albion in *Square-Riggers on Schedule*, says of *The Great Britain*, "the largest iron steamship afloat, she had been wrecked off the Irish Coast. Among that group were the girls of a Viennese ballet corps, who danced the decks with joy as the *Yorkshire* came up through the Narrows."



October 3rd. . . . A most delicious day. . . We spent the greater part of the day on deck, really enjoying the luxury of the fine weather, floating gently over the scarcely ruffled surface of the ocean.

October 4th. About half past three in the morning wakened up with the violent motion of the vessel, a violent gale blowing from South East. So violent that we had to lay to for some hours. I was sea sick, but made shift to get to the sofa. . .

October 6th. . . . Still very stormy. . . I sat awhile in the wheel house for fresh air which revived me much. The weather as bad as ever toward night.

October 7th. Still the same violent stormy weather, a tremendous sea and very high wind. A poor woman died in the steerage. . . I employed myself in reading De Foe's account of the Plague Year in London.

October 8th. A week at sea this day and only about two and half good day's sailing from Liverpool. It is trying to the spirit, but no doubt wisely intended and I hope we shall be benefitted by the trying discipline. . .

October 9th. A very very stormy day. And towards the evening it was so bad that I could not knit or do anything but just sit and think how very miserably uncomfortable was our position. Our ship is stout and strong but a very poor sailor.

October 11th. Blowing a gale from the westward. About 11 o'clock while I was busy reading a sea struck the stern of the vessel and came rushing into the cabin. It was alarming!

October 12th. . . . An infant born in the steerage this day.

October 14th. . . . Still a gale of wind. In the afternoon while the sailors were clewing up a sail one of them, the best sailor on board, fell from the fore yard upon the deck. He was a stout man and fell upon his stomach. No bones were broken but I suppose he had some internal hurt from the violent pain. He was bled. The sea came over the ship into the Cabin and set us all afloat. It was really a sad and frightful day.

October 16th. . . . The first day of fair wind since we sailed, which we should have enjoyed more if it had not





been for the death of the poor sailor. . . Directly after dinner we were collected on deck to see a ship-wrecked vessel. We steered towards her and got a boat ready to go on board to assist, but we found she had been abandoned.

October 18th. Sunday. . . . A fine pleasant day, very suitable for reading the Church service, but it is not the practice of Captain Drummond. . .

October 20th. . . . The infant born on board is dead. . .

October 21st. Commenced knitting a pair of stockings for myself. Fine weather but head wind and we make no progress. The German gentleman asked me if I had any French book I could lend him. I produced Pascal's letters . . . it is agreed that he reads me a letter after breakfast and one after dinner.

October 22nd. . . . Another death of a young woman.

October 23rd. Rutson and I were walking and seeing all the steerage passengers crowd to one side, we stepped over to see what they were looking at, and it was the preparatory for committing to the deep the body of an old woman who died this morning. It is really melancholy to have so many deaths in the vessel. . .

October 26th. . . . at about seven p. m. we had one of the most violent squalls that we have had during the voyage. It was fortunate that the moon gave her light. We were all right under close reefed topsails.

October 30th. A fine breeze which wafted us upon the edge of the banks. Extremely cold compared with the weather we have had. . . Great varieties of birds from the banks and porpoises etc.

October 31st. I walked myself warm several times during the day. Knitted a pair of muffitees for the German. A young man of 18 died in the steerage.

November 7th. . . . A light wind but from the right quarter, as we are really and truly progressing towards New York.

November 8th. 120 miles from Sandy Hook at noon rainy, easterly weather.

This is the last entry. After this rough crossing Ann was in sight of her adopted country.







## CHAPTER XI

### ANN IN NEW YORK, 1849-1859

**T**HREE years later, in 1849, Ann was again on a visit in England. This visit was brought to an abrupt end when Ann received a letter from her brother Matt Oct. 23, 1849 written from William's farm, *Windsor*, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, Matt sent the sad news of their brother Will's death "of violent bilious fever." As Sarah had died three weeks previously, there was nothing for Ann to do but to take the eleven orphan children home to Fourth Street, New York!

Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic in this Maury clan is a singleness of purpose, a determination to carry out a plan, regardless of the most difficult obstacles. Thus keeping house for her brothers Matthew and Rutson in Fourth Street, New York, bringing up William's eleven children, and divers other activities did not deter Ann from carrying out her plan to publish the *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family* and to collect data for a very complete Family Tree.

Ann had embarked on this first enterprise as early as 1840. At this time Matthew wrote her from New York, scolding her for what he calls a *scribbling disorder*. ". . . You must now write hard for 5 days, even if you *are* copying 'Fontaine letters' . . ."

Ann, twelve years later in New York, 6 Dec., 1852, wrote to a cousin, Mrs. Martha Harris, Franklin, Williamson County, Tennessee:

My dear Cousin:

. . . My new book consists of the narrative published 14 years ago under the title of *A Tale of the Huguenots*\* with

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\*Published by George P. Putnam and Co., New York, 1853, and now out of print. *A Tale of the Huguenots or Memoirs of a French Refugee Family Translated and compiled from the original manuscripts of James Fontaine by one of his descendants*. New York, John S. Taylor, 1839.



some additions to it which I have culled from the old French Manuscripts, of a Journal kept by John Fontaine, the pioneer of the family in this country. He crossed the mountains with Gov. Spotswood upon the famous Horse Shoe Expedition, & the account of *that* is contained in the Journal I published. The arrival of the first of our name in this country is mentioned—Matthew Maury who married Mary Ann Fontaine. Next to the Journal is a Sermon which I look upon with much interest. It was preached to the assembled family by the Revd. Peter Fontaine on 1st. June, 1723, & from it I find that after the emigration to Virginia the family were in the habit of meeting to hold a solemn religious thanksgiving on the anniversary of their deliverance from the French Privateers in the South of Ireland. . .

And with the same indefatigable energy, Aunt Ann undertook to get up a Family Tree, from New York, 2 Dec., 1853, she wrote:

My dear Cousin:

I write to inform you that I have collected, with infinite pains, the materials requisite for a genealogical tree of the family of the Fontaines and Maurys, which commences with John de la Fontaine in the 1500s, and comes down to the ninth generation.

I have arranged the tree or chart in circles, each circle representing a generation, and the outer circle containing the names of the great-great-grandchildren of the Revd. Peter Fontaine, and of the Revd. Francis Fontaine, and of Mary Ann Fontaine wife of Matthew Maury, who all settled in Virginia, in 1716 and 1717. . .

It is a relief to turn from these ponderous matters to the highly sentimental, delightfully illustrated Album kept by Ann's niece and namesake Nan, or Nancy Maury [Anne Fontaine Maury]. Among the many poems, original and copied, pressed flowers, sketches, pictures, et al, we might quote a bit obviously from an ardent admirer, who probably was permitted to express his emotion in no other fashion:





. . . Only under the refining influence of Female Love does the orb of man's life roll serenely on. Happiness results from the communication of her love and sympathy with his troubled soul. . . To Nancy we turn to witness the embodiment & exhibition of that transforming power, that cheering influence. . . A smile, illuminating thy countenance, may brighten the darkest hour of Adversity, for it steals like a cheering moonbeam across the gloomy field of grief. Such is an epitome of Nancy's power & charms, which are only sweetened by her winning manners.

*A Riddle from Nancy's Album of 1846*

To a hundred & fifty divided by five  
Add a fine pair of I's (eyes) which will help you to see  
What a man who is anxious his wooing should thrive  
Should endeavour on every occasion to be. . .

(CIVIL)

In the summer of 1855 Nan, [Anne Fontaine Maury] at Ann's home on Fourth Street, New York, paid a wonderful tribute, even though somewhat mixed up with the difficult art of preserving:

My dear Aunt:

. . . I have been deep in the mysteries of preserving I did 8 or 9 pounds of Calomel (Strawberries). . . I did some pine apple, but Oh! Shocking to tell, and indeed I am seriously disturbed about it, I burnt them, how it happened I cannot tell, for nothing stuck to the pan, it was as clear as a bell, I think the fire was too hot and scorched them altogether . . . they *look* beautiful!

. . . You have been more to me than any one else has, you have been to me what Mama was not and while your home is open to me I will not seek another. So don't expect to get quit of me this time. I love England dearly & my old home, and my Aunt & Uncle, and all my old friends very, very dearly, but my mother\* has the first claim to my love and it is more than a claim. Setting aside that unpleasant gentleman Duty which you know is not pleasure in my experience. . .

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\*Her Aunt Ann was "Mother" to Nan.





Aunt, I am afraid you use those strong specs too much, please dont, I would rather miss a letter now & then than that you should exert yourself too much. . .

Your affec'ate daughter

Anne F. Maury.

And as might be suspected, after close comparison of the handwriting, that flowery effusion in *Nancy's Album* was from the pen of her admiring cousin, William Lewis Maury:

10 Sept. 1855

My dear Aunt:

. . . I hardly know what you will say when I tell you that Cousin L. and I had a clerical assesment yesterday and that despite the children, despite the difference in our ages, & despite (which is to me the most serious) the difference in our religion you may expect him to be your son-in-law one of these days. I do not know if I have done right I wish you had been here to help me. . . I do not care for anything except the difference in religion, but I do wonder how he ever could fancy me, seeing as much as he has done of my manifold sins & imperfections. Do you think I have done right or wrong. . . and even now Aunt if you say you would like me to stay at home with you I will give it all up for tho' I love Cousin L [William Lewis Maury] very much I could not be happy even with him if I thought you wanted me at home. One thing I feel sure of [Sarah] Jones will be a better daughter than I have ever been. I do not mean she will love you more but she is so much more amiable and unselfish, but as I said before if you wish it, dear Aunt, I will never leave you. . .

Your affectionate daughter,

Anne F. Maury.

Cousin Lewis sends his love he told me to tell you that you had left a wolf in the fold. . .

Ann's interests and affection extended far beyond her family circle; eighty years ago Ann wrote to a cousin on the use of chloroform from New York, 28 Jan., 1858:



My dear Cousin,

I hope you will not think me meddling in writing to you as I am now about to do, but feel that it is my affectionate regard for you & yours that prompts me to write.

Nan named incidently in a recent letter that there was some talk of your Bettie taking Chloroform at her approaching confinement. I write to urge you to oppose it. Almost every instance I have known of chloroform in a confinement has been disastrous.

Mrs. Archibald Gracie . . . took chloroform . . . it was so far successful that she knew nothing whatever of the birth of her child until it was five weeks old, & she has never been the same person since. . . You may be reminded of your visit to Mrs. Gracie. She had lovely pink curtains & we had candles in her room.

My second case is Augusta Hagarty. You remember seeing Mr. & Mrs. Hagarty here. . . He was a Virginian from Staunton. Well, it was Augusta's first child, she was 19 years old. She dreaded the pain, took chloroform, labor pains were arrested, the child died from the influence. . .

. . . For surgical operation it seems to be a most invaluable thing. . . I trust you will not be hurt by this letter. I felt when I heard Bettie was thinking of chloroform that it was a duty to tell you of these cases in person, all intimate acquaintances of mine. . .

Love to all the cousinhood, especially to the good man your spouse. . .

This is the last glimpse of Ann until the outbreak of the Civil War.

New York, 27 March 1859

My dear Cousin:

. . . I think a Christian physician has the power of doing an immense amount of good, perhaps more than a clergyman. In the familiar intercourse belonging to the family physician there are frequent opportunities for saying a word in season. I hope Dick may be such an one as I have in my mind's eye, ministering to both soul & body. . . Mr. Fry is a grandson of the old gentleman who had a house of private entertain-





ment in Madison Co. where my father & I spent a night in 1835. Mrs. Fry is a daughter of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, & is a person whom I like exceedingly. She is so warm hearted, frank & unaffected that it does one good to see in her, how blood may be improved by mixing. Her mother was one of that cold, proud family the Wickhams. . . Mrs. Leigh looks down upon commerce in all its ramifications, & yet seems to enjoy mightily the comforts flowing from it. . .

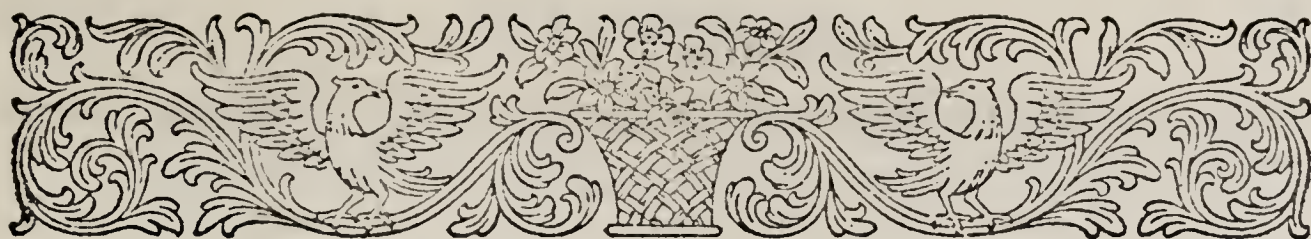
Love to the Cousinhood from all the household,

Your affectionate

Ann Maury.







## CHAPTER XII

### REBELS AND REFUGEES

**C**HARLES WALKER MAURY, my father, the little boy Charlie in the letters which follow, could recall that his mother left Richmond for Milton, North Carolina, on one of the last trains, with her little boys, and the slaves. He remembered that for some days they had only oatmeal to eat, and that but twice a day!

Milton today is a little town of frame houses on a hill, with a bridge on either side over the Dan river about twenty miles from Danville, Virginia. The Donoho family, delightful Scotch folk, have lived in the same house since 1824. It was with their grandmother, Mrs. Huntington, that *my* grandmother (Nan) first boarded. They showed us the little "basket of a house" Nan later rented, with giant elms now towering overhead. Miss Bella held us spell-bound with tales of the old days, when the "Yankees poured molasses on the feather beds, and danced on them." Meantime an aged colored woman, said to be more than a century old, entertained some of our party, standing in the middle of the road for more than half an hour, balancing a ham on her head.

Aunt Ann received an unsigned letter from Milton, N. C., July 16, [1863], probably from Nan, then Mrs. William Lewis Maury:

My dearest Aunt,

I have been longing so for a letter from you that each evening as the mail comes in it makes me feel heart sick when there is no letter from you but I hope one will take me by surprise some day.

. . . nothing could be kinder than (our host and hostess). . . Lewis writes me that he has been sick with cold and pain in his side but he called in a doctor who prescribed mustard plaster. . . I wish he could come here to recruit but the journey costs so much.





A REFUGEE—ANNE FONTAINE, WIFE OF CAPT. WILLIAM LEWIS MAURY, C. S. N.





I had a painfully sad letter from Sister Betsy yesterday, she heard that her husband was on his way to join her and has neither seen, nor heard from him since. I shall write her word what has detained him as I know the cause, she writes that her little girl has been sick & is not yet well and she herself is so sick with anxiety and the heat that sometimes she does not leave the room for days together. . .

Willie and Charley have had bad colds & coughs Willie's very bad . . . it is really wearing to ones spirit. . .

Miss Ellen is busy all day & every day in the hospital [Richmond] nursing & they have besides 8 wounded & one sick soldiers at their house one of whom died. . .

So far the son of another Doctor, you know well, has escaped, he has a room ready for him in a private house should he be wounded. . .

Another of Walter Hites sons died of his wounds lately, his father was with him . . . except him our friends so far have been unsevered. . . Sister Betsy writes on scraps of paper her supply having given out, mine is like the widow's cruse of oil.

. . . Please forward the enclosed. I do hope I shall hear from you soon. Tell Mrs. Gilpin Miss Mary was well when we left Richmond but I don't know whether she remained there. . .

Your affectionate

[No signature]

Ann's letter to Nan, 31 Aug., 1861, got through to Milton from New York:

My dear Nan,

My last letter to you was sent this day week by Adams Express. It was the last day on which the express companies were allowed to take letters to the south. I then thought I would not write again, for fear of getting myself or anyone else into difficulty by writing, but when I know that I am merely writing letters of affection with very little in them. . . I thought I would try once more by the way of Port Tobacco. I mean to put a paper of needles in the letter. . .





If it were possible to send you a book, I should very much like to send you *Passing Thoughts on Religion* by Miss Sewell. . . I think the cost is 62 cents, & I am much mistaken if the book does not give you the full worth of the money. There is an excellent paper on *Reciprocal Sympathy*. It is a book to take up for a few minutes when you have nothing to do. Miss Sewell knows the human heart well. . . I once had a book by Baptist Noel that spoke to my heart as this does. . .

I think I had been nearly four weeks without any letter from you when I received two days ago yours of the 4th. Aug. & today that of the 15th. . . I hope we may be able to exchange a letter now and then, though the communication is forbidden. I have had a letter from Miss M. Hadden dated Bownes. They had been travelling about in search of the picturesque & had found it. . . (Bella) had been attacked by a swan in Studley Park, & had to make fight with an umbrella which she fortunately had with her. I was at the Haddens when they were going away & I made great exclamations at the enormous quantities of baggage, so Miss Mary makes a point of letting me know how little they had got with them on a tour . . . a portmanteau & two carpet bags for nine persons. They were going as far as Aberdeen, the birth place of old W. Hadden. . .

Sunday 1 Sept. I am writing you a few lines after being at Calvary Church. . . On all other occasions at this season there was a crowd of Southerners at church. I am sure I wish with all my heart that they were here now. I have no doubt that many of those who used to come are now wishing that they could be here. We may well use the words of the Bible "How long? O Lord." How long will it be before both sides realize how much mischief they can do each other? I look back to the happy days when they were a mutual aid and comfort to each other. . .

I hope we still may be able to communicate through Dr. Stuart. It is our only hope. . . Love to all.

Your affectionate

A. M.



And from the University of Virginia came word from another refugee, Sally Fontaine Maury, to her sister Nan at Milton. No date, just "University Aug 5th":

My dear Nan

. . . I thank you . . . for your kind offer of your things in Caroline as well as those you have with you . . . you must not send me but one pair of sheets & one counterpane the thinnest you have—the towels will be most acceptable. . . The carpet will be a *perfect treasure* & so will the chairs; the mattresses & feather bed I will not disturb. . . Jack is going to send us a pair of old blankets. . . We *all* require much less than we think & difficulties are always greater in prospect than in reality. It is such a comfort to us to be off in a house to ourselves & to feel that the children are in no body's way. I rejoice now sincerely in the change. Indeed I did even when we first came & Charles & I were sleeping on a bed on the floor. . .

Good bye my dearest Nan & believe me ever your affectionate

Sister Sally Fontaine

To Miss [Ann] Maury  
Care Messrs Maury & Bros  
New York  
U. S. A.

Milton N. Carolina  
Sept. 18th. [1863?]

My dear Aunt:

Are you very much surprised that I do not feel ready to join in giving thanks today on this appointed day. I can only hope and pray for peace, but I can truly realize now that hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

We are all well, and still happy & most comfortable here more so than we could be anywhere than in my own home or yours. There is no end to Mrs. W's kindness to us and there are many things that make it a pleasant & desirable home, the girls are so pleasant and such nice companions for Jane & M. L. the only serious drawback is that I feel and know we are greatly in the way, and a great trouble, and being seperated from my husband, but he writes us word





that Charlotte where he is now employed is as full of refugees as can be, and he himself cannot get a single room in a private family.

He has been in Jackson, Miss. for some time and seems intensely disgusted with that city and the climate. I judge he has not been well as he writes me word that he has been taking Quinine Pills as a tonic. Whiskey costing \$6.—a bottle. Prices are rising fearfully it makes me look forward to this winter with great anxiety, one thing alone comforts me & that is that I know there are other prayers for our welfare than mine, though they who pray for me cannot see all the trials and anxieties.

The little boys often speak of you; and you & Joe are always named among those they love. Willie after a very bad spell has been lately very affectionate and good, he says he has such a sweet good mama. He looks thin and not very strong . . . but I hope the cool weather will brace him up. Charley looks white too. . .

Louisa has taken French leave, I should rejoice were it not for her own sake and that of her mother & Grandmother. Delia is with me here as usual and feels herself the most suffering member of the family in being obliged to travel about. . . Little Delia is hired out. . .

. . . Cousin Mat & Cousin Anne went back to F'bug as soon as the way was open there must have been great rejoicing at the meeting of the family once more. . .

Did you get a letter enclosing one to Mr. Ludlow, I had a letter some time ago from Mrs. L. She has Nannie and all her family with her, besides Mrs. Field and her girls and living is very expensive there, flour \$45.—a barrel, meal \$4 a bushel, chickens 75 cts a piece and so forth and as she can get no supplies from Mr. L. of course she lives upon borrowing you can tell N.M.L. this if you have a chance if his letter did not reach. Her sister Cousin Betsy has been fairly despoiled of everything in the way of provisions, her corn, bacon, hogs, horses, mules, taken, cows & poultry killed, her unthrashed wheat destroyed, in fact a clean sweep made, she sent Diana to stay in the village during the visitation. Oh! this war it is a fearful thing, no one can imagine the misery





and suffering it has brought about, you see *some* of it but we see much more. Our case of wandering without a home is only one of thousands and many, indeed most, have less alleviations than we have. Poor "Sister Betsy" for instance, she writes most sorrowfully and is now anxious to go North and see if she cannot find her husband, but she has no means. My husband was to go & see her on his way back . . . he has not time to come here to see me, we are along day's journey from Richmond.

I write by this opportunity to Wm. to make some purchases for me as I think he can send them to me by return mail and as I do not suppose he is flush I told him to let Uncle Horatio advance the money and will you please repay him, unless he *wishes* to make me a present of them! You & I can settle sometime when it pleases God that we should meet, and if not I think there is enough money in the Savings bank to cover the outlay. I by no means mentioned all I needed but what I most needed. I shall soon again try our old Post Office and hope to hear from you that way, it is so *long* since I have heard not since soon after we came here. I hope the stamps proved of some service, in getting my letters to you. . .

I have waited for a letter from you to have something to write about for I do not care to send nothing under a 10 ct. stamp.

I asked my husband to do some shopping for me at the South but whereas sewing cotton is 50 cts. a spool here, there it is 75—whereas black Alpaca (tell Jones I'd be thankful to get one now if it were ever so shiny) is \$7 a yd in Richmond, there is not a yd to be had. I have succeeded in getting shoes for Willie but none for Charley yet—& Sarah's English boots having come to light I have appropriated them.

Mr. White & Cousin F are living at the Old Mansion, he has lost nearly all his servants. . .

I am so thankful that Wm is away from this part of the world, the conscription would not allow him to escape serving—some one in this neighbourhood paid recently \$1150 for a substitute for his son, and not people who were well off either. I have been busy lately with winter work, we (Delia



& I) have made 2 pr of pantaloons for Willie out of his papa's old ones, and I have made him a new jacket out of that piece like Sarah's purple merino dress—also I rejuvenated M.L.'s old cloak and am hard at work knitting her stockings! they are not to be bought for love or money she wears no. 1½ or 2 shoes so her stockings are not very large. My Balbrigans still hold out wonderfully, only one small mend so far—in fact my clothes seems like the widow's cruse of oil. I look at them and at the boys' clothes with *wonder & admiration*. Willie has only had one new pr of pantaloons this summer & no knees through, & Charley's old things hold together surprisingly.

. . . Somehow I cannot help hoping that the present change of policy and affairs generally may bring peace, If I were to follow my inclinations I would go instead of this letter.

. . . you do not know how much I have thought of you all.

Master Charley has just been emulating his Mama's example in days of yore he came to me with two beans pushed up his nose. They are as full of life & mischief as it is possible for them to be, and though they mind me they do not recognize any other authority.

Give my love to our neighbours at No. 20 I so often think of you all and wish I could see you. Tell Eliz my spool cases are very much admired, the cotton is not exhausted yet. Dont you think I must be very careful. . .

I hope some good spirit may waft me a letter from you & this to you. I feel as if I had told you little but I have not much to tell by *letter*.

My pen and ink are both bad so please excuse bad writing.

(Unsigned) [Nan]

Sally Fontaine Maury visited Fredericksburg, she said in part:

*Old Mansion*\* Nov. 21st. 1862.

My dear Nan,

. . . for a month after coming here I was confined to my couch & as soon as I was able to be about went to Fredericks-

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\**The Old Mansion*. Bowling Green, Va.





burg where I like to have been caught by the Yanks for the very evening I left town they planted cannon on the hills over the river. I went up especially for Willy who had a serious cough. . . Cousin Brodie [Herndon] had put a blister on his breast which relieved the cough. . .

I had a note from Cousin Anne this evening saying they were all packed & the wagon at the door to leave for somewhere in the country & then concluded to remain. It is a great undertaking for her with such a family to move off & know which way to go. . . I have had a lazy fit on me for some time & must stir up & go to work next week to alter some of the old clothes for the boys. . . Jack sent me an elegant fatigue jacket of his for one of the boys. . . The old place [Fredericksburg] looks terribly deserted but I enjoyed my visit very much. I took Amanda up to see her mother & was much relieved that she found her there for almost all the servants had left. . . Betty Roper asked me to tell you she did her best to get that bundle to you as soon as you wrote but owing to the difficulties on the road where the bridge is broken she could not get it taken to Richmond. . . Won't you please when you write send me your recipe for making Pomade out of beef's marrow & what to scent it with. . . I suppose you have sewing enough to keep you company. You must miss your machine mightily. Please write to me soon & believe me ever your affec:

Sister S. F. M.

Writing from Neuland Sept. 25, [1862?] Anne Fontaine Maury had warned her Aunt Ann:

. . . let me ask you not to mention when you write again how you send your letters. . . I fancy my late letters have not reached you and that you have not heard of my entertainments during the past six weeks or two months . . . we (all) have had the measles, it was a favorable type and we have all recovered without ill consequences except that Harry has small boils all over her head & a swelling in her neck. . . [this was the beloved little sister who died either this year or the year following.]

Lewis has had chills but thinks he has driven them off.





He is out at 6 o'clock of course without breakfast so I have written to recommend either hot coffee or a dram to begin the day. . .

I went especially to see one of my old neighbors who lost a brother lately—a lady you may remember as a constant invalid. . . (I have been specially warned not to mention names.) . . .

Thank you much for the needles they are most acceptable. . . . I wanted to get cloth for the boys cloak but could find nothing to my mind. . .

The children have not forgotten you. . . I feel like a shooting star. No home no rest. . .

. . . a small house (furnished) with 3 acres of land, at a rent of \$150 a year & I think we shall find it the most economical & comfortable mode of living. I am sure the plainest kind of quiet living would be preferable to this tossing about from place to place. . . Oh! if you knew how often I long to see and talk with you. But it is the hand of God & doubtless he has his own good purposes to effect. . .

Your affec'ate

A. F. Maury.

A letter\* that ran through the blockade, gives a picture of Nan and the little family:

My dear Aunt,

I hope you have had my last letters; tho' as I have had none from you for some time, I am afraid you have not. . . Willie says he sends you a kiss. And Charley told me to tell you that if he can make an old hog lay some little pigs, he will send you one. . .

I see by the papers that Dabney [Herndon Maury] is made a Major General. Promotion is rapid in the Army, but by favour in the Navy.

I have a pretty lonely time here; but I have a good many kind friends who come in to sit with me. . . It is very

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\*"Copy of a letter directed to Miss Maury, New York, received 24 Jany '63, & post marked steamship 10c.—so it probably came to Havana Nassau or other W. I. port, by some vessel that ran the blockade; & I [Rutson Maury] fancy that *Lewis* may have been the bearer."





NAN'S CHARLEY AND MAMMY DELIA  
(CHARLES WALKER MAURY, 1858-1935)





expensive here, but cheaper than anywhere else. Bacon is 40c. a lb. Flour \$20 a bbl. & other things in proportion.

I hear Willie his lessons every day, except when his Father is here. . . I have plenty of sewing on hand: though I see the end of my winter's work this time; for one thing I can get so little to make up. I have knit stockings for Mary Lewis, & socks for the boys. . .

Charley is a great pet with every one; he is so bright & good tempered, & so pretty. Willie is fretful; but I do not think he is strong. . . Oh! you do not know how I have longed to be with you this summer. What a happiness it will be when we meet again!

Delia is here, & I expect Lavinia & Millie. Little Delia is hired out. And Louisa—poor, misguided child—has gone off. I fear to ruin. We hire a man to cut wood & carry water. And I hire a very good cook. . . When I see & hear of others being in so much more discomfort than I am, I can see that instead of murmuring, I ought to be thankful. But I am so very tired of packing & unpacking. . . With best love to yourself, and longing—I can't tell you how much—to talk instead of write, I remain your affectionate niece

Meantime Aunt Ann had written from New York 4 June, 1862 to Mrs. William Lewis Maury:

My dear Nan,

It is bed time. I have just been reading in the vol. containing New Testament and Psalms which Lewis gave me on a certain pay day. . . It brings before me the past, & the associations with you both at a time when the separation which has taken place could not have been imagined.

. . . I wish you could see how lovely we look when the carpets were taken up & the chimney swept. . . I thought all looked so dirty I should like to have a little painting done . . . we have not finished yet. One of our painters belonged to the 7th. Reg. & was obliged to leave. Another determined to set off for himself. . . I have had a great painting of foot pails & water pails, watering pots & foot stools. the green paint left from the blinds is highly ornamental.





Mytton's friend Massett 23 years old & James' friend Trevor 18 only were both killed at Fair Oaks. The funeral services were held at St. Thomas for both at the same time on 15 June. Sad! sad it was! both so young & so cherished! . . . There are sorrows all around. Miss Van Ness is much cast down by the death of her brother Eugene the Col. He died of pneumonia about a month ago. . . I wish we could have you & Lewis with us & dear little Willie & Charlie. Poor things I fear they are pining for the sea air! God will bring all right in his own good time. . .

Your affectionate Aunt

And again Ann wrote to a "friend" from New York, 28 Nov., 1862. It is not known just how this letter came back into Ann's possession.

. . . I mean to use the word friend in its real strong sense, for I have a sincere affection for you. . . I have been longer silent than I intended to be when I received your last letter, with its melancholy details of the desolation of that which once was the garden spot of Virginia. I some times think I should like to sleep until peace. I fear our friends the Coxes have been suffering lately from the conflict in the immediate vicinity of their estate, perhaps actually upon it. I know nothing but from the newspapers. If I should hear anything reliable I will let you know. . .

. . . In one week the family was reduced to my brother (Rutson) & myself, *ten* having left us. . . It felt rather lonely for me, but to my brother it was evidently most agreeable. You know he is painfully deaf. He is therefore the most lonely when the family is the largest. When he and I were left alone, he drew his chair round to the side of the table . . . & we kept up a shouting conversation. We go upon the plan of the English Nobility. We never keep a servant at the table unless we have company. We ring when we want plates changed. The idea is that conversation flows more freely & confidentially. . . I thought I had an opportunity of sending a *large* parcel to Nan. I bought for her the best alpacca the market afforded, had it made up by guess. I bought shoes for her boys, knitted socks for them,



little shirts also, had 2 night gowns made & prepared infant socks in case she should have a sickness to which married women are subject. But my hopes have all been dashed to the ground—I cannot get them there.

Ann spoke of Tobin, youngest of Sarah and William's eleven, whom she always referred to as "my baby":

We have heard from Tobin twice. . . In going [to Shanghai] he was in a dreadful typhoon. He says in his letter to me "we left Hong Kong in the morning with all sail set & a fair wind to be in the evening struggling for life in a typhoon. It was fearful but we survived."

In his letter to Sarah [Sarah Fanny Maury] he told her:

I never know what a mother Aunt had been to me till I was in the storm expecting shipwreck. Sarah you must try to be more to the little lady than you have ever been, filling my place as well as your own. Excuse my egotism in sending you these details. I like to have such from those around you.

Ann's letter continued:

I have a copy of Bishop Meade's book on the Virginia families & think it very interesting. There are some errors in it. We have the comfort of hearing that Nan is comfortably settled, keeping house at Milton, N. C. Her husband has been ordered to duty on the Alabama River. If you should have any opportunity of sending this letter to her, I should be glad . . . your much attached old

friend Ann M.

Ann wrote Mrs. W. L. Maury at Milton, N. C., 19 Dec., 1862 of another attempt to send a parcel:

Dear Nan:

. . . it is therefore useless to write the good wishes with which my heart overflows to you & yours at this season of family reunions. You will have felt sure that you were in the thoughts of our hearts. . . I heard of a private opportunity by which I thought I could send a Parcel. . . I tried to think of acceptable things & amongst other, strong shoes





for the boys. I wanted to put things in the smallest possible compass. The boots were Balmorals of great strength & excellence made at Bixby's. I wanted to send some very good steel pens & one or two other things. I packed them in the toes of the largest pair of boots, & by way of taking up less room I put one of the smaller boots in with each big boot, tied them up with boot laces & thought myself very clever. The lady found my parcel too large & sent back a number of things that she could not make room for. I felt so sorry that all did not go, that I did not look at the contents of the parcel returned to me. Since then I have looked & found to my dismay that my friend thought she was doing me a favor by taking one pair of boots, whereas she has taken two odd ones . . . it is rather laughable. . .

Have you heard whether Lucy ever got her wig. We feel very anxious to know both for her comfort in getting it, & that the money we spent upon it for her may not have been thrown away. The thought that the value of the hair in changing it from long to a crop would pay the expence of doing it over, far from it, the cost was \$12. . .

Nan's husband, Captain William Lewis Maury, C. S. N., wrote to Aunt Ann from the steamer *Tasmanian*—Island of St. Thomas, Jan. 13, 1863:

My dear Cousin

. . . We still in our confederacy desire & long for peace, we think enough blood has been shed, but we are resolved that we will never again be associated with the United States. It is utterly impossible that there can be any reunion, & it is a great pity that the people of the North can't see this. If the restoration of the Union is to be still the watchword there is no prospect of peace for there is a stern determination in our people to be free or to be exterminated as a people. . .

Among the papers in the Little Black Trunk, tied up in a packet with the Civil War letters is a note from Dr. Moses D. Hoge who went to Europe with Captain William L. Maury during the War:





They sailed from Charleston, S. C. to Nassau. The steamer had two names *Antineka* or *Herald*.

The steamer from Nassau to Liverpool was a tramp, had no name & was run by a mixed crew, without compass, & guided by the stars.

Captn Maury considered they were in great danger and that he would be on watch at night to help and give all information he could.

It seems that the blockade runners between Nassau & the Southern ports were constantly changing their names.

Statement of Capt. Phillips of the ship *Dictator*, from a contemporary newspaper clipping:

The British ship *Bucephalus*, of Liverpool, Capt. Bake, from Bahia, Brazil, arrived at this port yesterday, bringing home Capt. Weaver and family, and Mr. R. Binniger, late of the bark *Union Jack*; Capt. Melcher and lady, of the ship *Dorcas Prince*; Capt. Peck of the ship *Sea Lark*; the former of which vessels was captured and destroyed by the Confederate steamer *Florida*, and the two latter by the *Alabama*. Also, Capt. Phillips, of the ship *Dictator*, captured by the Confederate steamer *Georgia*, (Japan).

The following is Capt. Phillips' statement:

Sailed from Liverpool April 6, with a full cargo of coals, of Hong Kong. On the 25th. being then in lat 25 degree N. lon. 21 degrees 40 W., was chased, captured and burned by the Confederate steamer *Georgia*, Capt. Maury. After burning my ship, they steered to the southward, and on the 30th. at daylight. made the island of St. Vincents, Cape de Verde, and steered in for the harbor. When about three miles from the anchorage, saw a man-of-war lying there with the American flag flying at the peak. They then steered out northeast at full speed. When about twenty miles from the island they again steered to the southward, chasing and speaking every vessel they saw, until the night of the 12th. May, when they anchored at Bahia. On the 13th. myself, officers and ten of my crew were landed. The rest of the men joined the steamer. We were allowed to have all the



clothing we brought from the ship. Capt. Maury gave me back my instruments, for which I thanked him. They all treated us kindly while on board. The *Georgia* is a common iron vessel, brig rigged, with a full poop and a very large smoke stack; is about 220 feet long, and about 29 feet beam. They say she can steam fourteen miles an hour, but I doubt it very much. She carries two rifled guns aft, two 24 pounders amidships, and one 32 pounder forward. Her crew consists of about fifteen officers and seventy men. Most of the crew are quite boys.

George M. Phillips.

Five Vessels Destroyed by the *Georgia*, Capt. Maury in Command.—Another Capture by the *Coquette*, was the heading on another news clipping:

New York June 14. The ship *Bucephalus*, from Bahia, May 16th. arrived here today. She has on board the captain of the bark *Union Jack* and the ship *Dorcas*, *Sea Lark* and *Dictator*, all captured by rebel privateers. The British bark *Castor* has arrived at Bahia from Liverpool with a cargo of coal and ammunition for the privateers, and the privateer steamer *Georgiana* being in port, the authorities ordered both out of the harbor, when they left for the southward.

Capt. Phillips, of the ship *Dictator*, states that he started from Southampton on the 6th. ult. with a cargo of coal oil for Hong Kong. On the 25th. in lat. 25 N. lon. 21 40 W. he was chased, captured and burned by the rebel steamer *Georgia*. He was taken on board the *Georgia* when Capt. Maury steered for the Island of St. Vincente, Cape Verd. where he arrived on the 30th. but an American man of war being seen in the harbor, the rebel put on full speed for the southward and reached Bahia on the 12th. of May, where her prisoners were landed, Maury giving Capt. Phillips his instruments. The *Georgia* is a common iron vessel, 220 feet long and 30 feet beam, brig rigged, with a full poop. She has a very large smoke stack, and is said to be able to steam fourteen miles an hour, but this is doubtful. Most of her crew were boys.







THE *Georgia*, C. S. N., UNDER COMMAND OF CAPT. WILLIAM  
LEWIS MAURY





Philadelphia, June 18. The schooner *Kate Steward* arrived from Key West today with the captain, officers and crews of the barks *Lacony* and *M. A. Shindler*. The latter was captured on the 12th. by the privateer *Coquette*. Commander Read, of the *Coquette*, is exasperated on account of the burning of his property at Jackson, Miss., and says that he will burn every vessel he falls in with.

Going back to Aunt Ann again, to what she called "this old woman's talk" one views Captain Maury from a different angle. She wrote on Feb. 23, 1870 to a cousin, Mrs. Sally C. M. Reid, Franklin, Williamson County, Tennessee:

. . . He [Captain William Lewis Maury] was in the U. S. Navy. In the war he went with his Native State & commanded the *Georgia*—Privateer—Confed. I respect him much, tho' my views were entirely opposed to his. He believed the South was right & he jeoparded all he had in the world from a feeling of duty. When he commanded the *Georgia*, he was paid in gold abroad. I must say I hoped that he had invested there. No such thing, he put all in Confed. securities to help what he thought the right & I thought the wrong. I respect a man who acts as he did, tho' I may think his views mistaken. I happen to know much of the people who *sympathized* with the South, kept their skins whole by staying here with the comforts of this Metropolitan City, and sent their money to England. My niece & her husband, with several children, were penniless, *literally* so, after the war. . .

Captain Maury was constantly in danger of his life. There is a hint of this from Sally Fontaine Maury, writing from the University of Virginia, on hearing that Cousin Lewis would be at home soon:

I felt so overjoyed & overflowing at the pleasure it would be to you & him that my impulse was to sit right down & rejoice with you by letter but a little reflection convinced me that perhaps it was better you should not know he was coming for you would be so miserable about the danger he would be exposed to in running the blockade. . .



Filled to the brim as they are with little homely details; these letters tell the story of the battles that were fought far behind the lines.

Nan wrote to Aunt Ann Jany 28 [1863]:

. . . I had your Flag of Truce letter dated Dec. 29th. . . I am writing in haste for the *Advance* she brought me in the valuable package of paper & small vases [from Liverpool]. all the things in good condition & most welcome, they ran a narrow chance of capture as the *Advance* was stranded when she came in. I do hope the other things may be equally fortunate but the blockading squadron has been so much increased lately that I feel very uneasy. . . I am so much obliged to you for all your trouble in selecting the things. . . I have to pay \$45 a pair for servants shoes—\$6 a yd for unbleached cotton (coarse) and everything else in proportion. You would laugh at the destitution in some things. A lady asked me to exchange a no 6 needle for a no 7, not a paper, a single needle, & I gave some of the pens Katie sent me to a young lady who told me they were very welcome as she only had one and her sister had broken it. . .

Our Christmas presents were very plain. I myself did not have any. I gave the boys wheel barrows & gloves & the girls money. You speak of the calico dresses as an ordinary & usual present, do you know that here one costs from \$80 to \$100? I heard of a lady who was married lately & her clothes—she is in mourning too—cost twelve thousand dollars and the Champagne that was drank at the supper cost \$37 a bottle. Can you at all realize the expenses of living here, they are very great, but I see no change in the feeling I only know certainly of one Union man near here & he lives 12 miles off & he is a coward, as much afraid of a gun as I am. The resolution of the people is war to the bitter end. Another thing you hear much of and that is the scant food of the prisoners, but they have as much & more than the army rations to be sure the soldiers have not any to spare. . . There are plenty of breadstuffs in the country & I trust we may have good crops this year. . .





Another cousin wrote Aunt Ann from the *Old Mansion*, Bowling Green, Va. on the difficulties of shopping:

. . . She wanted me to get her a black calico & a set of hoops but it was out of the question with her means so I expect to see her a walking skeleton. . .

A Good Friday letter from Aunt Ann, 3 April, 1863:

Dear Nan:

. . . We did not forget that this was your wedding-day, seven years today since you were married. Being Good Friday the dinner was not sumptuous. Salt fish, mashed potatoes, boiled onions & tomatoes with plenty of egg sauce. . . I hope the next anniversary may see the war ended & a return of good feeling between old friends. I wish you and your husband many happy years with the children whom God has given you. . .

Easter Sunday, 5 April. Great importance is attached to the Tansy Pudding although a thorough search of Ann's Grandmother's Cook Book failed to disclose the receipe. Ann's mother mentions this pudding 28 April, 1819. Ann wrote:

. . . there was snow on the ground which fell yesterday. . . The ground & the tansey were in a freezing condition. I went in my night cap & knitted hood, a red flannel petticoat, a moreen petticoat & a balmoral, a wadded Sacque, Scotch shawl & mittens. . . In this masquerade attire I cut the tansey, leaf by leaf before any but the servants were out of bed. . . I often make the pudding with mine own hands. I did not today, for the cook ad interim is a *Professor* & I thought her feelings would be wounded. . .

The ladies in Virginia were occupied with more serious matters. Sallie Fontaine Maury wrote Nan from the University, September 15th, 1863:

University, Va. 1863.

My dear Nan

Charles came Saturday & brought me this carpet bag containing the acceptable presents from you. (I need not tell





you I thank you sincerely for them.) . . . I shall enjoy the warm flannel & think of you my dear Nan whenever I put it on. The dress too I can very easily alter. I always thought it a very pretty one I am specially taken with the buttons though I hate to deprive you of them. The pencils were just what I wanted and the pins, needles, buttons, tapes & thread will all come in. . . This is some ink Molly & Willy made yesterday of elder berries—the copperas & vinegar have neither been put in yet & you see how good it is—they just pick the berries off the stem—bruised & then boiled them enough to strain all the juice out thoroughly—then put it on & boiled it a while longer. The same directions answer for blacking. Miss Betsy Hill put a qt of water to a gallon of juice first letting the berries ferment a day or so, & when it is nearly cold mix in the whites of one or 2 eggs. If you want to make a paste of it don't put the water but as we have no boxes we prefer keeping it in bottles in a liquid form. I did not mean to have taken up so much of my letter with this recipe but if you have not seen it in the newspapers I am sure you would like to have it. . . I generally go to church on the cars, it is only a mile from here to Charlottesville, but that is entirely too far for me to walk in hot weather. In going on the cars I have to go at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 & then to wait at the depot for the  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 o'clock train to bring me up so you may imagine it is a very fatigueing jaunt. . .

October 26th, [1863?] Nan was depressed:

My dear Aunt,

. . . I have not written to you for some time feeling quite disheartened about my letters, but yours dated Aug 3rd. which came a week ago has given me new heart . . . a sweet note from our good friend the Dr. he says his daily & hourly prayer is that God would turn the hearts of the people to peace, surely such prayers as his God will answer. . .

. . . and they are trying, very trying [times]; what with separation from ones own friends, the enormous cost of living, and small means, God knows how people do get along. We are trying housekeeping & are at a *cheap* place.



Flour is \$20 a barrel, bacon 40c. beef 16, salt 40 cts. sugar 80, & other things in proportion. Our neighbours are very kind to us. . .

. . . We are trying to buy a cow, I have bought some fowls and I see our way to plenty of bread & meat during the winter unless the meat house & storeroom are robbed, which Delia is very much afraid of, but I tell her that God looks especially after those who cannot take care of themselves, and in that case I put my trust.

The little boys are well, and seem very happy in a home of their own, "if only Pa would come & stay with us here." They often talk of going to see Aunty when the war's over. . . I spent the quietest birthday I ever did spend & it seemed quite a God send that your letter should come that very evening. I felt so forlorn.

Dress goods are very scarce specially black bombazine \$10 a yard & Alpaca \$7 & such as one could dart straws through. . . . What do you think we are coming to? . . . There are some articles of personal comfort not to be had, hairpins, tooth brushes etc. and my homemade tallow candles will cost me 10 cts a piece very nearly. We have two barrels & a half of flour and about 200 lbs of bacon so you see we are not likely to starve, the sale of the carriage set us going it cost \$140 & sold for \$250 & the harness for just double the cost. Poor Fanny & her colt have to go too, and Anky [a slave] to be hired out. . . If you could send me a few stamps please do. . .

Christmas Night. [1862]  
Milton, N. Carolina

My dearest Aunty

It is after 11 o'clock and I was up last night till after 2 preparing stockings, etc., for the juveniles but I must write for the chance of this opportunity to tell you of the safe arrival of your package. I can hardly tell where to begin to thank you but chiefly I must for the dress which could not have been bought here for less than \$100. The commonest alpaca costing in Richmond \$75.00, without linings or trimmings. As to black braid I expect to be stripped of that





round the skirt for you cannot get it here and in Richmond it is with difficulty you can get any and when you can it costs three dollars and a half apiece. It is such a nice dress and so nicely made that it does one good to look at it, I have not tried it on for Mr. Wilson brought it up and I have just finished unpacking and admiring the treasures. I looked at the dear faces till I could not see them and could only long to behold them in reality and you know how a trifle will bring associations, well when I saw Sheddons name on the Gum arabic I had such a vivid picture of you walking by yourself to the corner that I could not keep the tears back though I have foresworn crying. Delia rejoiced at the sight of the shirts and the cotton "the shirts were none too soon the children wanted them badly" and "as for the cotton *she* had not a bit." Jane is reduced to thongs for bootlaces and I put a piece of white string in Charley's shoes today. I am so sorry the red stockings had not come in time to go in their stockings last night. You have no idea of the pleasure the gold dollars gave. Miss Martin sent them by mail, and I carry Willie's and Charley's in my purse so that they can look at them at any time.

One thing troubles me as it will you that the shoes she brought are odd ones. I shall treasure them up however, hoping to get the others some day. . . I recognized the lip salve box as an old friend and was glad to see the salve\* as my lips are very rough. In fact I cannot tell you how welcome the things are. The stockings will help Mary Lewis very much in her muddy walks to school and Jane will enjoy the kid gloves. They are at a party or would have their own thanks to give. I immediately took one of my favorite pens to write with. I should have made ink before but for the

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\*Recipe for *lip salve* from Ann's Grandmother's Receipt Book 1796. While many recipes were added to the book from time to time, this one and the following one are in the same fine script of Ann Rutson who copied her mother's entire Receipt Book as a wedding gift for her sister Margaret. Aunt Ann's mother, Sedgwick House, August 7, 1796. *Lip Salve*: Take Bees wax shaved thin, turn up the sides of a card & put in the Wax & a little good oil, hold the card over a candle to make it the consistence of Lip Salve when cold . . . Mrs. Curry. And to make the *Pomade* that was asked about in another letter: For Summer use half White Wax & half Mutton Suet, for Winter use to a pound of Mutton Suet 6 oz. Virgin Wax, melt them together just before it is cold, put in what perfume you like best. Mrs Curry.





impossibility of getting the galls here. I shall prepare a brew tomorrow. I wish you could know how useful the things are to me. . .

You have no idea of the kindness of our friends and neighbors here. . . This Christmas week we have had four large plates of sausage meat, souse, black eye peas, dried peaches, potatoes, a turkey, cabbage, and to crown all, a barrel of flour, besides two or three pitchers of milk a day. I am fairly ashamed to receive so many presents and to have no way of returning them. Some one comes in to see us nearly every day. . .

We had a quiet Christmas day some of the girls came to lunch with us and some came last night to an eggnogg making. . . You none of you know how much and how often I think of you all and long for the time when we shall meet again. God bless you all and keep you from harm is the prayer of your affect. niece. . .

This was a much traveled letter, evidently running through the blockade. It was sent to London to Nan's husband, Capt. Maury, who wrote Aunt Ann from London Feb. 14, 1863:

My dear Cousin,

This letter came this morning and I bring it off by todays post hoping it may intercept todays steamer at Queenstown.

I was disappointed in not receiving a letter by the *Clima* giving a more detailed history of the stranger who has recently made his appearance at Milton. [Leonard Turner Maury, born Jan. 1, 1863.]

. . . We all hope that the signs of the times indicate a cessation of the war. . . Yours truly and affectionately

Lewis

The Little Black Trunk is almost empty. There are still a number of packets of letters, neatly tied in the same yellow string. There are dozens and dozens of intimate family letters written during the later years of the war. For lack of space it is impossible to include them here.

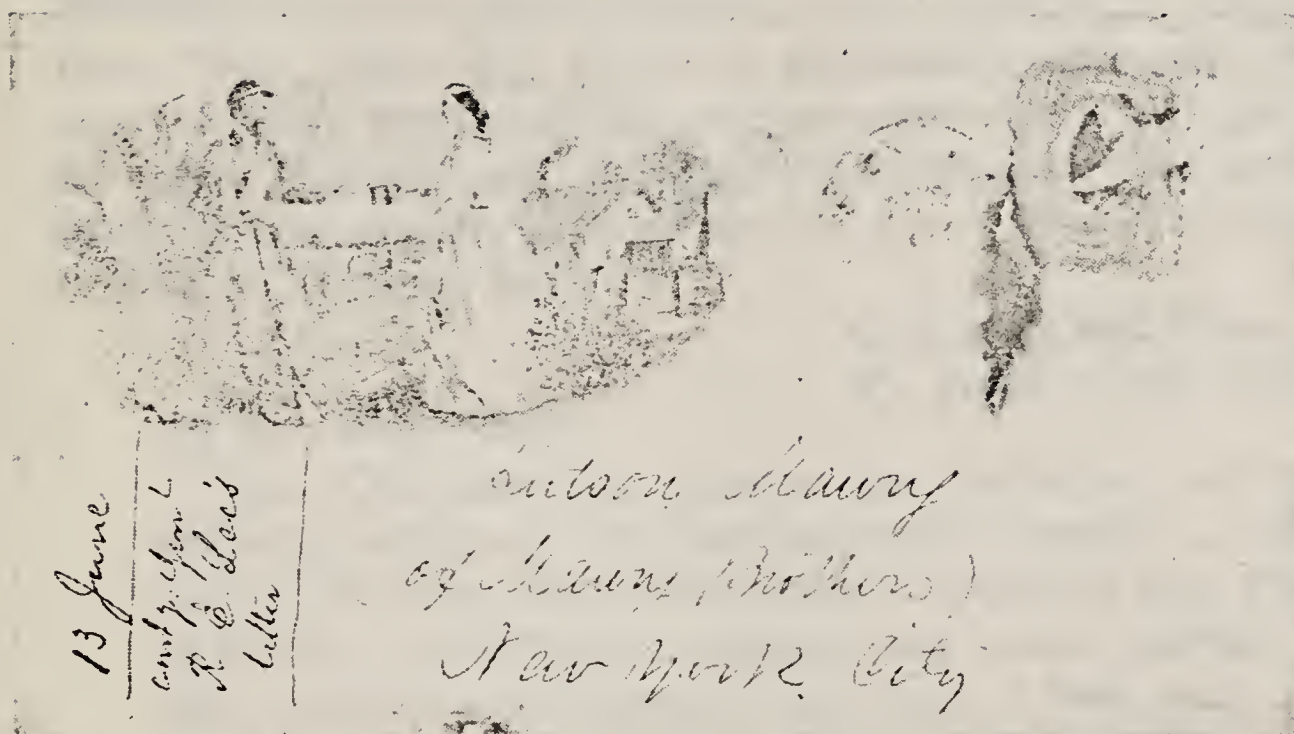


In some letters the handwriting is almost impossible to read, many are written by trembling hands on straw paper; in others the home-made ink has faded—but they are all written from the heart.

Because she preserved them so carefully, labelling many packets "Interesting Letters Written During the Civil War," I believe Aunt Ann intended these letters to be read. Believing that they will help many of us to understand the Southern point of view I set them forth for you to read.







13 June

and y. clon L  
R. E. Lees  
letter

Antoon Haug  
of Haug Brothers  
New York City

A LETTER PASSED THROUGH THE LINES







## CHAPTER XIII

## CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS

**T**HE following four letters give us an idea of how "Life goes on" in Virginia in 1864. From Margaret Jerritt, evidently a close friend of Nan's; from S. F. M. (Sallie Fontaine Maury) at the University of Virginia; from "Bel" (Miss Bell Maury of Richmond); and from Jane (one of Nan's step-daughters); we get some significant signs of the times. Perhaps some in Virginia will recognize their antecedents in "the wealthy people from the James River" who were so kind to Margaret Jerritt.

Charlotte Court House  
Va. January 11th. 1864

My dear Mrs. Maury:

Your Christmas gift came to me yesterday, and your liberality makes me feel quite ashamed of myself. . . How do you get along this cold weather, I hope you have plenty of wood. Are refugees a despised race where you are, for they certainly are wherever I have been, I have some very good friends here, but I speak of the people generally.

I have raised two hogs, and have twenty three chickens, and expect to buy some beef which will be all the meat I shall have for the year, I have no cow and cannot get a drop of milk, fortunately my children do not need it and I am thankful to see, notwithstanding the plain food, that they are healthy and happy. . . My children have never seen anything of country life before, and they are perfectly carried away with the pigs and chickens, they each have a chicken. I had the extreme pleasure of having my Husband to spend Christmas with me, when will these times be over and friends and families be united again—I hope your good man was well. . . I suppose he can tell you nothing of the iron clads that we *hope* to get.



Have you any old friends where you are, or are you an entire stranger, as I am here, never seeing a face or hearing a voice that you ever saw or heard before. . . I spent Christmas evening out and I never enjoyed good things as much in my life . . . the entertainment was very handsome, they are wealthy people from James River who moved every thing they had up here, and live delightfully and are very sweet and kind people, they are my nearest neighbours and they know how to feel for refugees who have been more unfortunate than they have been. I wish I had a little of your energy and perseverance, not wishing to take it from you, but like you. I have neglected George so much he does not read yet, but I am not as strong and healthy as you are. . .

I have been expecting a visit from my sister, but she is slow in her movements and cramped now in a pecuniary sense they have lost nearly every thing they had, all but the house, land and furniture. I have one privilege that you have not that is an Episcopal Church to attend, I am quite near it, I cannot attend it in very cold weather having no coal it cannot be warmed. Oh for a good old fashioned chat this beautiful morning. Kiss the little ones for me—give love to Jane and Mary—God bless you, and may the time speedily come when we shall all have our dear ones with us. . .  
Ever your attached friend

Margaret Jerritt

To Mrs. W. L. Maury:

University of Va. January 14th. 1864.

My dear Nan,

. . . Betty has been on a visit lately to Uncle Jourdans she saw them all at the *old Mansion*, Bowling Green, Virginia, said they only have 2 meals a day there now as they have at Cousin Roberts & a great many other places. We have not adopted the fashion yet—sometimes we seem to get right low down & then some kind friend sends something. Cousin Milly Barksdale (one of the Fry connexion) sent us some hominey, peas & beans, onions, & red pepper dried apples & walnuts for the children. We have not had a dessert this





Xmas though as we've not been able to get any butter. We get it from Cousin Lucy & she has had so much company. . .

Your affectionate sister

S. F. M. [Sally Fontaine Maury]

Richmond, 15th/64

My dear Aunt Nan,

Jane's letter in reference to getting mourning was not received until yesterday. . . We scarcely expect letters from the P. Office now, everything is so disorganized. It is entirely closed some days. I was very glad to do anything for the kind Milton people, and do feel very sorry it has been necessary to buy mourning. As congress recently said, we are perfectly willing for peace; hasn't blood enough been spilt, and tears enough shed? How many desolate hearts have been made, and how many more likely to be made. . .

To go back to business, rather afraid to trust to my own judgement Ma went with me this morning to make the purchases, and we both think we were very successful. The goods are much better than we thought possible to get—now about the bombazine there was only one in town, so far as we could learn, and that was a pattern of ten yards, and it was such beautiful quality, Ma thought we had better get it. Then about the mantle, there wasn't one to be found . . . so we got a black bereze shawl. They are the only wrappings to be had, and everybody buys them. . . No kid gloves to be had at all. I hope the silk will suit. . . The bonnet will be ready Friday, & the pattern a little beauty, tho' perfectly plain. . . The veil will be handsome. . . Now the trouble, how we must send them. . .

Affec Yours

Bel [Miss Bell Maury]

Black cambric is \$7 and \$8 a yd.

*Old Mansion, March 4th. 1864*

My dear Mother,

Your letter would have been answered sooner, but the cars have been stopped on this road ever since the Raid. I have been anxiously looking out for them all the morning was quite relieved to hear the whistle a little while ago.





Annie and I felt a little solemn at being cut off from home, but after finding out the Bridges had not been burnt brightened up considerably. We are having a very pleasant visit—have already staid a week longer than we intended, expect to return to Richmond just as soon as the cars commence running regularly which I hope will be the early part of next week. I feel anxious to hurry home on Father's account—would dislike so much to be away when he arrives. I have thought so much about him . . . these dark nights.

. . . Uncle White is feeling very blue about being left in the Yankee lines, we brighten him up by playing "Celebrities" which he enjoys very much.

Annie and I are going on a visiting expedition this morning at the *Bowling Green* don't you envy us the pleasure? We are all feeling very disconsolate about the soldiers having left just as we expected to have such a pleasant time "flying around" with them. . .

Love to Maury

Your affect daughter

Jane

E. C. Owen wrote to Anne Fontaine Maury of the Yankees:

Mobile March 24/64

Dear Mrs. Maury

. . . Although often threatened the Yankees have as yet made no positive demonstration against Mobile, and we yet have a home to shelter us, but being in constant anxiety tells heavily on all of us, and we are not now as we used to be. For friends here have felt the full weight of Yankee *clemency* stripped of everything and turned out of house without a meal left them, and stripped of every cent of money that they had and this war they say they wage to restore the Union—Heaven save the weak—as if we could again ever say that we were the same people.

Hoping that you are all well

believe me your cousin

E. C. Owen.



# "ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT"

Words by Lamar Fontaine

Music by A.H. Hewitt.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of 12 staves. The first two staves are instrumental piano introduction. The third staff begins the vocal melody with the lyrics: "It is a long the Potomac to-night." The fourth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "Except here and there a wayward light." The fifth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "That as he walks on his boat he and the by a light to see him in the dark at the." The sixth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "No thing is yet seen or done yet and then will not come to the shore of the land the." The seventh staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "But as". The eighth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "But as". The ninth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "But as". The tenth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "But as". The eleventh staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "But as". The twelfth staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "But as".

It is a long the Potomac to-night." Except here and there a wayward light.

That as he walks on his boat he and the by a light to see him in the dark at the.

No thing is yet seen or done yet and then will not come to the shore of the land the.

But as

But as

But as

But as

But as

But as





of our best men by the sea of the moon Moon long and all a lone the death rat the "All

qui... at a long the Po... to... to night."

"All quiet along the Potomac to night,"  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,  
 And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
 And the light of the camp fires are gleaming.  
 A breeze soft, as the gentle night wind  
 Thru' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,  
 While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
 Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.  
 There's only the sound of the lone country's tread,  
 As he tramps from the rank to the forest,  
 And thinks of the two on the low wooden bed  
 For away in the night on the mountain  
 He makes a full dash - his face, dark and grim,  
 Once gentle with mother's tender,  
 As he makes a prayer for the children asleep,  
 And their mother "May Heaven defend her."

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—  
 That night, when the love yet unspoken  
 Leaped up to his lips, and when his mother's tears  
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
 Then drawing his sword roughly over his eyes,  
 He dashes off the tears that are swelling,  
 And gathers his gun close up to his breast,  
 As if to keep down the heart's swelling.  
 He passes the forest, the blasted plantation,  
 And his footsteps are lagging and weary;  
 Yet onward he goes thru' the broad belt of night,  
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.  
 Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?  
 Was it the moonlight so wood-woody looking?  
 It looked like a rider! "But Mary, good bye!"  
 And his life blood is ebbing and plinking

"All quiet along the Potomac to night"  
 He roared into the rank of the river  
 "Whisper! Hark! the dew on the face of the land,  
 The Picket's off to yonder"





Richmond June 9, 1864

Dear Brother,

. . . Grant occasionally pegging away at Genl. Lee but always in return gets *mauled*. He has been most severely handled by Lee—Abe's losses must be very heavy not less in my judgement than 80 or 100,000 since the opening of the campaign the 5 May, our losses all told could not reach 20,000 if indeed they are over 16 m. Grant is playing sad havoc amongst our folks in his lines—robbing them of everything. It is truly sad to contemplate such a condition of things. Something will have to be done to relieve the people or they many of them at least, will starve. Was there ever such a set of devils set here upon a people as these Yankee hounds. We all have confidence in Genl. Lee's ability to use up Mr. Grant.

We are all well— & so are the rest of the kin hereabouts. Write at your earliest convenience

Your aff  
R. W. Maury.

Lamar Fontaine, Confederate prisoner of war, sent his cousin Ann Maury a copy of his poem *All Quiet Along the Potomac*. This poem was "Resply dedicated to the unknown dead of the present struggle by the author, Lamar Fontaine. 1861."

Fort Delaware  
July 6, 1864.

My dear Cousin Ann:

I have written to you time and again since you sent what I ask'd for and yet I have never rec'd the scratch of a pen from you . . . in my last I sent you a copy of *All Quiet Along the Potomac*. Did you receive it? I suppose that you have read it often in print, but I thought that I would send you a copy in my own handwriting as a keepsake. I am having it photographed prior to having it lithographed with a picture of the author accompanying it. I am so much in need of money that I thought that this would be an honorable method of getting some until I could hear from Richmond. I want to get all the subscribers to this work that I can. I am suffering from the scurvy—nothing but soldiers fare and bad



water has brought it on. Cant you send me some pickles or canned fruit or something for a change of diet. I have not tasted coffee for a long, long time and I miss it a great deal. I send you another copy of the piece for fear you did not receive the other. . .

Lieut. S. W. Samuel Wellford Corbin of the C. S. Navy son-in-law of Matt. F. Maury is here with me. He was captured near Petersburg, Va. a short time since, and desires to be remembered to you.

Affec'y your cousin

Lamar Fontaine

Although many of Nan's letters do not give the year, by comparing the contents, and often the color of the paper or ink, it is safe to say these belong in 1864 or 1865. The letter paper that is hardest to read is made of straw and is very, very thin. Nan wrote as closely as she could to save paper, often writing afterward across the page, using home-made ink.

All these letters are written to her Aunt Ann.

There was constant fear of stragglers. May 3rd. Nan wrote:

. . . There was so much annoyance from stragglers stealing horses that a guard has been sent to look out for the disorderly. I thought once of applying for a special guard but concluded our house was too small & retired to invite any one.

I hear that the railroad is to be finished in a day or two and that we shall then have a regular mail. . .

I have not heard from Lewis since he left for Mobile & feel very anxious to know where & how he is. This waiting and suspense is almost more than we can bear.

We go on as quietly as if nothing was passing around, I hear the boys lessons first thing, and then the girls come to read History, and I have plenty of sewing to keep me busy. . .

A letter by Flag-of-Truce Boat, Milton, May 29 [1865?], was sent presumably from Nan to Ann:

. . . I saw by the paper last night that the flag of truce boats have been recommenced so I determined to begin again with a letter. . .





. . . We feel very anxious about those near & dear to us in the armies about Richmond so far Dick is the only sufferer, he was wounded badly from hip to hip—rather below the hips, his uncle, whose house he was carried to, thought dangerously, but as time passes on without hearing of his death, I am in hopes he is in a fair way to recovery. . .

. . . Prices are uncommon. . . You tell of stockings at \$7.50 a dozen, I should expect to give \$150 for a doz pair—sewing cotton \$8 a spool! . . .

Christians are all invited to join in prayer daily at 5 o'clock p.m. to pray for peace. Think of us then & join your prayers to ours.

Milton, July 30, [1864?]

My dear Aunt.

. . . the box came on Thursday. . . I am very much obliged to you indeed for each & all. the soap I duly cut up. I consider it too precious to trade. I had that very day asked Lewis to try & get me some Concentrated Lye . . . as the dry wood we burn will not make Lye and we are almost out of Lye & soap too. The sugar too was very acceptable & on the strength thereof I bought some green apples to bake to help out vegetables which are very scarce now. . .

I do not know when I was more shocked than to hear first thing yesterday morning that Mr. Bill Smith, the smiling man who was in Harding Callums store the day we went there, had been murdered the night before, for the little money in the store. It happened about 9 o'clock it is supposed, as a noise was heard in the store which was thought to be a rat, and between 10 & 11 one of the Woodins & Mr. Davis seeing the store open went in & found him with his head cut open with a hatchet, quite dead. The evidence points pretty clearly to a young man (white) named Birch and a telegraph was sent to Richmond, where he went yesterday to arrest him. Mr. Smith was so universally liked that the community is very much excited and you will not be surprised to hear that your nephew William Lewis went with his friend Bobby & Willie Walker to the scene of the murder, unbeknown to their two Mamas—I feel much for his





poor old mother he was her only child, and sole support, and a most excellent son. Among the evidence is that of one of Mr. Wilson's servants who heard Birch say "Well if he had known he should get so little, he would not have done it." I do not know if colored evidence will be taken now against a white man. . .

Meantime Sallie Fontaine Maury turned Milliner. She wrote Nan from the University of Virginia September 13, 1864:

. . . I had been very much engrossed plating myself a hat! . . . I have always insisted I was too old to wear a hat & felt that I should look ridiculous in one . . . indeed it is a case of necessity having nothing but my best bonnet to put on every time I went out. Let me know if you have come out in one. . . I thank you with all my heart my dearest Nan for the acceptable contents of the bag Fontaine brought me. . . Refugees who have been knocking about as we have learn to do with mighty little, don't they? . . .

Cousin Lucy Ellen has been up here on a foraging expedition. She went down laden with butter, eggs, potatoes & onions. . .

And another bit might be added here; Nan writing to Aunt Ann described Cousin Eliza preparing for a raid:

. . . I have not heard from Charlottesville since I last wrote when a raid was expected before, Cousin Eliza prepared by taking a quinine pill & some ginger, put on her night cap, wrapped her feet in her flannel petticoat & went to bed. She will have to go through the same again, I fear. . .

Aunt Eliza evidently survived the raid and wrote from the University, Virginia:

Dawson Row, Febry. 25th. 1865

Dear Nan

. . . in my own trembling heart . . . I have for sometime wished to express my thanks for my interest in the comfort derived from the numerous useful articles you so kindly lent us, especially for the mattress, & carpet . . . am glad to hear you are in so much comfort for these times! they are awful



times indeed; and when are they to have an end? a question often asked; that one can answer but in one way; that our merciful Father alone can tell when & how. . . I have felt truly concerned at hearing of Lewis's long ill health; but I trust in warmer and more settled weather he will be restored. May God grant it, & with returning health every needed blessing for him and his; and especially the blessing of *peace*. that alone will obliterate every trial & trouble of this wicked war. with a *great deal to be thankful for* we are at best poor refugees, and have to struggle and scuffle along the best we can far different from anything we ever knew before with double & triple expences. . . May God release & relieve all our poor suffering people, speedily. May he bless you and yours, Dear Nan, & spare us to meet once more, under happier circumstances, our relations around are all well

ever your affectionate relative

E. Maury

Ann Fontaine Maury attempted to search for one of the "Missing" at her Aunt Ann's request and reported:

Milton, N. C. Oct. 25. 1864

2 . . . he [Wr. Watkins] says he has searched the Provost Marshall's books, and the books of the Petersburg Hospitals and in neither can he find any one of the name of Harriss connected with a New Jersey Reg. I am truly sorry that the search has been so unsuccessful, but I trust some mistake in entering his name has been made, and that he yet may be heard from. Oh! I have seen so much of that kind of sorrow that it goes to my heart to hear of each new sufferer, & most sincerely do I thank God that my boys are too young for the army. . .

We have just been shocked to hear of the death of Gen. Ramsem, his wife is an intimate friend of ours & a very lovely girl, she was married about a year ago & has a baby 2 weeks old. Oh! the sorrows of this war. God help the widows and the fatherless. Have you heard from Jack? He is a prisoner. . .

In describing another unsuccessful search Nan said:





I fear it is a hopeless case but I have done all I could, and so have the two gentlemen, I trust he may be heard from even if he is dead there is a melancholy satisfaction in knowing it.

And again:

Oh! Aunt, I feel so often when I see so much sorrow that I am so selfish to dwell upon my own separation from those dear to me, but it is a great trial to me, so far the greatest of the war.

Nan received a note from the Secretary of State, which was preserved in Ann's Scrap-book:

My dear Madame

I beg leave to inclose this small coin in repayment of my loan for the benefit of a late fellow traveler. I pay it in this way feeling it might otherwise escape my memory.

With my respect

Your humbl. servt.

William H. Seward

John M. Maury\* wrote to Rutson Maury, 16th June, 1865, from Fort Delaware, near Baltimore:

. . . I thought that my chance was good for a quick release; but that chance seems fading away. I was informed that an order for my release was lying on Genl. Grant's desk in Washington. . . But that is the last I have heard of it. . .

To Rutson Maury New York:

Richmond Nov. 9th. [1864]

My dear Uncle Rutson,

. . . I saw today our cousin Mrs. Humphrey, who is in great trouble about her brother, James Maury, he is on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, and has suffered very

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\*A letter from the Adjutant General's Office, the War Department, Washington, July 23, 1932, to Mr. John W. Herndon, Alexandria, Virginia says in part: "Union Prisoner of War records show that John M. Maury was captured at Fort Harrison, September 29, 1864, imprisoned at Old Capitol, Washington, D. C. and at Fort Delaware, where he was released June 24, 1865, on Oath of Allegiance, by Order of the President of the United States."





much from Rheumatism. it attacked his heart. His physician advises him to seek a parole—I told her I knew you would do anything you could for him and if he needed it give him a home. that is, in case his parole did not allow him to come South. It seemed like a gleam of hope to her; she could not speak of him without tears.

I am here on some business looking up my plates, dishes etc. and also in the Dentists hand. I brought Charley & the baby with me. C. has had Typhoid Fever since the Whooping cough. . .

I have seen the Mordecais, they are very straitened in circumstances these hard times. It would bring tears to your eyes to hear of their privations and of those of many others. . .

Love to all from your affec Niece

Anne F. Maury.

To Rutson Maury, Esq., New York:

Milton N. Carolina, Nov. 25 [1864]

My dear Uncle Rutson:

. . . Ed Stamps is at Point Lookout, and his parents would be much obliged to you to find out whether he is still there and if so to supply his wants, in clothes or money. He had with him only the clothes he had on, and of course needs warmer ones. They are people of means, and are willing & *able* to go to any expence to promote his comfort. You can let me know what you lay out & the manner in which it shall be repaid.

We are all well & comfortably settled for the winter with some wood laid up and enough engaged to last till spring. Provisions are high & difficult to obtain, but I feel confident that He who has hitherto supplied our necessities will not suffer us to want.

I spent 2 weeks very pleasantly in Richmond and saw many old friends all of whom spoke with much affection of you, and Aunt & Uncle Matthew; particularly the Mordecais & old Mrs. Richardson who sent her love to Aunt.

Your affec ate Niece

Anne F. Maury.



The following letter is included because it shows a Southern woman's treatment of her slaves:

Milton Jany 26. [1864 or 1865]

My dear Sallie:

. . . I delivered Spencer's message to Julia she has written to him soon after she arrived. Tell him she and the children are well and she is such a comfort to me that I do not think I shall ever feel like giving her up again. Delia has been more free from her malady lately whether it happens just so or whether it is because I give her hot toddy every night. I do not know, it is an expensive remedy but not more so I think than the expensive medicines she has to take when she is suffering. I did it in the consequence of a remark of Dr. Wilson that any stimulant that would quicken the circulation would be serviceable. . .

I did send for the brown linen for the boys, but if it ever arrives, it will be strong blue linen check; but as it must run the blockade dont make arrangements for having the pantaloons made. I had an acceptable bundle today that has been on the way ever since last June, a joint present from Katie & Fontaine, consisting of paper, envelopes, and small wares when I have a suitable opportunity I will send you a share in my pigeon, you will not turn up your nose at the paper because it is straw. . .

. . . You judge truly when you think I must long for the sight of my own kin that I do more than I can tell you but next to my own I could not have a kinder more congenial & sympathising friend than Mrs. Wilson. She is everything one could desire in a friend, sensible, intelligent very well educated and agreeable and without exception—except perhaps my good Aunt, the most unselfish person I have ever known, the first in sickness the first in sorrow and the first to sympathise in joy. I do often look at her with wonder that poor human nature can be so raised above itself but she has been "made perfect through suffering," of seven children but two are left to her. . .

I recall my father, the "Charley" in these letters telling us that





shortly after the close of the war he met Julia and spoke to her as "Mammy". Julia drew herself up, "Go 'long, white chile, I ain't no kin of yourn!"

Anky was one of Delia's children. Captain Maury had bought her to keep the family together. This letter was addressed to James T. White, Esq., *Bowling Green*:

Dear Sir,

As the end of the year approaches it is proper to know something of the wishes of Anky's owners, in reference to what disposition is to be made of her for another year. She is a most excellent servant, & does well, whatever she undertakes; but her health is delicate; which means it out of the question to subject her to the slightest exposure, or to require of her any work, but what could be performed by the most delicate white person. While I should be very much pleased for her to remain, on account of her husband, to whom I am very much attached, yet it is proper to say, that in consequence of the extreme high price of every thing, I can not afford to clothe her & her two children for another year; but will willingly furnish them with good board, & do all in our power, with the assistance of her husband, who pays her every attention, to see that she wants nothing which kind attention can afford her.

Very truly

Your friend

Dec. 11/64

Charles Mason.

Among the letters is one to an unknown friend:

Richmond 9th. May '65

My dear Friend

I appreciate warmly the sentiments of regard & affection manifested by you for me and mine, and assure you that they are cordially reciprocated. We are told that neither tribulation nor distress nor nakedness nor famine nor peril nor sword shall separate us from the love of Christ, and though human friendships are infinitely less stable, still we are warranted in the belief that they can endure the trial of difference of opinion and views of duty even when these lead





to mighty Convulsions. We know that they can so endure. God be thanked that they can and do. I can hardly tell you how much I rejoice in the termination of the war.

I had occasion to witness so much suffering in the Hospitals, and to see the marks of so much distress in the wasted forms of returned prisoners not to mention the agony of mind of wives & mothers & sisters at home, that when I think all this is stopped my heart is uplifted in gratitude to God. . . . Of all those who have suffered from the consequences of this unhappy war few have had a larger share than our dear people, my brother-in-law and his family.

Besides the great grief of the loss of their son, the breaking up of the family circle with its consequent trouble to my sister, the separation of the two, so necessary to each others happiness, and Dick's protracted illness from his wound were causes of much sorrow and the greatest discomfort. I do trust & pray that the family may once more be gathered together and that the evening of their day may be blessed to its heads. . . .

My Boys are all with us. Jim & Brodie came a few days ago from Johnston's Army. The former will go, with his wife, (Mollie Lightfoot of Culpeper) to Culpeper Ct. House in a few days. He intends to settle there and practice medicine. Dabney is about to go on a trip of observation with a view to settlement, to the countries of the tide water Virginia. Brodie expects to return to his old post. My wife is very desirous that I should try for practice in this city. My own judgment & wishes lead me back to Frd'bug, poor & desolated as it is. I love the People and the place the streams & hills & plains around. . . .

Both my brothers have lost nearly every thing; but both have good business qualification and there is no fear of their not getting a living. Will Maury will do well in his profession wherever he may locate himself. He is a man of fine abilities, and Betty is a good helpmeet. At present they are guests of Mr. Crenshaw. I don't know their plans. I am at a loss to know what Dick will do. He had invested every dollar of the property derived from his wife (and it was a smart little sum) in Confed. Bonds; but Sue is very



bright very healthy and very willing to encounter labour & privation, and so they will find something to do after a while. Richard has recovered of his wound a good deal—but he is still quite lame; however he walks without crutches. . .

The rule of the Federal authorities in this place has been very mild & courteous and a great deal of benevolence has been exhibited. Relief has been bountifully extended to all in need. The spirit of the U. S. Army is kind. Both in private conversation and in public acts they manifest a most conciliatory disposition. When the 2nd. & 5 Corps of Grants army marched through Richmond a few days ago (one of the grandest scenes I ever witnessed) there was no exhibition of vaunting or exultation and the Bands played favorite Southern tunes. God grant that a spirit of fraternity may prevail in all hearts & minds South & North. At the South we fought for our cause like men. We have our own self respect, and now being conquered we will acquiesce like men—in good faith and honesty.

Many of us are most glad to be rid of slavery. I have for many years myself desired its removal. The time will come when we shall all see God's hand in the issue of this cruel strife. . .

Yrs. affectionately

B. S. Herndon

Ann's nephew, M. F. Maury [not the oceanographer] wrote to her at Richmond, Virginia:

May 25th/65

My dear Aunt,

I am just returned from a trip to Macon, Ga. and hear of your coming. Almost the first word that was told me on my arrival was that you were to come up here . . . unfortunately I am unable to go down and bring you up at once as Confederate money is not used for travelling purposes. . . I am just from my trip, having arrived yesterday, the last eighteen hours of it having comprised walk of thirty six miles, which I did not expect to be able to perform when I started . . . so now consider the elegant state of health, madam, in which your nephew must be.





About the arrival here; you come up in the cars to within five miles of town and there the carriage will meet you so you must telegraph the day before you start. . .

Now I must beg you to come on my account. I suspect that the reason why Mahomet had to go to the mountain was that the mountain had none but Confederate money. This mountain would go but for the same cause, and that his six hundred miles of horseback have tired him. I shall expect you. . .

Yours affectionately,

Matthew F. Maury.

To Robert Maury:

*Mulberry Place*, Bowling Green, Va.  
May 30th. [1865?]

My dear Robt.

Thinking you wd like to hear from the neighbourhood since the passage of the Yankee army thro it, I write to say that it has been swept with destruction. I will give you a description of my own condition, & in mine you have that of almost every other person in the neighbourhood.

On Wednesday last they sacked my whole premises, taking all my corn, bacon, except one ham, all the flour, tea, sugar, & every other eatable about the house—almost all the clothing of any value save that on our backs—much of the table & bed furniture, a good deal of our stock including all the horses left on the plantation, J. William having removed the mules & some of the horses before the Yankees came, eighteen more of the negroes went off with them, so that we have no means left to cultivate our crop, unless J. Wm. should be able to keep some few hands that he carried off with him.

Now in the above you have the history of every one in this neighbourhood, except as regards the loss of negroes. Mr. White has suffered most severely—at last accounts none of his negroes had left—*Shepherds Hill* has been swept of every thing—stock of all kinds & every negro. Some in the neighbourhood have suffered even more than we, in having their houses burnt over their heads—most of our men have





left their homes & we know not what has become of them—among others Dr. Roper, & as for poor Annie Morris, we dont know what her fate is—we dont know now that we have seen the worst—may God in his mercy protect us from any further injury. Do send me if you can some papers. We are all in the dark as to what is going on.

J. W. [Jourdan Woolfork]

To Rutson Maury, Esq., New York:

Charlottesville, Va.

Aug. 14/65

Dear Uncle Rutson

Jack informs me that you are under the supposition that Cousin Jesse's house [*Piedmont*] was visited only by a party of stragglers & that the officers would have restrained them had they been there. I beg to tell you on the authority of Cousin Jesse & Cousin Lucy that there were seven thousand men on and about the place—with all their officers Etc. That Gen'l Custer and Staff were in the house. That they were asked if they could not restrain their men and they answered Yes that they could but refused to do so. That the officers were just as bad as the men—and in fact that the only one who showed the least spirit worthy of human being was a private.

These are the bare facts and it is now so late that I have no time to depict to you the scene of drunken ruffians surrounding what was supposed to be the dying bed of the oldest daughter of the family. I enclose the accompanying letter.

Your affectionate nephew

Matthew F. Maury

A really blood-curdling "Yankee story" from the pen of a seventeen-year-old girl to Matthew Fontaine Maury, Richmond:

University of Va.

March 15th. 1865.

Dear Fontaine,

Our Yankee story is so long that I will not torture myself or bore you by the telling it for the hundredth time. The



sum of it all is that Father has lost a great deal, and we have endured more than we ever thought possible. There is nothing left us but the land and negroes, all of whom have remained entirely faithful with two exceptions. Excuse this last sentence, I have heard so much bad grammar from the Yankees that I don't know *any better*. I may as well tell you at once, I behaved in the most cowardly manner imaginable, the last day that they stayed here. Before that I did not act in such an idiotic manner. Sunday was the day that I retreated in disorder before superior numbers. The house was filled with drunken ruffians but they had not been in mother's room as yet when Father sent me in there to write a note to Gen. Sheridan asking for a guard. I was sitting alone writing the note, and every one else was down in the cellar, the door was bolted, but one of the wretches came up to the door and banged at it with his pistol and swore most horribly, threatening to break the door down if it was not opened. I couldn't have opened it to save my life, and my first impulse was to get to some one else. I called to Mother but she did not hear me and then I ran by Mother's door just as the man got it open, and I ran down to the hall door that opens on the back porch that we go through to the dining-room. I got the door open after fumbling at it a while and saw Mother and Father, and then I fainted. The servants carried me into the house, and laid me on Mother's bed. I was unconscious for about half an hour, and Annie Colston was left with me. Somebody called her off, and I got up, and went to the door to see what was the matter I heard so much noise and such a commotion. I saw hundreds of men in the back yard, many of them drunk, and some of them pointed their guns at Father, and swore that he should give them brandy. Then I fainted again and would have fallen down the steps but Caroline caught me, and carried me unassisted into the house. My consciousness was not restored for more than two hours and they all thought that I was dead. Even during this scene, the vile Yankees were in the room stealing everything they could see until one man—a private said that it was too bad, and drove the rest out of the room and stood at the door, swearing that he would kill





the first man that attempted to pass. The officers Fontaine, were as bad or worse than the men. They stood by and allowed them to pillage our house and say anything that they pleased to us. You will be surprised to hear that I am glad you were not there, you could not have endured their impertinance quietly, and resistance to them would have been worse than useless. I have been so thankful since it is all over, that you were away, and I must believe that it was a Providential thing. Monday they went away, and Monday afternoon I was carried down to Prof. [John B.] Minor's for the University people had not been molested at all, and every one thought that it would be best for us to come away from the old place. We have taken one of the Dawson Row houses and it is much more comfortable than you would suppose. . .

Every-body has been so kind to us it is almost worth one's while to have trouble to find out how many good hearted people there are in the world. I have so much to tell you that can't be written, and one thing of special importance that I want to talk to you of. Lizzie has written to you I believe she is well and happy, was as brave as two soldiers while the Yankees staid with us. Betsinda behaved splendidly but me, of gracious, I am heartily ashamed my part; but I could not help it. I tell you they made off with your *things*. I rescued your razors and they didn't get your pipe or your overcoat; but that is all that I can speak positively of. Thank your stars that they escaped.

You must come if you wish to do so, and be at home again. . .

I am Affectionately Your Cousin

Nannie J. Maury

Concerning Professor John B. Minor, professor of law at the University of Virginia; Miss Mary Moon of *Dunlora*, Charlottesville, Virginia, recalls an anecdote of Dr. William M. Dabney of Baltimore. It has to do with this incident. It seems Professor Minor had gone to school in Ohio with a man named Forrest. During the Civil War this same Forrest of the Northern Army had orders to "burn out" the University. When he went there,





Forrest recognized his boyhood friend. He merely ordered him to hand over the keys to the University, which was not molested in any way.

This brings the Pen Point Pictures to a close, with a dramatic finish; with the addition of just a bit from one of Aunt Ann's later letters, of which there are very few, written to "My dear Cousin". Who this dear cousin is we do not know, what matters is the spirit in which it was written, New York, 27 Aug. 1866:

Fontaine gave me a message from you about the Black Flag. It was during the first year of the war that I heard about the Black Flag. It was during the first year of the war that I heard of your making one of those speeches that people make sometimes when they are angry.

I believe you had made it, but never for a moment supposed it to have been more than a transient angry demonstration & it did not in the least lessen my personal love for my dear Cousin who is now as ever regarded

Most affectionately by  
Ann Maury





## CHAPTER XIV

## RECONSTRUCTION DAYS

**A**BOUT this time Aunt Ann confessed to "a wonderful memory for small things." Here are a few after-the-war echoes from Milton, North Carolina and Fourth Street, New York. She wrote to Mrs. Sally C. M. Reid:

17 East 4th St New York  
29 April 1867.

My dear Sally:

It is seldom I write to you, but I assure you I have never had other than a most kind & affectionate feeling for you, since I first saw you in the spring of 1833 in Norfolk, when I think, you had to mend your own stockings, at a much earlier age than I had been required to mend mine, & in feeling for the trial to young flesh & blood I gave you some new ones. Maybe you were too young to recollect it, but I gave them as a reward for your industry. I dare say you have to mend more laboriously now than you did then, & if I should go to England this summer, as I anticipate, I intend to bring you for Auld Lang Syne ½ dozen pair of good stout English stockings. I never buy any stockings in this Country. They import fine looking gauzy affairs, but nothing of the really serviceable description they make in good old England. The Stockings sold here that are stamped *British* are all made in Germany. The cotton yarn is English spun I believe.

My letters are often like conversation except that it is one sided. I take pen in hand & do not at all write what I have premeditated I only intended to write to you of Nan. . . I first saw you, a subdued looking little child, sent to school with a night cap on, having ringworm in the head—and then the stocking mending as soon as you get home. I have a





wonderful memory for small things. I often wish it had been less for such, & more for literature &c &c. But we are as God made us with respect to our peculiar talents. I always think if I had had a sister I should have been better & happier. Though at the same time I have a very strong conviction that if we are unable to do our duty in the position in which God has placed us, we should not do better in one of our own *choosing*.

I only intended to tell you that we had got Nan & her three younger boys with us. They all look fully better than I expected, though dear little Turner had a chill the day they left home, another on the boat, & one yesterday.

I feel very anxious about the new plan, chiefly because it originated with me. . .

I am truly sorry for Lewis, a man whose personal habits were so self denying that he used always to be ready to help others—now to be entirely dependent upon others. . . I hope it may be a success, Lewis seemed much pleased with the place when he went out to see it. Nan is so fatigued with packing & hard work that she is satisfied to rest here until the furniture arrives. . .

In her letter to Mrs. Reid on Feb. 23, 1870, Aunt Ann told of Nan and the family:

. . . My niece & her husband, with several children, were penniless, literally so, after the war. We helped them; our niece was as our daughter, her children as our grandchildren. They rented a farm in Gloucester Co. Va. It was notoriously unhealthy. The owner spoke of it as most desirable in every way, & others were unwilling to speak out. They took the horrid place for 3 years. They went in the Spring of 1866—one after another was in bed, bilious fevers, chills, dysentery, remittent fever, & the doctor never out of the house, then it came out that the place had always been notoriously sickly, & to leave it seemed a case of life or death. My brother & I said we would still help, when another place was found. Could any Yankee have been keener than the Aristocratic Virginian who saw them all pale as in a charnel house, & would not let them off without paying a year's rent in ad-





vance for the place after leaving it. My brother & I paid it. Not long after the owner lost his wife by the same malaria disease.

I intended to have finished on one sheet, but I cannot break off just yet. My brother & I bought a small farm for this niece & her husband on Long Island, about 40 miles from New York. I am sorry to say that it is not yet self-supporting. We have to take care of them. They have fruit trees planted & have Cranberry patches, so we live in the hope of the purchase turning out well. At any rate, they have all recovered their health. . .

Dear Sally, you, like others, have had great trials, but I rejoice to hear from every source that you & Charles appear to be in better health than you ever were before. Health is a blessing that makes up for many other hardships. . .

I thank you from my heart that you confided in us so much as to write to tell of dear cousin Eliza's need of better Brandy. . . It has been a real pleasure to my brother Rutson, & to me, to be able to be of use to her. . .

We are not sick, but we have good health & our own habits are not expensive, so it would be no inconvenience, but a real satisfaction to be able to do anything for the comfort of one who like Cousin Eliza has always been so kind & so generous to others. . .

Your affectionate Cousin

Ann Maury

Aunt Ann's brother, Rutson, wrote to Mrs. Sally C. M. Reid, Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., 21 September, 1867, during his sister's absence in England:

. . . I am sorry I cannot give you the least encouragement to our kinswoman who desires to find a situation as teacher or in any other present pursuit to which she may be adapted. Everything is overdone here, whether in male or female industry. Living is dear, employment decreasing and wages & salaries falling. And we shall never get right until all the present unhappy sectional feeling has subsided, & we have passed through the fiery ordeal to a return to specie payments.



All our larger cities are too full, there are too many mouths in them, & too few hands at work in the country; and there must surely be an exodus from the one to the other, before there can be a return to general prosperity. . .

We have had many such applications from kindred & friends at the South; and almost all my time has been taken up for 2 or 3 years past in trying to serve them in one way or another. . .

This letter from Nan's great friend, Mrs. Wilson, was received shortly before the birth at Brentwood, Long Island, of Henry Tobin Maury, on August 30th, 1867:

Milton, 7th May, 1867.

Dear Mrs. Maury:

. . . After our early supper I went to see Mrs. Priscilla & she asked me to give you a *great deal* of love for her & to tell you she thought of you very often & that your company was like a glass of something refreshing & exhilarating to her. Mrs. Patterson says we need society & wishes you could come & be society for us—Oh! how pleasant that would be. . . . I should think your time is fully occupied with the many cares of the family & I think you, dear Mrs. Maury, need never feel as if you do not have a most important part to take, when you are daily doing all you can for the comfort & happiness of so many who look to you as to the visible spring of all they know of good & goodness. I *know* my sweet friend how you fill this place with your whole soul, & I would fain cheer you by reminding you that in doing this, you do no light duty but a far more *heart searching* one, than those who do what may appear to bring in a more tangible return. You carry the power to cheer them as I can testify, & you must go on, & feel that you are blessed in being able to do so *much* for others. . .

Your affecte friend

P Wilson

Captain William Lewis Maury sent a crate of peaches and a reminiscent letter to his son "Rutsy":





17 East 4th. St. August 15th. 1876.

My dear Rutsy:

This is your birthday & I write to congratulate you on the occasion, hoping you are all making a happy day of it, & may you have many happy returns. I can hardly realize that you are eleven years old, but time flies, apparently faster with me than with you, as you no doubt think it a very *long* period, since we left Milton, & made the voyage down the River Dan to the Rail Road Station at Barksdale, though *rather suspect* you dont remember many of the incidents of that voyage. How the good people of Milton came down to the bank of the river, to see us off, & to take leave, how poor Jackson the dog stood on the bank of the river so deeply distressed that he could not go along with us, how the boat got stopped where the water was so shallow she wouldn't float, & how Mr. Fie jumped overboard, & pushed her into deep water & how we all landed at Barksdale, how we ate our supper which we carried along with us, & how we all slept upon the floor in the station, you on a pallet with Alvina the nurse, how in the morning we took leave of Mr. Fie & Alvina & got on board the cars, which took us to Richmond, where we went on board of the Steamboat, & here we had such a fine supper, & Charly distinguished himself by the quantity of oysters he consumed & how the next day we went to Norfolk down the beautiful James River, & how we spent the night & part of the next day in Norfolk with your cousin Sifrein & how Willy & Charly went crabbing, & how we went in another steam boat up the Chesapeake bay to Baltimore, & where I put you all on board the cars for New York. & how I said good bye, & telegraphed to Cousin Rutson that you were coming, & how you all arrived in 4th. St. New York, that evening—tired & hungry & how you traveled in the cars.

You have been a very good boy since your last birthday, & I hope you will be a better one during this year for, we should try & grow better & better as we grow older. . .





I send you by express a crate of peaches for a birthday gift & hope they will reach you safely. . .

With love from all to you all

Yrs afftely

Wm. L. Maury

Dont eat too many peaches or you may get that pain under the apron.

Walker Maury wrote to his sister, Mrs. William L. Maury:

R.U. 12.30.83

[Richmond University]

My dear Nan:

I trust you recognized my hand in the direction of the basket of mistletoe.

While Hester [Wheeler] and William and I are all in good health enough here, I fear, my dear soul, you are not improving, and that I can but send you my best love with the old (but ever new to us the older we grow) saying Trust in God.

I hope you spent a cheerful Christmas. We three I think did, around my simple fireside, Hester a wee bit sadly thoughtful, William telling tales of old times, and I listening, my memory newly waked at his words. I fear we had not many Christmas presents, tho' we were all three happy, and Hester had got up a wonderful fine dinner. She's got "The Old Virginia Housewife" a quack medicine man's almanac and cooks according to it with surprising skill for a new beginner.

Parson Eubank who married H. and me came duly to preach on his second Sunday in December. I had told him . . . that Hester and I were going to give him one tenth of the grape crop. Whether he forgot it or wouldn't believe it I don't know, but when I put in his hand \$8.25, he evidently thought me insane or himself a millionaire, and so lost his senses that he evinced openly a desire to kiss H.—with which eccentricity we were both struck. His emolument is only \$5 for his *work* and he never got it yet. His main support is a girls' boarding school in Charlottesville. . .

Hester, who feels for you a nearer love than for any of



my sisters, would write to you only she cannot conquer her distrust of her own handwriting powers: but in real truth she sends her best good love and so does

Your affectionate

Walker Maury

### THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT

*Note:* These two supposedly original pieces were in Ann's folio of Manuscripts. They may have been written by a member of the family. Nan was a highly accomplished needlewoman, no doubt she and William Lewis Maury had many a laugh over the verses.

I hate the name of *German wool* in all its colours bright,  
Of chairs & stool in fancy work, I hate the very sight,  
The shawls & slippers that I've seen, the ottomans & bags,  
Rather than wear a stitch on me, I'd walk the street in rags.  
I've heard of wives too musical—too talkative, or quiet—  
Of scolding, & of gaming wives, & those fond of a riot.  
But yet of all the errors known, which to the ladies fall.  
"*For ever doing—fancy-work*", I think exceeds them all.  
The other day, when I came home, no dinner yet for me,  
I asked my wife the reason, & she answered me—two—  
three—

I told her I was hungry, & stamped upon the floor—  
She never even looked at me, but murmured *one green more*.  
Of course she makes me angry: She doesn't care for that—  
But mutters while I talk to her, "*one white. & then a black—  
Seven greens & then a purple*; just hold your tongue, my  
dear,

You really do annoy me so; I've made a wrong stitch here"—  
And as for conversation; with her eternal fame,  
I speak to her of fifty things—the answers just the same,  
'Tis "Yes, my dear, five reds & then a black; I quite agree  
with you

I've done this wrong 7—8—9—10, an orange, then a blue."  
If any lady comes to tea, her bag is first survey'd  
And if the pattern pleased her; a copy must be made—  
She stares too at the gentlemen, & when I ask her why,





'Tis "O my dear, the pattern of his waistcoat struck my eye"  
 And if to walk I am inclined ('tis seldom I get out)  
 At every worsted shop she stops—O—how she stands about  
 And then 'tis "O, I must go in, that pattern is so rare—  
 That group of flowers, is just the thing I wanted for my  
 chair."

Besides—the things, she makes, are all such touch-me-not  
 affairs.

I dare not even use a screen or stool—and as for chairs!

'Twas only yesterday I put my youngest boy on one—  
 And until then I never knew the power of her tongue.

Alas! for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak—  
 'Tis, "Tom be quiet—put down that bag—why Harriet  
 where are your feet?"

Maria! standing on that stool! it is not made for use—

Be silent all—3 greens—1 red—a blue—& then a puce."

O! the misery of a working wife with fancy-work run wild  
 Our clothes are rent—& minus strings—my house is in  
 disorder—

And all because this wife of mine has taken to embroider—  
 I'll put my children out to school—I'll go across the sea—  
 My wife's so full of fancy work, I'm sure she won't miss me  
 E'en while I write, she still keeps on her 1, 2, 3 & 4—  
 I'm past all patience—& I can't—I won't endure it more.

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#### THE EXCULPATION

In answer to the Husband's complaint in the matter of his  
 wife's wool work.

Well—to be sure I never did—why what a fuss you make!  
 I'll just explain myself, my dear, a little for your sake—  
 You seem to think this worsted work is all that ladies do,  
 A very great mistake of yours—so I'll enlighten you—  
 I needn't count, for luckily I'm "filling in" just now,  
 So listen dear, and drive away those furrows from your brow.  
 When you are in your study love, as still as any mouse,  
 You cannot think the lots of things I do about the house.





This page the eye that  
looks on thee  
How long shall I struggle in the day  
And when no more, wilt  
it see.

The resurrection of the just.  
How he to whom that eye looks  
Gives them a present when they  
Close is that eye? Just now it is  
But reader: When thou lookest  
It is thine. Not yet 18. A. H.



This morning after breakfast, I heard the children spell  
And I'm teaching little Mary to gather & to fell—  
I've paid my washing bill, & then I went to see  
What remnants in the larder for our dinner there may be,  
I've finished James's apron, & fed the green canary,  
I've hemmed a duster, & I've made a bonnet cap for Mary—  
I've taken in your collar, where you said it was too full,  
And after that, I *will* confess, I sorted out my wool.  
Those children that you told me of, that scorned their  
mother's rule

I've packed off every one of them to the Diocesan school,  
I've sent the broth to widow Browns, I've made a Dorcas cap  
And I've mixed the stuff, the Doctor sent, into my baby's pap.  
I've practised that Concerto thing you thought so very fine  
I've written all the notes to ask our friends to come & dine  
I've filled my vases with fresh flowers, I've scolded all the  
maids

And after that, I will confess, I sorted out my shades—  
I've read that paper setting forth that sweet confiding trust  
Husbands should cherish for their wives, & think it very just.  
I've settled all my weekly bills, & balanced my account  
With a little lot of German wool to make up the amount.  
Ah! now at last, my rhetoric convinces you, I know  
That pleasant smile, & "yes my love" it does become you so—  
Besides, to tell the truth; all the worsted work I do—  
My bags, my cushions, & my mats, are all in compliment  
*to you.*

I made a set of night shirts once, & did not you declare  
That the rending of the calico was more than you could bear?  
I knit some lamb's wool stockings, & you kicked up such a  
rout

And asked how soon my ladyship was going to have the gout  
So now my dear, entirely to please you, I declare  
I've worked this splendid arabesque upon my vesper chair,  
Tho hearth rugs, & an ottoman, seven chairs, & after that  
I hope to do some groups of flowers & a handsome carriage  
mat.





Enough of banter—yet believe one word before we part  
The rest perchance was fable, but this is from the heart  
The loving wife, right cheerfully, obeys her husband still  
And even lays aside her frame, if it be his lordly will.

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*The Last Page from Nan's Album*

Fair page! the eye that  
    looks on thee  
Ere long shall mingle in the dust,  
And wake no more, until  
    it see  
The resurrection of the Just  
May he to whom that eye belongs  
Join their assembly & their songs.  
Whose is that eye? Just now t'is mine  
But reader! When thou looks't  
    t'is thine.







THE FONTAINES, FRENCH HUGUENOTS



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The ancestors of James Maury, who married Margaret Rutson in 1796, were descended from an ancient noble family in France, an account of whom will be found in *The Memoirs of a Huguenot Family, being the Autobiography of the Rev. James Fontaine 1658-1722*, published by Ann Maury, New York, 1853. In exile in England they became famous clock makers.

"The connection of the Fontaines (the prefix 'de la' was dropped by later generations) with the Maurys begins with the marriage, in 1716, of Matthew Maury to Mary Anne Fontaine. Their grandson, James Maury (1746-1840) was the first United States Consul in Liverpool, and held that office for forty years. He married Margaret Rutson, the sister of William Calton Rutson. (See Rutson pedigree.) His daughter, Ann Maury . . . kept up an intimacy with the James family until she, herself, died in 1876."

Glenshee

SIR H. EVAN M. JAMES.

Cambridge Park

Twickenham, England,

20 August, 1917.

\* \* \*

Amerigo, Ammerigo, Merigo . . . Amerigo is an Italianized form of an old German word, which in mediæval French became Amaury which means "the Steadfast." Note, foot of page 24, Volume 26, *The Discovery of America* by John Fiske, late Professor of History, Harvard University, from memorandum among the papers of my father, C. W. Maury.

Because of the confusion to the reader's mind created by the constant repetition of family names, some biographical notes seemed advisable. The ramifications of the Maury family are so extensive that it has been impossible to include here every branch of the family; nor has there been time to do the tremendous research necessary to bring the notes down to the present generation. With the possible view in mind of bringing up to date the *Maury Family Chart*, as originally begun by Miss Ann Maury, the author will be glad to have any Maury, Fontaine, Walker, or other genealogical data the reader may wish to supply. An alternate plan would be to add your own family





record at the back of the book, pages for which have been supplied. The author does not claim this to be a perfect record, but has made the best use she could of the material available.

ARMISTEAD, CATHERINE, first wife of Consul James Maury. Eldest daughter of Robert Armistead, Virginia, born 31 December 1755, married 15 June, 1782, died in Liverpool, 22 May, 1794, without issue. Buried in St. George's Churchyard, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

BOURSIQUOT, ANNE ELIZABETH, (No. 3 in Fontaine picture, upper right hand corner.) Wife of Rev. James Fontaine (No. 1, upper left hand picture). Died in Dublin.

FONTAINE, JAMES, (No. 1 in Fontaine picture, upper left hand picture), son of James (No. 2, top middle), born 7 April, 1658 at Jenouille. Owned Jenouille and Jaffe. Escaped from France in 1685, married at Barnstable, England, 8 February 1686, Anne Elizabeth Boursiquot. Alive June, 1722. Died in Dublin? Ancestor of Fontaine and Maury families in Virginia. He was also called "Jacques."

Children: JAMES, AARON, MARY ANNE (married Matthew Maury), PETER, JOHN, MOSES, ELIZABETH, and FRANCIS.

FONTAINE, JAMES DE LA, Pastor of Vaux and Royan. Left out "de la" from motives of humility. Died of apoplexy after gardening, 1666. Son of Jacque de la Fontaine, born 1549, who escaped to Rochelle, becoming a shoe maker; married Marie daughter of Chaillon, Paris, born in 1615, married 1641. They bought Jenouille and Jaffe. Died in 1678, leaving five children. Henry IV, at Rochelle, called him, "The handsomest man in my kingdom!" (No. 2 in Fontaine picture, top middle.)

Children: SUSAN, PETER, MARY ANNE, and JAMES.

FONTAINE, JOHN, 2nd son, 3rd child of Rev. James Fontaine and Anne Elizabeth Boursiquot, born Taunton, England, 1693. With his brother, Moses, in exile in England, became famous clock makers. Clocks they made, owned by the James family in England, still in use in 1913. Made watches and clocks in London. Became officer in Army, Ireland. Landed in Virginia in 1714. See Journal in *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family*; expedition of Governor Spotswood. Crossed the mountains with him upon the famous Golden Horseshoe Expedi-





tion. A tablet commemorating this is situated at what is now one of the entrances to the Skyline Drive in Virginia. (See No. 4, middle Fontaine picture, left side.)

FONTAINE, LAMAR, son of Rev. Edward Fontaine and — Maury, born 10 October, 1829 in Washington County, now Texas, died 1922 at Lyons, Mississippi, aged 94. See, *My Life and My Lectures*, Lamar Fontaine, New York, 1908.

FONTAINE, MARY ANNE, 1st child of Rev. James Maury and Anne Elizabeth Boursiquot, born 12 April, 1690 at Taunton, married in Dublin, 1716; emigrated to Virginia in 1718. Married Matthew Maury of Castle Maury, Gascony, who died in Virginia in 1752. One child, Rev. James Maury, ordained in London 1742, became rector Fredericksville Parish, Virginia, married Mary Walker; had eight sons and five daughters. (No. 9, lower right hand corner in Fontaine picture.)

FONTAINE, MOSES, 3rd son of Rev. James Fontaine and Anne Elizabeth Boursiquot, born at Taunton, England, 1694. Began with his brother, John, to make clocks in 1719. They retired before 1753 to Cwm Castle, Wales. Worked at "The Dial", in Middle Moorefields. B. A. in Law in London. Later became an engraver, as evidenced by this "Self Portrait." (See No. 5, center Fontaine picture.) (Another picture, No. 8, center bottom. Note Moses' clockmakers' instruments.) No children.

#### FONTAINE FAMILY. FRENCH HUGUENOTS.

Picture of original pencil drawings, T. Worlidge, dated 1735 and 1736. Original drawings were in the possession of the Misses Fontaine of Bexley, England. Entitled "Portraits of Famous Personages of France." Reading from left to right: (1) James Fontaine, (2) James de la Fontaine, (3) Anne Elizabeth Boursiquot, (4) John Fontaine, (5) Moses Fontaine, (6) Elizabeth Torin, (7) Daniel Torin, (8) Moses Fontaine, (9) Mary Anne Fontaine.

HERNDON, ANNE HULL, daughter of Dabney and Elizabeth Herndon, married Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas" in 1834. Children, see M. F. Maury. Her father was for many years President of the Virginia Bank, Fredericksburg. Her mother was the sister of a singularly meritorious brotherhood. Capt. William Lewis Herndon,



the explorer of the Amazon River, heroically went down with the ill-fated steamer *Central America*, of which he was Commander, 12 September 1857, in the Gulf Stream; Dr. Dabney Herndon died a martyr to duty in the yellow fever visitation of Mobile, Ala. Dr. John Minor Herndon, Judge of the Hustings Court, Fredericksburg, and Secretary of the Commonwealth, 1865-67, died 19 September, 1871. Charles Herndon, a lawyer, of ability, member of the Virginia Senate, died in Fredericksburg 1883. Dr. Brodie Strachan Herndon was a beloved physician of Savannah, Ga. A nephew died at the post of duty at Fernandina, Fla. of yellow fever 1877. William Herndon, believed to be the ancestor of this family, patented large tracts of land in St. Stephen's Parish, New Kent County, Va. in 1673 or 1674. William Lewis Herndon, son of Dabney and Elizabeth (Hull) Herndon married Frances Elizabeth Hansbrough, born 25 October, 1813, Fredericksburg, Va., died 12 September, 1857. A naval officer, a destroyer is named for him. Has a monument at the U. S. Naval Academy. His daughter Ellen Lewis married Chester A. Arthur.

HUGHES, SARAH MYTTON, 2nd wife of William Maury, son of Consul James Maury. Eldest daughter of William Hughes of Liverpool, born 2 November 1801, married 20 May 1828, died 20 September 1849 at Windsor, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. Mother of eleven children, named under William Maury.

Author: *Statesmen of America in 1846*, London: 1847.

*An Englishwoman in America*, London: 1848.

MAURY, ABRAHAM (2), born 1731, son of Matthew Maury of Gascony and Mary Anne Fontaine, married Susanna Poindexter.

Children: MATTHEW, ELIZABETH (married William Dowsing, daughter Elizabeth married Alexander Thomson, went to Texas 1831).

SUSAN, ABRAHAM, MARY, PHILIP, MARTHA.

See *Documents relating to the Huguenot Emigration to Virginia*.

MAURY, ABRAHAM, son of Rev. James Maury and Mary Walker, 9th child, born 28 April 1758, died 23 March 1833, married Mildred Thornton. (For issue see *James of Barrock*.)

MAURY, ANN, sister of Consul James Maury, born 16 November 1748, died 8 January 1816. Unmarried.





MAURY, ANN (2), only daughter of Consul James Maury and Margaret (Rutson). Born in Liverpool 28 September, 1803, died in New York 19 January, 1876. Unmarried.

MAURY, ANNE FONTAINE, 2nd daughter of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 20 October 1832, married 3 April 1856, in New York, Lieut. William Lewis Maury, died in New York 1890.

MAURY, "A. P.", believed to be Abraham Poindexter Maury. Born 1766, he was the son of Abraham Maury, born 1731 (brother of Rev. James Maury), and Susanna Poindexter. "A. P." was their fourth child. He married M. Worsham. Their children were: ELIZABETH, MATTHEW FONTAINE, DANIEL WORSHAM, ABRAM, JAMES PHILLIP, WILLIAM HENRY, MARTHA and ZEBULON. This last named Abram married Mary Claiborne. They had nine children, the sixth was Abram Poindexter. "A. P." Maury was a member of the House of Representatives in Washington in 1836. He was 70 years old at the time. Data from *Maury Family Chart* compiled by Ann Maury in 1853. For descendants of this branch of the family, see: *Documents Relating to the Huguenot Emigration to Virginia*. See *From Larochelle to Louisville*, Mary Lytle Byers, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, 4 February 1900.

MAURY, CHARLES WALKER, 2nd son of Lieut. William Lewis Maury and Anne Fontaine Maury, born Washington, D. C. Navy Yard, 23 November, 1858, married 6 June, 1898 Emily Louise Flanders of Boston, (died 7 May, 1928). Died 24 October, 1935.

VIRGINIA WALKER MAURY, born 7 June, 1903.

Children: ANNE FONTAINE MAURY (2), born 3 November, 1901, married Lieut. Comdr. Robert Henry Maury, U. S. N.

Children: CHARLES WALKER MAURY (2), born 31 August, 1930.

ANNE FONTAINE MAURY (3), born 6 February, 1933.

MAURY, CHARLES WILLIAM, 8th child of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 8 December 1837, died at sea, 1857.

MAURY, DABNEY HERNDON, Major General Confederate States of America, 2nd son of John Minor Maury, United States Navy, and Eliza Maury Maury, born 21 May 1822 at Fredericksburg, died 11 January 1900, married Ann Roy Mason, University of Virginia 1842; graduated





West Point 1846, served in the Mexican War; severely wounded at Cerro Gordo, 1847; Captain United States Army, and Assistant Professor West Point 1847-50; 1861 resigned from the United States Army, entered the Confederate States Army, attained rank of Major-General. Died 1 January, 1900. Author: *Skirmish Drill for Mounted Troops*; *A Young Peoples' History of Virginia and Virginians*; *Recollections of a Virginian*. Son, DABNEY HERNDON MAURY (2), and grandson, DABNEY HERNDON MAURY (3), served in the World War.

MAURY, DIANA FONTAINE, 2nd daughter of Commodore M. F. Maury and Anne Hull Herndon, born in Fredericksburg, Va. 25 June, 1837, married 1858 Spotswood Wellford Corbin of Farley Vale, Va.

Children: ANN HERNDON MAURY CORBIN, born 27 July, 1864, married Thomas Marshall of Virginia, daughter Nannie Corbin Marshall.

JOHN MAURY CORBIN, born in London 16 November, 1867, died in Fredericksburg 1873.

MATTHEW MAURY CORBIN, born 16 November, 1873, married Mary Anderson Rinehart; children: S. Wellford Maury Corbin, James McHenry Corbin. Mrs. Corbin was the author in 1888, *A Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury, U. S. N., and C. S. N.*, London. Sampson Low, Marston, Smith and Livingston. She died in Richmond in 1900.

MAURY, ELIZABETH HERNDON, "Betsy", eldest child of Matthew Fontaine Maury, Commodore United States Navy, and Anne Hull Herndon, born 24 June 1835, married 1857 in Washington, D. C., William A. Maury, LL.D. Died 1903.

MAURY, FONTAINE, brother of Consul James, born 3 February 1761, died January 1824, married Elizabeth Brooke.

MAURY, HARRIET VAN NESS, eldest daughter of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 3 July 1830, married 29 November 1852, died 13 May 1913. Married Francis Maury Ludlow, born 1 July 1828, died 7 February 1903.

Children: WILLIAM MAURY LUDLOW, born 1853, died 1854;

FRANCIS MAURY LUDLOW, born 9 February 1855, married Ida May Franklin, born 3 July 1854;



MARGARET RUTSON LUDLOW, born 7 March 1857;

NOAH MINOR LUDLOW, born 1857, died 4 October 1884;

MARY LUDLOW, born 2 March 1861, married 1884 Lewis Dudley, born 1847;

ANNE MAURY LUDLOW, born 17 February 1863, married 1888 Daniel Draper, Ph. D., born 1841, died 30 December 1910;

RUTSON MAURY LUDLOW, born August 1865;

HARRIET MATHILDA LUDLOW, born 31 October 1867, married 9 June 1892 David Stout, born 16 January 1863;

JOSEPHINE BERKELEY LUDLOW, born 15 January 1870;

SARAH MYTTON LUDLOW, born May 1872, died September 1894;

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE LUDLOW, born 1874, died 1875.

MAURY, ISABEL, "Bel", daughter of Robert Henry Maury and Sarah Ann Worsham, born 16 January, 1842, died 2 July, 1934. As a young girl lived in Richmond during the four years of the Civil War. For over twenty years was House Regent at the Confederate Museum where she met all the distinguished visitors. Henry James declared her one of the most worth-while experiences of his visit to Richmond. She was a half sister of Anne Hoopes Maury (Mrs. Poitiaux Robinson) and made her home with her for many years. Later she lived with Mrs. Robinson's daughter, Mrs. Francis Whittle Upshur in Mrs. Robinson's former home, where she died.

MAURY, REV. JAMES, born 8 April 1717; ordained in London 1742; Rector of Fredericksville Parish (first Belvoir, then Walker's, later Grace, in Albemarle County, Virginia), married 11 November 1743 Mary Walker, died 9 June 1769.

Father: Matthew Maury, of Castle Mauron, Gascony; emigrated to Virginia in 1718, died there in 1752.

Mother: Mary Anne Fontaine, born May 1690 at Taunton, England, married in Dublin 20 October 1716, died 30 December 1755, in Virginia.





Married: 1. Mary Walker, daughter of James Walker, physician in King and Queen County. 2. Ann Hill, born 22 November 1724, died 20 March 1798.

Children: MATTHEW MAURY, born 10 September 1744, married 1773 Elizabeth Walker (born 1 August 1753), died 6 May 1808;

JAMES MAURY, born 3 February 1746, married 1st Catherine Armistead, 2nd Margaret Rutson, died 23 February 1840;

LEONARD HILL MAURY, died in infancy;

ANN MAURY, born 16 November 1748, died unmarried 8 January 1816;

MARY MAURY, born 17 September 1750, married Thomas Strachan, died 5 April 1822;

REV. WALKER MAURY, born 21 July 1752, married Mary Stith Grymes (born 1758, died 1839), died 11 October 1788;

CATHERINE MAURY, born 15 July 1754, died 26 July 1786;

ELIZABETH MAURY, born 1 April 1756, married 1st T. Lewis, 2nd Edward Herndon, died September 1834;

ABRAHAM (ABRAM) MAURY, born 28 April 1758, married Mildred Thornton, died 23 March 1833;

FONTAINE MAURY, born 3 February 1761, married Elizabeth Brooke, died January 1824;

BENJAMIN MAURY, born 16 January 1763, married E. Grant, died about 25 February 1814;

RICHARD MAURY, born 19 May 1766, married Diana Minor of Topping Castle of Caroline County, Va., died January 1843;

MATILDA HILL MAURY, born 28 October 1769, married — Eggleston, died 7 November 1821. Eight sons and five daughters, many of whom died in infancy or are unknown.

Rev. James Maury was conspicuous as a suitor in the case under the Two Penny Act in which Patrick Henry figured so prominently. He was educated at William and Mary College.





MAURY, JAMES (2) (Consul), born 3 February 1746 in Virginia. For forty years United States Consul at Liverpool, 1790-1829. Died 23 February 1840; buried in New York. Married 1. Catherine Armistead, 2. Margaret Rutson.

Children: JAMES SIFREIN MAURY, born 15 August 1797, died unmarried 9 April 1864;

WILLIAM MAURY, born 5 February 1799, died 15 October 1849;

MATTHEW MAURY, born 29 September 1800, died 18 September 1877, married Elizabeth, daughter of Joshua Gilpin;

ANN MAURY, born 28 September 1803, died 19 January 1876, unmarried;

RUTSON MAURY, born 26 April 1805, died 5 May 1882, unmarried.

MAURY, JAMES (3), eldest son of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 10 February 1829, married in New Orleans, Louisa Rowan, died 3 August 1872.

Children: JAMES MAURY (4), died in Liverpool, unmarried;

SARAH MYTTON MAURY, unmarried;

LOUISA MARY MAURY, unmarried;

JOHN THEODORE MAURY, unmarried.

MAURY, JAMES SIFREIN (1), son of Consul James Maury and Margaret Rutson Maury, born 15 August 1797 at Liverpool, died unmarried 9 April 1864 at Baltimore.

MAURY, JESSE LEWIS, "J. L." Quoting his son, Price Maury: "J. L. Maury was the only son of Reuben Maury and Betsy Lewis, the son of James Maury, a Huguenot. J. L. Maury died in his 94th year. There were seven children who lived to maturity (see Reuben Maury). . . . My father would not vote to leave the Union, but when the State eventually did secede he stood bravely by the decision of his State . . ." and of his mother he says: . . . "She and two brave noble women, Mrs. Leterman and Miss Mollie Johnson were the nurses and managers of the Delivan Hospital in Charlottesville, under the guidance of two of Virginia's greatest sons, Drs. Cabell and John Staige Davis."



MAURY, JOHN HERNDON, 2nd son of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury and Anne Hull Herndon, born 21 October 1842 at Fredericksburg, Virginia. James of Barrock: "Lieut. and Aide to General Dabney Herndon Maury, Army of the West, C. S. A. . . . He was captured in December, 1862, at Holly Springs, Miss. and exchanged. He was captured again on 27th January, 1863, while on a reconnaissance alone near Vicksburg, Miss. by a party of the enemy in ambush. He was taken across the Mississippi River and shot to death by his captors. Six balls passed through his body, and he lies in an unknown grave."

MAURY, JOHN MINOR, eldest brother of Commodore M. F. Maury, entered the U. S. Naval Academy as midshipman at the age of thirteen in 1809. Just before the last war between the United States and England he procured a furlough, sailed as officer on a merchant ship chartered by Capt. William Lewis, U. S. N. on a trading voyage to China, Maury and six men were left on one of the Marquesa Islands to procure sandal wood. War with England broke out, Maury and his men were left for two years on the island, where they lived in cocoanut trees. They were rescued by the U. S. frigate *Essex*, Capt. David Porter commanding. Maury served under McDonough on Lake Champlain. On returning from the victory over the British, Maury married his first cousin, Eliza, daughter of his uncle Fontaine Maury of Fredericksburg, Virginia. They had two sons, William Lewis who died young, and Dabney Herndon Maury (see notes). After courageous conduct in routing pirates in the West Indies Maury died of yellow fever in 1824, was buried at sea.

MAURY, LUCY MINOR, 8th child of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury and Anne Hull Herndon, born 8 May 1851 in Washington, D. C. Married 28 June 1877 Meverill Locke Van Doren of Albemarle County, Virginia.

Children: MATTHEW MAURY VAN DOREN, born 17 April 1878, married 1908 Margaret Howard, no issue;

JACOB VAN DOREN, born 8 April 1881, married 1908 Preston Ellzey, (daughter Mary Maury Van Doren);

MEVERILL BRYARLY VAN DOREN, born 31 March 1884, married 1913 Betty H. Johnson.





MAURY, MARY HERNDON, 5th child of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury and Anne Hull Herndon, born in Washington, D. C. 13 November 1844, married 10 May 1877 James R. Werth of Richmond, Virginia, died in 1928.

Children: ELIE MAURY WERTH, married Littleton Fitzgerald;

AMY MCRAE WERTH, married N. Montgomery Osborne;

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY WERTH;

JAMES ROBERT WERTH, married Pauline Bogardus.

MAURY, REV. MATTHEW, eldest son of Rev. James Maury and Mary Walker, born 10 September 1744, died 6 May 1808. Succeeded father as rector of Walker's Church and in teaching school. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Thomas Walker of *Castle Hill*.

Children: MATTHEW MAURY (2);

THOMAS WALKER MAURY, married Elizabeth Clarkson, granddaughter of Jesse Lewis;

FRANCIS MAURY;

MARY ANN MAURY, married William Michie;

MILDRED MAURY, married Henry Fry, Jr.;

REUBEN MAURY, married Betsy Lewis;

ELIZABETH MAURY;

CATHERINE MAURY, married Francis Lightfoot;

JOHN MAURY.

First Episcopal clergyman licensed, in 1785, to perform marriages in Albemarle County.

MAURY, MATTHEW (3), 3rd son of Consul James and Margaret Rutson Maury, born 29 September 1800 at Liverpool, died 18 September 1877 at New York. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Joshua Gilpin (descendant of Sir Richard de Guylpyn of Kentmore Hall, Westmoreland), 9 January 1841.

Children: MARY HENRIETTA MAURY, born 14 January 1843 in New York, died unmarried, at Morristown, New Jersey, 7 January 1904;





JAMES FONTAINE MAURY, born 12 January, 1845 in New York, married Kate Carroll Brown, died at Morristown 12 May 1929.

MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE, LL.D., U. S. N., C. S. N. "Commodore", son of Richard Maury and Diana Minor of Caroline County, Virginia. This grandson of Rev. James Maury was born 14 January 1806 in Virginia, married in 1834 Anne Hull Herndon. For biography and work in connection with the U. S. Naval Academy, and the U. S. Naval Observatory, see; *Physical Geography of the Sea*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Vol. XVII, eleventh edition, *Dictionary of American Biography*.

A new biography is now being written by George Dangerfield and will be published by Doubleday, Doran.

Children: ELIZABETH HERNDON MAURY, born 24 June 1835, married 1857 William A. Maury, LL.D., died in 1903;

DIANA FONTAINE MAURY, born 25 June 1837, married 1858 Spotswood Wellford Corbin, died 1900;

RICHARD LANCELOT MAURY, born 9 October 1840, married 1862 Susan Gatewood Crutchfield;

JOHN HERNDON MAURY, born 21 October 1842, died unmarried 1863;

MARY HERNDON MAURY, born 13 November 1844, married 1877 James R. Werth, died 17 November 1928;

ELIZA HULL MAURY, born 5 December 1846, married 1878 Thomas Withers of Virginia;

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, born 9 January 1849, married 1877 Rose Robinson of Cincinnati, died 1886;

LUCY MINOR MAURY, born 9 May 1851, married 1877 Meverill Locke Van Doren of Albemarle County, Virginia.

MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE (2), 4th son of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 31 March 1835, married in Virginia, died in Virginia. Married Nannie Jessie Maury (otherwise Lydia Ann Maury), born 1 June 1845, married 1872, died 22 February 1895.

Children: LUCY CHAMPE MAURY, born 10 February 1873, married 14 July 1892 Gordon Granger, born 22 October, 1868;

HENRY LOWNDES MAURY, married Miss Nannie Perkins;



ELIZABETH FONTAINE MAURY, married (1) Mr. Haines, (2) Mr. Coombs.

MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE (3), son of Matthew Fontaine Maury, Commodore United States Navy, and Anne Hall Herndon. Born 9 January 1849 in Washington, D. C., married in 1877, Rose Robinson of Cincinnati, Ohio, died in 1886.

Children: MADELINE LARUE MAURY, born 4 August 1881, married 1912 Frank Wright;

HERNDON JANSEN MAURY, born December 1883, married 1911 Claire Chadwick of Olympia, Washington. Their son, MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, born 1912;

MARGARET CAREL MAURY, born 1885, married 1910 Robert Alter of Cincinnati, Ohio, no issue.

MAURY, REV. MYTTON, 9th child of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 18 January 1839, married 22 May 1865 Virginia Draper, died 1927.

Children: DR. ANTONIO MAURY, unmarried, lives at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York;

DR. CARLOTTA MAURY, died unmarried in 1938;

JOHN W. DRAPER MAURY, married Hortense Pray, died —.

MAURY, REUBEN, of *Piedmont*, son of Rev. Matthew Maury and Mary Walker (daughter of Jesse Lewis), grandson of Rev. James Maury, married Betsy Lewis. Only son was JESSE LEWIS MAURY who married Lucy, a daughter of Stephen Price and Lydia Harper; seven children, including PRICE MAURY, JANE MAVERICK, and ELLEN SLAYDEN. Grandchildren: REUBEN MAURY (2), eldest son, of *Piedmont*, Charlottesville, Virginia, married Mrs. Joey Huston of Georgia. PRICE MAURY married Elizabeth Breckenridge Stribling of Texas. MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY was married twice, 1. to Eliza Maury of Kentucky, 2. to Florence Pagden of England. NANNIE JESSIE MAURY married Fontaine Maury of England. ELIZABETH LEWIS MAURY married Dr. Richard Lemmon, of Campbell County, JANE MAURY married Albert Maverick of Texas, and ELLEN MAURY married James L. Slayden of Texas. Price Maury, "There are 75 descendants of J. L. Maury and his wife scattered over North and South America, all blessed with a great heritage, the knowledge of a Grandfather and Grandmother





who had lived, in the fear and love of God, lives that made men love them." Reuben Maury died in 1869.

MAURY, RICHARD, 12th child of Rev. James Maury and Mary Walker, born 19 May 1766, died January 1843, married Diana Minor of Topping Castle, Caroline County, Virginia, daughter of Major John Minor. They had ten children:

MARY MAURY, married N. N. Ludlow;

JOHN MINOR MAURY, married Eliza Maury, daughter of Fontaine Maury of Fredericksburg;

MATILDA MAURY, married R. Guthrie;

WALKER MAURY, married Isabel Foyles;

ELIZABETH MAURY, married K. S. Holland;

RICHARD LANCELOT MAURY, married Susan Gatewood Crutchfield;

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, the Oceanographer, married Anne Hull Herndon;

CHARLES MAURY, married Sallie Fontaine;

CATHERINE MAURY.

MAURY, RICHARD HAYWARD, artist of drawing of Packet Ship *Caledonia*, son of Arthur Gordon Maury and Martha Aletta Maury, born 2 August 1910 at St. Davids, Bermuda. Left Darien, Connecticut at the age of seventeen and sailed before the mast on the square rigger, *Tusitala*. In 1933, left in *Cimba* for trip around the world; reached Suva, Fiji, was wrecked on a coral reef. Author of *Saga of Cimba*, New York, 1938.

MAURY, RICHARD LANCELOT, "Dick", eldest son of Matthew Fontaine Maury and Anne Hull Herndon Maury, born 9 October 1840, in Fredericksburg, Virginia, married Susan Gatewood Crutchfield; Colonel of the 24th Virginia Regiment, Confederate States Army. He married — 1862, while he was recovering from one of four wounds received at the battle of Seven Pines, Virginia; his bride coming to the wedding through the enemy's lines at Fredericksburg to Charlottesville. He was severely wounded through the body at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, James River, Virginia, and surrendered on his crutches at Appomattox Court House, Virginia in 1865. He dropped dead in his library on 14 October 1907. His eldest son, Matthew Fontaine





Maury, was born at Green Branch, on the battlefields of Spottsylvania County, Virginia in July, 1863.

Children: MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, married Sophia Bruce of Baltimore;

RICHARD LANCELOT MAURY, born 16 January 1868 at Javala Gold Mines, Nicaragua, died in infancy;

ANN HERNDON MAURY, born at Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, 13 December 1872.

MAURY, RUTSON, 4th son of Consul James Maury and Margaret Rutson, born 26 April 1805 at Liverpool, died 5 May 1882 in New York, unmarried.

MAURY, RUTSON (2), 3rd son of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 9 April 1834, married Elizabeth Vaughan, died 26 February 1881 in Liverpool.

Daughter: ELIZABETH RUTSON MAURY, lived in England.

MAURY, "R. W.", believed to be Robert Walker Maury, brother of Anne Hoomes Maury (Mrs. Poitieux Robinson).

MAURY, SARAH FANNY, 7th child of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 15 October 1836, married in New York 20 June 1867, Joseph Dunning Weed of Savannah, Georgia, born 15 March 1839, died 1906.

Children: GERTRUDE WEED, born 24 January 1869, married Robert Billington;

WILLIAM MAURY WEED, born 12 May 1870, married Julia Kaufman, died 24 June 1932;

HENRY DAVIS WEED, born 26 January 1872, married Virginia Haines;

JOSEPHINE DUNNING WEED, born 2 August 1877, married John Morris, died 7 October 1926.

MAURY, THOMAS WALKER, "Tom", 2nd son of Rev. Matthew Maury, clergyman of the Fredericksville Parish, Walker Church, and Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Thomas Walker of *Castle Hill*. Albemarle County, Virginia. Member of the Albemarle bar, was appointed magistrate in 1816. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Julius Clarkson, and granddaughter of Jesse Lewis. Taught school in Charlottesville, and later at his own place, *Midmont*, near the University of Virginia. *Midmont*,



formerly owned by the Lewises and the Maurys, is now the home of Mr. Bernard Peyton Chamberlain. In his account of *Midmont* and *Piedmont*, Mr. Chamberlain says, "Thomas Walker Maury was a friend of Thomas Jefferson, and a trunk full of his letters from Thomas Jefferson was destroyed by the Union Army when a detachment sacked *Piedmont*." He died in 1842.

MAURY, TOBIN, 11th child of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 9 October 1841, died unmarried at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MAURY, WALKER, 10th child of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 16 February 1840, married Hester H. Wheeler 12 July 1883, died 24 July 1908, in Virginia.

Children: CHARLES CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL MAURY, born 13 July 1886;

WALKER RUTSON MAURY, born 15 December 1888;

SARAH FONTAINE MAURY, born 16 February 1892;

GORDON VAN NESS MAURY, born 19 May 18—.

MAURY, WILLIAM, 2nd son of Consul James Maury and Margaret Rutson Maury, born 5 February 1799 at Liverpool, died 15 October 1849 at Windsor, Virginia. Married 1. Harriet Van Ness, 2. Sarah Mytton Hughes.

Children: JAMES MAURY, married Louisa Rowan;

HARRIET VAN NESS MAURY, married Frank Minor Ludlow;

WILLIAM MAURY, married Cornelia Field;

ANNE FONTAINE MAURY, married Lieut. William Lewis Maury;

RUTSON MAURY, married Elizabeth Vaughan;

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY (2), married Nannie Jesse Maury;

SARAH FANNY MAURY, married Joseph Dunning Weed;

CHARLES WILLIAM MAURY;

MYTTON MAURY, married Virginia Draper;

WALKER MAURY, married Hester H. Wheeler;

TOBIN MAURY.





MAURY, WILLIAM (2), 2nd son of William and Sarah Mytton Maury, born 3 August 1831, married 8 January 1865 Cornelia Ludlow Field, died December 1912.

Children: CORNELIA FIELD MAURY, born 1866, died unmarried;

WILLIAM FIELD MAURY, born 24 September 1868, died 1873;

LUDLOW MAURY, born 24 September 1868, married 17 October 1896, Sarah Hill Guthrie, born 9 December 1872;

KATHERINE LOWNDES MAURY, born 20 May 1870, married 17 October 1896 Gustavus Tuckerman, born 5 June 1856;

MARY RUTSON MAURY, born 22 January 1873, married 16 September 1896, William Noah Ludlow, born 18 May 1869.

MAURY, WILLIAM A., LL.D., served as an assistant in the Judge Advocate General's Office of the Confederacy. Was Assistant Attorney General of the U. S. under several presidents, believed appointed by Arthur. Professor of Law at Columbia University, now George Washington University. Member of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission. Born 28 or 29 July 1832, died 15 July 1918. Married Elizabeth Herndon Maury, "Sister Betsy", daughter of Matthew Fontaine Maury, the Oceanographer, and Anne Hull Herndon.

Children: NANNIE BELLE MAURY, born 27 January 1858, died unmarried 1939;

ALICE MAURY, born 7 June 1863, married James Parmelee of Ohio, died October 7, 1940, no issue.

MAURY, WILLIAM GRYMES, born 1784, married 1808 Anne Hoomes Woolfolk, died 1860. Mother Mary Stith Grymes born 1758, married 17 March 1776 Rev. Walker Maury (born 1752, died 1788), died 1839. Her grave is in the Valley of Virginia in an old Hite burying ground. Rev. Walker Maury nursed his parishioners in a Norfolk yellow fever scourage of 1788, and is buried at St. Paul's, Norfolk, Virginia. His grandfather Ludwell Grymes, born 1733, married Mary Dawson. Great grandfather Major John Grymes, born 1693, married Lucy Ludwell (born 1698, died 1748). His father was Rev. Charles Grymes. William and Anne's children:





FINELLA MAURY, born 11 April 1815, married 12 December 1839 James Thomson White (see White);

WILLIAM LEWIS MAURY, born 1813, married Anne Fontaine Maury, died 1878.

See, *Documents relating to the Huguenot Emigration to Virginia*. W. L. Maury, of Texas, in 1923, traced out parallel genealogies of Gen'l. George Washington, Gen'l. Robert E. Lee and William Grymes Maury from their common ancestor, Col. Augustin Warner, of Warner Hall, Gloucester, Virginia.

MAURY, WILLIAM LEWIS, Lieut. U. S. N., C. S. N. Son of William Grymes Maury and Ann Hoomes Woolfolk, born 13 October 1813, married 1st, 13 September 1842, Mary Hill Beckham.

Children: JANE ELIZABETH MAURY, born 5 August 1843, married  
—— Richmond;

MARY LEWIS MAURY, born 1 January 1848, married Wyndham Kemp (children, Maury Kemp, Anne Kemp White, Mrs. Hugh S. White);

WILLIAM BECKHAM MAURY, born 7 March 1850, died 16 September 1850.

2nd, Anne Fontaine Maury, married 3 April 1856, 4th child of William and Sarah Mytton Maury.

Children: WILLIAM LEWIS MAURY, born 12 May 1857, died unmarried 5 February 1897;

CHARLES WALKER MAURY, born 23 November 1858, married Emily Louise Flanders, died 24 October 1935;

HARRIET WOOLFOLK MAURY, born October 1860, died 7 November 1861;

LEONARD TURNER MAURY, born 1 January 1863, lawyer, died unmarried September 1904;

RUTSON MAURY, M. D., born 15 August 1865, died unmarried 5 May 1892;

HENRY TOBIN MAURY, born 30 August 1867, married Cornelia Redmond of New York, served in Spanish-American War, died 26 April 1926.



Lieut. Maury resigned 13th May, 1861, as Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy to become a Commander in the C. S. N. under Jefferson Davis in 1863. Classmates in the U. S. N. 1829 were: I. I. Almy, O. H. Berryman, David D. Porter, James H. Strong, all of whom died Rear Admirals; Richard Bache, Stephen Decatur, Oliver H. Perry.

RANDOLPH, COL. WILLIAM, born 1651, died 1711. Randolph connection with the Maurys; Col. William Randolph married Mary Isham, their daughter Mary Randolph, born 1692, married Capt. John Stith, their daughter Mary Randolph Stith married Rev. William Dawson, President of William and Mary College. Their daughter Mary Dawson married Ludwell Grymes, born 1733, daughter Mary Stith Grymes married the Rev. Walker Maury. For issue, see *Documents relating to the Huguenot Emigration to Virginia*.

William Lewis Maury, of Houston, Texas, 14 June 1924, drew up a chart showing Parallel Genealogies of Mrs. A. G. Taliaferro, Mrs. John Burke, and Mrs. Lewis Hill (Mary E. Maury), tracing the Marshall line, the Jefferson line, and the Maury-Hill line, as they are descended from Col. William Randolph of Turkey Island.

RUTSON, ANN, daughter of William Rutson, Mayor of Kendall and Elizabeth Colton Rutson, born 6 July 1763, died 27 January 1798.

RUTSON, MARGARET, 2nd wife of Consul James Maury, born 15 June 1764, married 16 August 1796 at Haversham Church, died 27 January 1830, buried at St. James's, Liverpool. 5th child of William Rutson, Mayor of Kendall (1761-1793) and Elizabeth, daughter of George Colton of Ashbourne.

For full details of the Rutson family see *Extracts from the Pedigrees of James of Barrock*. Compiled by H. E. M. and W. A. James, Exeter. William Pollard and Company, Ltd., London. 1913.

TORIN, DANIEL, married Elizabeth Fontaine. They left no children. (Lower left hand Fontaine picture.)

TORIN, ELIZABETH (may also be spelled Torraine), 5th child of Rev. James Fontaine and Anne Elizabeth Boursiquot Fontaine, born at Taunton, 1701, married Daniel Torin, also a clock maker in Middle Moorefield, England. (No. 6, middle right hand side Fontaine picture.)

VAN NESS, HARRIET MARY, eldest daughter of Honorable William Peter Van Ness, member of Congress from New York 1778-1826,





brother of John P. Van Ness. Born 18 August 1803, married William Maury in 1824, died 26 March 1825. Father, United States Judge of Southern District of New York State.

WALKER, ELIZABETH, believed to be daughter of Thomas Walker, 4th (born 25 January 1715), and his 1st wife, Mrs. Mildred Meriwether, née Thornton, born 19 March 1721, died 6 November 1778. Walker family genealogy, as worked out by William Lewis Maury in 1921, cannot be included here. First of the family who came to this country was Capt. Thomas Walker who settled in Gloucester County, Virginia, and was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1662-1667. Thomas Walker 3rd married Susannah Peachy.

Children: MARY PEACHY, born 30 January 1710, married Dr. George Gilmer;

JOHN WALKER, born 29 April 1711, married Miss Baylor;  
Thomas Walker 4th married 1st, Mrs. Mildred Meriwether, née Thornton, 2nd, Mrs. Elizabeth Thornton, ne Gregory.

JAMES WALKER, physician in King and Queen County, Va., married Ann Hill, daughter of Leonard Hill, merchant near Bowlers on the Rappahannock River.

Children: LEONARD JAMES, died 1733;

MARY, born 22 November 1724, married Rev. James Maury 1743, died 20 March 1798.

WALKER, MARY, born 1724, died 1798. Married the Rev. James Maury, was daughter of James Walker, physician in King and Queen County, Virginia, who married Ann Hill, daughter of Leonard Hill, merchant of *Bowler's Hill* on the Rappahannock River. Had 13 children (named under Rev. James Maury), many are unknown, or died in infancy.

WHITE, JAMES THOMSON, born 30 December 1803, married 1st, Jane Beckham. Children: WALTER THOMSON, AARON CHAPMAN, FRANCES OLIVIA, JAMES MORRIS;

2nd. FINELLA MAURY, born 11 April 1815, married 12 December 1839, died 1 May 1886. Their children: WILLIAM GRYMES, MARY THOMSON, MAURY. JOHN LEWIS, and ANN MAURY. James White died 17 November 1887. Mr. White was a gentleman of no small





means prior to the War Between the States, highly esteemed in his community, Bowling Green, Virginia. In 1862 he bought *The Old Mansion*, Bowling Green, at one time Washington's Headquarters. He was selected by the U. S. Government and his fellow citizens to act as a sort of Judge during the period just after the Civil War; a great honor with great responsibility. *The Old Mansion* was built between 1667-1670 by John Hoomes, Sr.





Maury





## MAURY COAT-OF-ARMS

*"A man of spotless life and free from guile does not need the javelins of the Moor to defend himself."—HORACE.*

In 1867 Mary Herndon Maury, pursuing the quest of these arms, received a letter from her cousin, General Dabney H. Maury, in which he wrote: "I presume Cardinal Maury was the first of the name who ever had a coat-of-arms, but I do not know. . . The only motto I have ever heard of was on Cardinal Maury's seal and is from Horace, '*Non eget Mauri jaculis*'."

In 1877 Mary Herndon Maury received a letter on the same subject from James Fontaine Maury of New York, and again we find a certain indifference to the practice of adopting these distinctions of aristocracy: "I am going to write you a rambling letter to explain, if I may be so successful, the undoubted fact that the Maurys have no arms and we may and never can have any unless in some future year this country turns into a monarchy and the Maurys give up good honest work and turn into courtiers! Of course I mean gimcrack or heraldic arms; with natural arms they are well supplied and I am proud to say, not ashamed to use them in peace or war. . . My grandfather (James Maury, Consul to Liverpool) met Cardinal Maury in France, and they tried to work out a relationship, but though some connection was evident, the branches were too widely separated to be traced distinctly. He had his arms cut upon a metal seal and gave it to Grandfather and your impression was taken from it. But whether our branch of the Maurys have any right to that coat-of-arms, I know not, nor can I offer a single fact or hypothesis to prove that we have. My father says that Grandfather found some trace of a Maury coat-of-arms but could never find the full shield. It had besants on it showing that some member of the family had been to the Crusades, but all the rest was utterly lost. My grandfather, I am glad to say, was a strict republican of the purest stamp and he always said a citizen of the United States had no right to a coat-of-arms or any such distinction in a country where all men stood equal in rank and birth and lineage in the eyes of the law. He would never tolerate any display of such things as long as he lived, and I think the same spirit is in the blood yet and I hope it may long remain."





The next generation, however, viewed these "distinctions of aristocracy" differently and we learn from another family record that in 1824 Lieutenant John Maury, U. S. N., an older brother of Matthew Fontaine Maury, the Pathfinder of the Seas, owned a seal with the Maury Arms cut in a bloodstone which was mounted in dull gold and worn as a watch-fob. The seal was inherited by his son General Dabney H. Maury, U. S. A.-C. S. A., who gave it to his son Dabney H. Maury, Jr. On a return trip from South America, the young man reached the wharf on the Magdalena River, just as the steamer's gang plank had been drawn. With a strenuous leap he gained the deck but the violent effort broke the fastening of the seal and it fell into the river.

In 1931 he wrote me that this seal had been made from that given by Cardinal Maury to James Maury the Consul.

Wax impressions remained on old letters and a die was made. Silver, stationery and wedding invitations used by the Maurys carried the Cardinal's crest, and the present generation eagerly seeks to continue its use.

For as Gibbon in his autobiography wrote: "If we read of some illustrious line so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortunes, nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honors of its name."

The heraldic artist will readily interpret the blazonry.

ELIE MAURY FITZGERALD.



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## A WORD ABOUT THE END PAPERS

The end papers consist of one of the Matthew Fontaine Maury's Wind and Current Charts. These charts are on file at The Library of Congress. This is the best photograph obtainable of the minutely accurate chart. It was selected from among the hundreds of detailed charts of wind and ocean currents, compiled by Commodore Maury, while he served as the first Naval oceanographer. Because of his ability to map out the charts he has earned the title "Pathfinder of the Seas."

This particular chart shows the courses of the old sailing vessels that carried most of the letters contained in this book, as well as many members of the family who wrote them.

Among the packet ships shown on the charts was the *Caledonia* of the Black Ball line, which brought the first American consul at Liverpool, James Maury, and his daughter Ann back to America in 1831. The reconstructed sketch of this famous ship was made from data obtained from Cooper Union by Richard H. Maury, sailor, writer and artist. It appears on the dust cover and jacket.



FOR ADDITIONS :

Name .....

Born at.....On.....

    Son of .....(father)

    And .....(mother)

Married at.....On.....

    To.....

    Born at.....On.....

    Daughter of .....(father)

    And .....(mother)

Died .....

                                .....Children

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Name .....

Born at.....On.....

Married at.....On.....

    To.....

Died .....

---

Name .....

Born at.....On.....

Married at.....On.....

    To.....

Died .....

---

Name .....

Born at.....On.....

Married at.....On.....

    To.....

Died .....

---

Name .....

Born at.....On.....

Married at.....On.....

    To.....

Died .....















